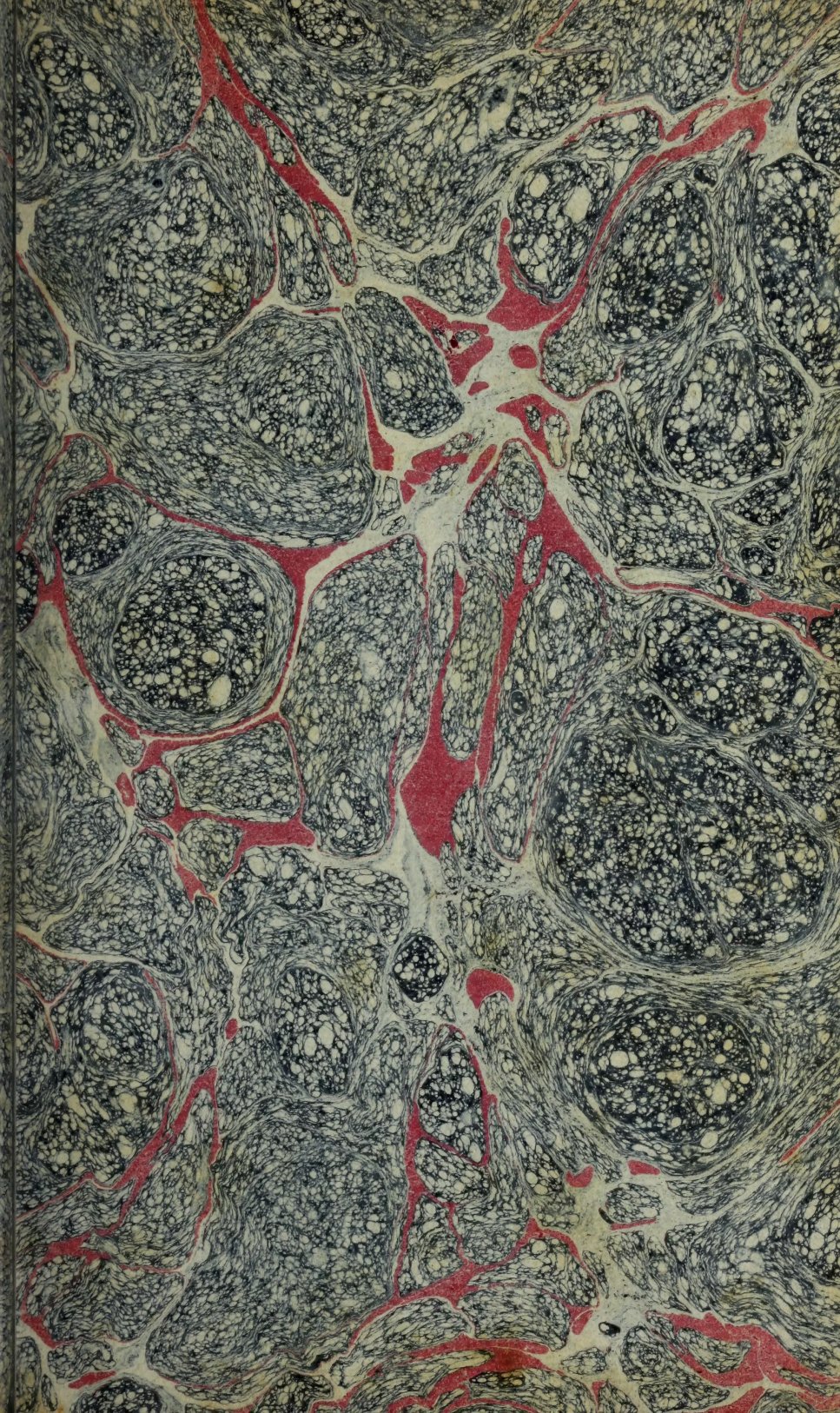
Peirce Wynne Yorke.



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PASTORAL.

PASTORAL.

1721.

RICHY AND SANDY*:

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

RICHY.

What gars thee look ſae dowf, dear Sandy ſay?
Cheer up, dull fellow, take thy reed and play
" My apron deary," or ſome wanton tune:
Be merry, lad, and keep thy heart aboon.

SANDY.

Na, na, it winna do; leave me to mane:
This aught days twice o'er tell'd I 'll whiſtle nane.

RICHY.

---

* Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Alexander Pope.

RICHY.

Wow, man, that 's unco' ſad!—Is 't that ye'r jo
Has ta'en the ſtrunt? Or has ſome bogle-bo,
Glowrin frae 'mang auld waws, gi'en ye a fleg?
Or has ſome dauted wedder broke his leg?

SANDY.

Naithing like that, ſic troubles eith were borne:
What 's bogles, wedders, or what Mauſy's ſcorn?
Our loſs is meikle mair, and paſt remead:
Adie, that play'd and ſang ſae ſweet, is dead.

RICHY.

Dead! ſay'ſt thou?—Oh, had up my heart, O Pan!
Ye gods, what laids ye lay on feckleſs man!
Alake therefore! I canna wyt ye'r wae;
I 'll bear ye company for year and day.
A better lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a kent,
Or hounded coly o'er the moſſy bent:
Blyth at the bught how aft ha' we three been,
Heartſome on hills, and gay upon the green.

SANDY.

SANDY.

That 's true indeed; but now thae days are gane,
And, with him, a' that 's pleaſant on the plain.
A ſummer day I never thought it lang,
To hear him make a roundel or a ſang.
How ſweet he ſung where vines and myrtles grow,
Of wimbling waters which in Latium flow *.
Titry the Mantuan herd, wha lang ſinſyne,
Beſt ſung on aeten reed the lover's pine,
Had he been to the fore now in our days,
Wi' Adie he had frankly dealt his bays.
As lang 's the warld ſhall Amaryllis ken,
His Roſamond † ſhall echo thro' the glen:
While on burn banks the yellow gowan grows,
Or wand'ring lambs rin bleating after ewes,
His fame ſhall laſt: laſt ſhall his ſang of weirs ‡,
While Britiſh bairns brag of their bauld forbeairs.
We 'll meikle miſs his blyth and witty jeſt,
At ſpaining time, or at our Lambmaſs feaſt.
O, Richy! but 'tis hard that death ay reaves
Away the beſt fowk, and the ill anes leaves.
Hing down ye'r heads, ye hills, greet out ye ſprings,
Upon ye'r edge na mair the ſhepherd ſings.

RICHY.

---

* His poetic epiſtle from Italy to the Earl of Halifax.

† An opera wrote by him.

‡ His Campaign, an heroic poem.

RICHY.

Then he had ay a good advice to gie,
And kend my thoughts amaiſt as well as me:
Had I been thowleſs, vext, or oughtlins ſour,
He wad have made me blyth in haff an hour:
Had Roſie ta'en the dorts, or had the tod
Worry'd my lambs, or were my feet ill ſhod,
Kindly he 'd laugh when ſae he ſaw me dwine,
And tauk of happineſs like a divine.
Of ilka thing he had an unco' ſkill;
He kend be moon-light how tides ebb and fill;
He kend (what kend he no?) e'en to a hair
He'd tell or night gin neiſt day wad be fair.
Blind John *, ye mind, wha ſang in kittle phraſe,
How the ill ſp'rit did the firſt miſchief raiſe;
Mony a time, beneath the auld birk-tree,
What 's bonny in that ſang he loot me ſee.
The laſſes aft flung down their rakes and pails,
And held their tongues, O ſtrange! to hear his tales.

SANDY.

Sound be his ſleep, and ſaft his wak'ning be;
He 's in a better caſe than thee or me:

He

* The famous Milton, the author of the excellent poem on Paradiſe Loſt, was blind.

He was o'er good for us; the gods hae ta'en
Their ain but back—he was a borrow'd len:
Let us be good, gin virtue be our drift,
Then we may yet forgether 'boon the lift.
But ſee the ſheep are wyſing to the cleugh;
Thomas has loos'd his ouſen frae the pleugh;
Maggy by this has bewk the ſupper-ſcones;
And muckle kye ſtand rowting in the loans:
Come, Richy, let us truſe and hame o'er bend,
And make the beſt of what we canna mend.

1728.

ROBERT, RICHY, AND SANDY:

A PASTORAL ON THE DEATH OF MATTHEW PRIOR.

Robert, the good, by a' the ſwains rever'd,
Wiſe are his words, like ſiller is his beard;
Near ſaxty ſhining ſimmers he has ſeen,
Tenting his hirſle on the moorland green:
Unſhaken yet with mony a winter's wind,
Stout are his limbs, and youthfu' is his mind.
But now he droops, ane wad be wae to ſee
Him ſae caſt down; ye wadna trow 'tis he.
By break of day he ſeeks the dowy glen,
That he may ſcowth to a' his mourning len:
Nane but the clinty craigs and ſcrogy briers
Were witneſſes of a' his granes and tears.
Howder'd wi' hills a cryſtal burnie ran,
Where twa young ſhepherds fand the good auld man:
Kind Richy Spec, a friend to a' diſtreſt,
And Sandy, wha of ſhepherds ſings the beſt;
With friendly looks they ſpeer'd, wherefore he mourn'd?
He rais'd his head, and, ſighing, thus return'd:

ROBERT.

ROBERT.

O Matt! poor Matt!—my lads, e'en take a ſkair
Of a' my grief:—ſweet-ſinging Matt 's nae mair.
Ah heavens! did e'er this lyart head of mine
Think to have ſeen the cauldrife mools on thine.

RICHY.

My heart miſga'e me when I came this way,
His dog its lane ſat yowling on a brae;
I cry'd, "Iſk! iſk! poor Ringwood, ſairy man:"
He wagg'd his tail, cour'd near, and lick'd my han':
I clap'd his head, which eas'd a wee his pain;
But ſoon 's I gade away, he yowl'd again.
Poor kindly beaſt!—Ah, ſirs, how ſic ſhould be
Mair tender-hearted mony a time than we!

SANDY.

Laſt ouk I dream'd my tup that bears the bell,
And paths the ſnaw, out o'er a high craig fell,
And brak his leg.—I ſtarted frae my bed,
Awak'd, and leugh.—Ah! now my dream its red.
How dreigh 's our cares! our joys how ſoon away,
Like ſun-blinks on a cloudy winter's day!

Flow

Flow faſt, ye tears, ye have free leave for me;
Dear ſweet-tongu'd Matt! thouſands ſhall greet for thee.

ROBERT.

Thanks to my friends, for ilka briny tear,
Ye ſhed for him; he to us a' was dear.
Sandy, I 'm eas'd to ſee thee look ſae wan;
Richy, thy ſighs beſpeak the kindly man.

RICHY.

But twice the ſummer's ſun has thaw'd the ſnaw,
Since frae our heights Addie * was tane awa':
Faſt Matt has follow'd.—Of ſic twa bereft,
To ſmooth our ſauls, alake! wha have we left?
Waes me! o'er ſhort a tack of ſic is given,
But wha may contradict the will of Heaven?
Yet mony a year he liv'd to hear the dale
Sing o'er his ſangs, and tell his merry tale.
Laſt year I had a ſtately tall aſh-tree,
Braid were its branches, a ſweet ſhade to me;
I thought it might have flouriſh'd on the brae,
Tho' paſt its prime, yet twenty years or ſae:

But

* Secretary Addiſon.

But ae rough night the blatt'ring winds blew
ſnell,
Torn frae its roots adown it ſouchan fell;
Twin'd of its nouriſhment it lifeleſs lay,
Mixing its wither'd leaves amang the clay.
Sae flouriſh'd Matt: but where 's the tongue can
tell
How fair he grew? how much lamented fell?

SANDY.

How ſnackly cou'd he gi'e a fool reproof,
E'en wi' a canty tale he 'd tell aff loof?
How did he warning to the doſen'd ſing,
By auld Purganty, and the Dutchman's ring?
And Lucky's ſiller ladle ſhaws how aft
Our greateſt wiſhes are but vain and daft.
The wad-be wits, he bad them a' but pap
Their crazy heads into Tam Tinman's ſhap;
There they wad ſee a ſquirrel wi' his bells
Ay wreſtling up, yet riſing like themſells.
Thouſands of things he wittily could ſay,
With fancy ſtrang, and ſaul as clear as day;
Smart were his tales: but where 's the tongue can
tell
How blyth he was? how much lamented fell?

RICHY.

RICHY.

And as he blythſome was, ſae was he wiſe,
Our laird himſell wa'd aft take his advice.
E'en cheek for chew he 'd ſeat him 'mang them a',
And tauk his mind 'bout kittle points of law.
When clan Red-yards *, ye ken, wi' wicked feud,
Had ſkail'd of ours, but mair of his ain blood;
When I, and mony mae that were right crouſe,
Wad fain about his lugs have burnt his houſe:
Yet lady Anne, a woman meek and kind,
A fae to weirs, and of a peacefu' mind,
Since mony in the fray had got their dead,
To make the peace our friend was ſent wi' ſpeed.
The very faes had for him juſt regard,
Tho' fair he jib'd their formaſt ſinging bard †.
Careful was Matt: but where 's the tongue can tell
How wiſe he was? how much lamented fell?

SANDY.

Wha cou'd like him, in a ſhort ſang, define
The bonny laſs and her young lover's pine?
I 'll

* Lewis XIV. king of France.

† Boileau, whoſe ode on the taking Namur by the French in 1692, he burleſqued, on its being retaken by the Engliſh in 1695.

I 'll ne'er forget that ane he made on May,
Wha brang the poor blate Symie to his clay;
To gratify the paughty wench's pride,
The ſilly ſhepherd " bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd."
Sic conſtant laſſes, as the Nit-brown Maid,
Shall never want juſt praiſes duly paid;
Sic claim'd his ſang, and ſtill it was his care,
With pleaſing words to guide and reeſe the fair.
How ſweet his voice when beauty was in view!
Smooth ran his lines, ay grac'd wi' ſomething new;
Nae word ſtood wrang: but where 's the tongue can tell
How ſaft he ſung? how much lamented fell?

RICHY.

And when he had a mind to be mair grave,
A miniſter nae better cou'd behave;
Far out of ſight of ſic he aften flew,
When he of haly wonders took a view:
Well cou'd he praiſe the Power that made us a',
And bids us in return but tent his law;
Wha guides us when we 're waking or aſleep,
With thouſand times mair care than we our ſheep.
While he of pleaſure, power, and wiſdom ſang,
My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleaſure rang:
Theſe

Theſe to repeat braid ſpoken I wad ſpill,
Altho' I ſhould employ my utmoſt ſkill.
He tow'rd aboon: but ah! what tongue can tell
How high he flew? how much lamented fell?

ROBERT.

My benniſon, dear lads, light on ye baith,
Wha ha'e ſae true a feeling of our ſkaith:
O Sandy! draw his likeneſs in ſmooth verſe,
As well ye can; then ſhepherds ſhall rehearſe
His merit, while the ſun metes out the day,
While ews ſhall bleet, and little lambkins mae.

I 've been a fauter, now three days are paſt,
While I for grief have hardly broke my faſt:
Come to my ſhiel, there let 's forget our care,
I dinna want a routh of country fair,
Sic as it is, ye'r welcome to a ſkair:
Beſides, my lads, I have a browſt of tip,
As good as ever waſh'd a ſhepherd's lip;
We 'll take a ſcour o't to put aff our pain,
For a' our tears and ſighs are but in vain:
Come, help me up; yon ſooty cloud ſhores rain.

1721.

KEITHA:

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MARY, THE COUNTESS OF WIGTON.

RINGAN.

O'ER ilka thing a gen'ral ſadneſs hings:
The burds wi' melancholy droop their wings;
My ſheep and kye neglect to moup their food,
And ſeem to think as in a dumpiſh mood.
Hark! how the winds ſouch mournfu' thro' the broom,
The very lift puts on a heavy gloom.
My neighbour Colin too, he bears a part,
His face ſpeaks out the fairneſs of his heart;
Tell, tell me, Colin, for my boding thought,
A bang of fears into my breaſt has brought.

COLIN.

Where haſt thou been, thou ſimpleton, wha ſpeers
The cauſe of a' our ſorrow and our tears?
Wha unconcern'd can hear the common ſkaith
The warld receives by lovely Keitha's death?

The

The bonnieſt ſample of what 's good and kind,
Fair was her make, and heav'nly was her mind:
But now this ſweeteſt flower of a' our plain
Leaves us to ſigh; tho' a' our ſighs are vain,
For never mair ſhe 'll grace the heartſome green;
Ay heartſome, when ſhe deign'd there to be ſeen.
Speak, flow'ry meadows, where ſhe us'd to wauk;
Speak, flocks and burds, wha 've heard her ſing
or tauk;
Did ever you ſae meikle beauty bear?
Or ye ſo mony heav'nly accents hear?
Ye painted haughs, ye minſtrels of the air,
Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair.

RINGAN.

Ye weſtlin winds, that gently us'd to play
On her white breaſt, and ſteal ſome ſweets away,
Whilſt her delicious breath perfum'd your breeze,
Which gratefu' Flora took to feed her bees;
Bear on your wings round earth her ſpotleſs fame,
Worthy that noble race from whence ſhe came *.
Reſounding braes, where'er ſhe us'd to lean,
And view the cryſtal burn glide o'er the green,
Return

* She was daughter to the late Earl Marſhal, the third of that honourable rank of nobility.

Return your echoes to our mournfu' ſang,
And let the ſtreams in murmurs bear 't alang.
Ye unkend pow'rs wha water haunt or air,
Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair.

COLIN.

Ah! wha cou'd tell the beauties of her face?
Her mouth, that never op'd but wi' a grace?
Her een, which did with heav'nly ſparkles low?
Her modeſt cheek, fluſh'd with a roſie glow?
Her fair brent brow, ſmooth as th' unrunkled deep,
When a' the winds are in their caves aſleep?
Her preſence, like a ſimmer's morning ray,
Lighten'd our hearts, and gart ilk place look gay.
Now twin'd of life, theſe charms look cauld and blae,
And what before gave joy now makes us wae.
Her goodneſs ſhin'd in ilka pious deed,—
A ſubject, Ringan, for a lofty reed;
A ſhepherd's ſang maun ſic high thoughts decline,
Leſt ruſtic notes ſhould darken what 's divine.
Youth, beauty, graces, a' that 's good and fair,
Lament! for lovely Keitha is nae mair!

RINGAN.

How tenderly ſhe ſmooth'd our maſter's mind,
When round his manly waiſt her arms ſhe twin'd,
And look'd a thouſand ſaft things to his heart,
While native ſweetneſs ſought nae help frae art.
To him her merit ſtill appear'd mair bright,
As yielding ſhe own'd his ſuperior right.
Baith ſaft and ſound he ſlept within her arms,
Gay were his dreams, the influence of her charms.
Soon as the morning dawn'd he 'd draw the ſcreen,
And watch the op'ning of her fairer een,
Whence ſweeteſt rays guſht out in ſic a thrang,
Beyond expreſſion in my rural ſang.

COLIN.

O Clementina! ſprouting fair remains
Of her wha was the glory of the plains;
Dear innocence, with infant darkneſs bliſt,
Which hides the happineſs that thou haſt miſt,
May a' thy mither's ſweets thy portion be,
And a' thy mither's graces ſhine in thee.

RINGAN.

RINGAN.

She loot us ne'er gae hungry to the hill,
And a' ſhe ga'e, ſhe geed it wi' good will;
Fow mony, mony a ane will mind that day,
On which frae us ſhe 's tane ſae ſoon away;
Baith hynds and herds whaſe cheeks beſpake nae ſcant,
And throu' the howms could whiſtle, ſing, and rant,
Will miſs her fair till happily they find
Anither in her place ſae good and kind.
The laſſes wha did at her graces mint,
Ha'e by her death their bonnieſt pattern tint.
O! ilka ane who did her bounty ſkair,
Lament! for gen'rous Keitha is nae mair!

COLIN.

O Ringan, Ringan! things gang ſae unev'n,
I canna well take up the will of Heav'n.
Our croſſes teughly laſt us mony a year,
But unco ſoon our bleſſings diſappear.

RINGAN.

I 'll tell thee, Colin, my laſt Sunday's note,
I tented well meſs Thomas ilka jot.

The powers aboon are cautious as they 're juſt,
And dinna like to gie o'er meikle truſt
To this unconſtant earth, with what 's divine,
Leſt in laigh damps they ſhould their luſtre tine.
Sae, let 's leave aff our murmuring and tears,
And never value life by length of years;
But as we can in goodneſs it employ,
Syne wha dies firſt, firſt gains eternal joy.
Come, Colin, dight your cheeks and baniſh care,
Our lady 's happy, tho' with us nae mair.

AN ODE,

WITH A PASTORAL RECITATIVE,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF JAMES EARL OF WEMYSS
TO MISS JANET CHARTERIS.

RECITATIVE.

LAST morn young Roſalind, with laughing een,
Met with the ſinging ſhepherd on the green,
Armyas height, wha us'd with tunefu' lay
To pleaſe the ear when he began to play:
Him with a ſmile the blooming laſs addreſt;
Her cheerfu' look her inward joy confeſt.

ROSALIND.

Dear ſhepherd, now exert your wonted fire,
I 'll tell you news that ſhall your thoughts inſpire.

ARMYAS.

Out wi' them, bonny laſs, and if they 'll bear
But ceremony, you a ſang ſhall hear.

ROSALIND.

They 'll bear, and do invite the blytheſt ſtrains;
The beauteous Charteriſſa of theſe plains,
Still to them dear, wha late made us ſae wae,
When we heard tell ſhe was far aff to gae,
And leave our heartſome fields, her native land,
Now 's ta'en in time, and fix'd by Hymen's band.

ARMYAS.

To whom?—ſpeak faſt:—I hope ye dinna jeer.

ROSALIND.

No, no, my dear; 'tis true as we ſtand here.
The thane of Fife, who lately wi' his ſlane,
And vizy leel, made the blyth bowl his ain;
He, the delight of baith the ſma' and great,
Wha 's bright beginning ſpae his ſonſy fate,
Has gain'd her heart; and now their mutual flame
Retains the fair, and a' her wealth, at hame.

ARMYAS.

Now, Roſalind, may never ſorrow twine
Sae near your heart as joys ariſe in mine.
Come kiſs me, laſſie, and you 's hear me ſing
A bridal ſang that thro' the woods ſhall ring.

ROSALIND.

ROSALIND.

Ye 're ay ſae daft; come, take it and ha'e done;
Let a' the lines be ſaft, and ſweet the tune.

ARMYAS ſings.

Come, ſhepherds, a' your whiſtles join,
And ſhaw your blytheſt faces;
The nymph that we were like to tine,
At hame her pleaſure places.
Lift up your notes both loud and gay,
Yet ſweet as Philomela's,
And yearly ſolemnize the day
When this good luck befel us.

Hail to the thane deſcended frae
Macduff renown'd in ſtory,
Wha Albion frae tyrannic ſway
Reſtor'd to ancient glory:
His early bloſſoms loud proclaim
That frae this ſtem he riſes,
Whaſe merits give him right to fame,
And to the higheſt prizes.

His lovely counteſs ſing, ye ſwains,
Nae ſubject can be ſweeter;
The beſt of blood flows in her veins,
Which makes ilk grace completer:

Bright are the beauties of her mind,
Which frae her dawn of reaſon,
With a' the rays of wit hath ſhin'd,
Which virtue ſtill did ſeaſon.

Straight as the plane, her features fair,
And bonny to a wonder;
Were Jove rampaging in the air,
Her ſmiles might ſtap his thunder.
Rejoice in her then, happy youth,
Her innate worth 's a treaſure;
Her ſweetneſs a' your cares will ſooth,
And furniſh endleſs pleaſure.

Lang may ye live t' enjoy her charms,
And lang, lang may they bloſſom,
Securely ſcreen'd within your arms,
And lodged in your boſom.
Thrice happy parents, juſtly may
Your breaſts with joy be fir'd,
When you the darling pair ſurvey,
By a' the warld admir'd.

A MASQUE*

PERFORMED AT CELEBRATING THE NUPTIALS OF

JAMES DUKE OF HAMILTON AND LADY ANN COCHRAN.

CALLIOPE

(Playing upon a violoncello) ſings,

Joy to the bridegroom, prince of Clyde,
Lang may his bliſs and greatneſs bloſſom;
Joy to his virtuous charming bride,
Who gains this day his Grace's boſom.

Appear,

---

* An unknown ingenious friend did me the honour of the following Introduction to the London edition of this Maſque; and being a poet, my vanity will be pardoned for inſerting it here.

" The preſent poem being a revival of a good old form of " poetry, in high repute with us, it may not be amiſs to ſay " ſomething of a diverſion once ſo agreeable, and ſo long " interrupted or diſuſed. The original of maſques ſeems to " be an imitation of the interludes of the ancients, preſented " on occaſion of ſome ceremony performed in a great and noble " family. The actors in this kind of half-dramatic poetry " have formerly been even kings, princes, and the firſt per-

" ſonage;

Appear, great Genius of his line,
And bear a part in the rejoicing;
Behold your ward, by pow'rs divine,
Join'd with a mate of their ain chooſing.

Forſake

" ſonages of the kingdom; and in private families, the nobleſt " and neareſt branches. The machinery was of the greateſt " magnificence; very ſhewy, coſtly, and not uncommonly " contrived by the ableſt architects, as well as the beſt poets. " Thus we ſee in Ben Jonſon the name of Inigo Jones, and " the ſame in Carew; whether as the modeller only, or as poet " in conjunction with them, ſeems to be doubtful, there being " nothing of our Engliſh Vitruvius left (that I know of) " which places him in the claſs of writers. Theſe ſhows we " trace backwards as far as Henry VIII., from thence to " queen Elizabeth and her ſucceſſor king James, who was both " a great encourager and admirer of them. The laſt maſque, " and the beſt ever written, was that of Milton, preſented at " Ludlow Caſtle, in the praiſe of which no words can be too " many: and I remember to have heard the late excellent " Mr. Addiſon agree with me in that opinion. Coronations, " princely nuptials, public feaſts, the entertainment of foreign " quality, were the uſual occaſions of this performance, and " the beſt poet of the age was courted to be the author. " Mr. Ramſay has made a noble and ſucceſsful attempt to " revive this kind of poeſy, on a late celebrated account. " And though he is often to be admired in all his writings, " yet, I think, never more than in his preſent compoſition. " A particular friend gave it a ſecond edition in England; " which, I fancy, the public will agree that it deſerved."

Forſake a while the Cyprian ſcene,
Fair queen of ſmiles and ſaft embraces,
And hither come, with a' your train
Of beauties, loves, and ſports, and graces.

Come, Hymen, bleſs their nuptial vow,
And them with mutual joys inſpire:
Deſcend, Minerva, for 'tis you
With virtue beats the haly fire.

(At the cloſe of this ſang enters the GENIUS of the family, clad in a ſcarlet robe, with a duke's coronet on his head, a ſhield on his left arm, with the proper bearing of Hamilton.)

GENIUS.

Fair miſtreſs of harmonious ſounds, we hear
Thy invitation, gratefu' to the ear
Of a' the gods, who from th' Olympian height
Bow down their heads, and in thy notes delight:
Jove keeps this day in his imperial dome,
And I to lead th' invited gueſts am come.

(Enter VENUS attended by three GRACES, with MINERVA, and HYMEN; all in their proper dreſſes.)

CALLIOPE.

Welcome, ye bright divinities, that guard
The brave and fair, and faithfu' love reward;

All

All hail! immortal progeny of Jove,
Who plaint, preſerve, and proſper ſacred love.

GENIUS.

Be ſtill auſpicious to th' united pair,
And let their pureſt pleaſures be your care:
Your ſtores of genial bleſſings here employ,
To crown th' illuſtrious youth and fair ane's joy.

VENUS.

I 'll breathe eternal ſweets in ev'ry air;
He ſhall look always great, ſhe ever fair;
Kind rays ſhall mix the ſparkles of his eye,
Round her the loves in ſmiling crowds ſhall fly,
And bare frae ilka glance, on downy wings,
Into his raviſh'd heart the faſteſt things:
And ſoon as Hymen has perform'd his rites,
I 'll ſhower on them my hale Idalian ſweets:
They ſhall poſſeſs,
In each careſs,
Delights ſhall tire
The muſe's fire,
In higheſt numbers to expreſs.

HYMEN.

I 'll buſk their bow'r, and lay them gently down,
Syne ilka langing wiſh with raptnres crown;

The

The gloomy nights ſhall ne'er unwelcome prove,
That leads them to the ſilent ſcenes of love.
The ſun at morn ſhall dart his kindeſt rays,
To cheer and animate each dear embrace:
Fond of the fair, he falds her in his arms;
She bluſhes ſecret, conſcious of her charms.
Rejoice, brave youth,
In ſic a fouth
Of joys the gods for thee provide;
The roſy dawn,
The flow'ry lawn,
That ſpring has dreſs'd in a' its pride,
Claim no regard,
When they 're compar'd
With blooming beauties of thy bride.

MINERVA.

Faireſt of a' the goddeſſes, and thou
That links the lovers to be ever true,
The gods and mortals own your mighty power,
But 'tis not you can make their ſweets ſecure;
That be my taſk, to make a friendſhip riſe,
Shall raiſe their loves aboon the vulgar ſize.
Thoſe near related to the brutal kind,
Ken nathing of the wedlock of the mind;
'Tis I can make a life a honey-moon,
And mould a love ſhall laſt like that aboon.

A' theſe

A' theſe ſma' ſprings, whence cauld reſerve and ſpleen
Take their firſt riſe, and, favour'd, flow mair keen,
I ſhall diſcover in a proper view,
To keep their joys unmix'd, and ever new,
Nor jealouſy, nor envious mouth,
Shall dare to blaſt their love;
But wiſdom, conſtancy, and truth,
Shall ev'ry bliſs improve.

GENIUS.

Thrice happy chief, ſo much the care
Of a' the family of Jove,
A thouſand bleſſings wait the fair,
Who is found worthy of his love.
Lang may the fair attractions of her mind
Make her ſtill lovelier, him for ever kind.

MINERVA.

The anceſtors of mightieſt chiefs and kings,
Nae higher can derive than human ſprings;
Yet frae the common ſoil each wond'rous root,
Aloft to heav'n their ſpreading branches ſhoot:
Bauld in my aid, theſe triumph'd over fate,
Fam'd for unbounded thought, or ſtern debate;
Born high upon an undertaking mind,
Superior riſe, and left the crowd behind.

GENIUS.

GENIUS.

Frae theſe deſcending, laurell'd with renown,
My charge thro' ages draws his lineage down.
The paths of ſic forbeairs lang may he trace,
And ſhe be mother to as fam'd a race.

When blue diſeaſes fill the drumly air,
And red-het bowts thro' ſlaughts of lightning rair,
Or mad'ning factions ſhakè the ſanguine ſword,
With watchfu' eye I 'll tent my darling lord
And his lov'd mate; tho' furies ſhould break looſe,
Awake or ſleeping, ſhall enjoy repoſe.

I. GRACE.

While gods keep halyday, and mortals ſmile,
Let nature with delights adorn the iſle:
Be huſh, bauld North, Favonius only blaw,
And ceaſe, bleak clouds, to ſhed, or wet, or ſnaw;
Shine bright thou radiant ruler of the year,
And gar the ſpring with earlier pride appear.

II. GRACE.

Thy mouth, great queen of goddeſſes, make gay,
Which gains new honours frae this marriage-day.
On Glotta's banks, ye healthfu' hynds, reſort,
And with the landart laſſes blythly ſport.

III. GRACE.

III. GRACE.

Wear your beſt faces and your Sunday's weeds,
And rouſe the dance with your maiſt tunefu' reeds;
Let tunefu' voices join the rural ſound,
And wake reſponſive echo all around.

I. GRACE.

Sing your great maſter, Scotia's eldeſt ſon,
And the lov'd angel that his heart has won:
Come, ſiſters, let 's frae art's hale ſtores collect
Whatever can her native beauties deck,
That in the day ſhe may eclipſe the light,
And ding the conſtellations of the night.

VENUS.

Ceaſe, buſy maids, your artfu' buſkings raiſe
But ſmall addition to her genuine rays;
Tho' ilka plain and ilka ſea combine
To make her with their richeſt product ſhine;
Her lip, her boſom, and her ſparkling een,
Excel the ruby, pearl, and diamond ſheen:
Theſe leſſer ornaments, illuſtrious bride,
As bars to ſafter bleſſings, fling aſide:
Steal frae them ſweetly to your nuptial bed,
As frae its body ſlides the fainted ſhade,

Frae

Frae loath'd reſtraint to liberty above,
Where all is harmony, and all is love;
Haſte to theſe bleſſings, kiſs the night away,
And make it ten times pleaſanter than day.

HYMEN.

The whiſper and careſs ſhall ſhorten hours,
While, kindly as the beams on dewy flowers,
Thy ſun, like him who the freſh bev'rage ſips,
Shall feaſt upon the ſweetneſs of thy lips:
My haly hand maun chaſtly now unlooſe
That zone which a' thy virgin charms incloſe;
That zone ſhou'd be leſs gratefu' to the fair,
Than eaſy bands of ſafter wedlock are;
That lang unbuckled grows a hatefu' thing;
The langer theſe are bound, the mair of honour bring.

MINERVA.

Yes, happy pair, whate'er the gods inſpire,
Purſue, and gratify each juſt deſire:
Enjoy your paſſions, with full tranſports mixt,
But ſtill obſerve the bounds by virtue fixt.

Enter BACCHUS.

What brings Minerva here this rantin night?
She 's good for naething but to preach or fight:
Is this a time for either?—Swith away,
Or learn like us to be a thought mair gay.

MINERVA.

Peace, Theban roarer, while the milder pow'rs
Give entertainment, there 's nae need of yours;
The pure reflection of our calmer joys
Has mair of heaven than a' thy flaſhy noiſe.

BACCHUS.

Ye canna want it, faith! you that appear
Anes at a bridal but in twenty year:
A ferley 'tis your dortiſhip to ſee,
But where was e'er a wedding without me?
Blue e'en, remember, I 'm baith hap and ſaul
To Venus there; but me, ſhe 'd ſtarve o' caul.

VENUS.

We awn the truth.—Minerva, ceaſe to check
Our jolly brother with your diſreſpect;
He 's never abſent at the treats of Jove,
And ſhou'd be preſent at this feaſt of love.

GENIUS.

GENIUS.

Maiſt welcome, Pow'r that cheers the vital ſtreams,
When Pallas guards thee frae the wild extremes;
Thy roſy viſage at theſe ſolemn rites,
My generous charge with open ſmiling greets.

BACCHUS.

I 'm nae great dab at ſpeeches that maun clink,
But there 's my paw, I ſhall fou tightly drink
A hearty health to thir ſame lovely twa,
That are ſae meikle dauted by you a':
Then with my juice a reaming bicker crown;
I 'll gi'e a toaſt, and ſee it fairly round.

Enter GANYMEDE

[With a flaggon in one hand, and a glaſs in the other].

To you, blyth beings, the benign directar
Of gods and men, to keep your ſauls in tift,
Has ſent you here a preſent of his nectar,
As good as e'er was brow'n aboon the lift.

BACCHUS.

Ha! Gany, come, my dainty boy,
Skink 't up, and let us prieve;
Without it life wad be a toy:
Here, gi'e me 't in my nive.

[Takes the glaſs.]

Good health to Hamilton, and his
Lov'd mate:—O, father Jove! we crave
Thou 'lt grant them a lang tack of bliſs,
And rowth of bonny bairns and brave:
Pour on them, frae thy endleſs ſtore,
A' benniſons that are divine,
With as good will as I waught o'er
This flowing glaſs of heav'nly wine.

[Drinks, and cauſes all the company to drink round.]

Come, ſee 't about; and ſyne let 's all advance,
Mortals and gods be pairs, and tak a dance:
Minerva mim, for a' your mortal ſtoor,
Ye ſhall with billy Bacchus fit the floor.
Play up there, laſſie, ſome blyth Scottiſh tune,
Syne a' be blyth, when wine and wit gae round.

[The

[The health about, muſic and dancing begin.—The dancing over, before her Grace retires with the ladies to be undreſſed, CALLIOPE ſings the]

EPITHALAMIUM.

Bright is the low of lawfu' love,
Which ſhining ſauls impart,
It to perfection mounts above,
And glows about the heart:
It is the flame gives laſting worth,
To greatneſs, beauty, wealth, and birth.
On you, illuſtrious youthfu' pair,
Who are high heaven's delight and care,
The bliſsfu' beam darts warm and fair,
And ſhall improve the reſt
Of a' theſe gifts baith great and rare
Of which ye are poſſeſt.
Bacchus, bear off your dinſome gang,
Hark! frae yon howms the rural thrang
Invite you now away;
While ilka hynd,
And maiden kind,
Dance in a ring,
While ſhepherds ſing
In honour of the day:
Gae drink and dance
'Till morn advance,

And ſet the twinkling fires;
While we prepare
To lead the fair
And brave to their deſires.
Gae, Loves and Graces, take your place,
Around the nuptial bed abide;
Fair Venus heighten each embrace,
And ſmoothly make their minutes ſlide.
Gae, Hymen, put the couch in caſe;
Minerva, thither lead the Bride;
Neiſt, all attend his youthfu' Grace,
And lay him ſweetly by her ſide.

A PASTORAL EPITHALAMIUM

UPON THE HAPPY MARRIAGE OF GEORGE LORD RAMSAY AND LADY JEAN MAULE.

HAIL to the brave apparent chief,
Boaſt of the Ramſays' claniſh name,
Whaſe anceſtors ſtood the relief
Of Scotland, ages known to fame.

Hail to the lovely ſhe, whoſe charms,
Complete in graces, meet his love;
Adorn'd with all that greatneſs warms,
And makes him grateful bow to Jove.

Both from the line of patriots riſe,
Chiefs of Dalhouſie and Panmure,
Whoſe loyal fames ſhall ſtains deſpiſe,
While ocean flows, and orbs endure.

The Ramſays! Caledonia's prop;
The Maules! ſtruck ſtill her foes with dread;
Now join'd, we from the union hope
A race of heroes ſhall ſucceed.

Let meaner ſouls tranſgreſs the rules,
That 's fix'd by honour, love, and truth;
While little views proclaim them fools,
Unworthy beauty, ſenſe, and youth:

Whilſt you, bleſt pair, belov'd by all
The powers above, and bleſt below;
Shall have delights attend your call,
And laſting pleaſures on you flow.

What fate has fix'd, and love has done,
The guardians of mankind approve:
Well may they finiſh what 's begun,
And from your joys all cares remove.

We wiſh'd—when ſtraight a heavenly voice
Inſpir'd—we heard the blue-ey'd maid
Cry, "Who dare quarrel with the choice?
"The choice is mine, be mine their aid."

Be thine their aid, O wiſeſt power!
And ſoon again we hope to ſee
Their plains return, ſplendid their tower,
And bloſſom broad the Edgewell tree *.

Whilſt

* See note, vol. i. p. 329.

Whilſt he with manly merits ſtor'd,
Shall riſe the glory of his clan;
She for celeſtial ſweets ador'd,
Shall ever charm the gracefu' man.

Soon may their royal bird * extend
His ſable plumes, and lordſhips claim,
Which to his valiant ſires pertain'd,
Ere earls in Albion were a name.

Ye parents of the happy pair,
With gen'rous ſmiles conſenting, own
That they deſerve your kindeſt care:
Thus, with the gods, their pleaſure crown.

Haſte, ev'ry Grace, each Love, and Smile,
From fragrant Cyprus ſpread the wing;
To deck their couch, exhauſt your iſle
Of all the beauties of the ſpring.

On them attend with homage due,
In him are Mars and Phœbus ſeen;
And in the noble nymph you 'll view
The ſage Minerva and your Queen.

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* The ſpread eagle ſable, or a field argent, in the arms of the earl of Dalhouſie.

BETTY AND KATE:

A PASTORAL FAREWELL TO MR. AIKMAN, WHEN HE WENT FOR LONDON.

BETTY.

DEAR Katie, Willy 's e'en away!
Willy, of herds the wale,
To feed his flock, and make his hay,
Upon a diſtant dale.
Far to the ſouthward of this height
Where now we dowie ſtray,
Ay heartſome when he cheer'd our ſight,
And leugh with us a' day.

KATE.

O Willy! can dale dainties pleaſe
Thee mair than moorland ream?
Does Iſis flow with ſweeter eaſe
Than Fortha's gentle ſtream?
Or takes thou rather mair delyt
In the ſtrae-hatted maid,
Than in the blooming red and whyt
Of her that wears the plaid?

BETTY.

BETTY.

Na, Kate, for that we needna mourn,
He is not giv'n to change;
But ſauls of ſic a ſhining turn,
For honour like to range:
Our laird, and a' the gentry round,
Wha mauna be ſaid nay,
Sic pleaſure in his art have found,
They winna let him ſtay.
Blyth I have ſtood frae morn to een,
To ſee how true and weel
He cou'd delyt us on the green
With a piece cawk and keel;
On a ſlid ſtane, or ſmoother ſlate,
He can the picture draw
Of you or me, or ſheep or gait,
The likeſt e'er ye ſaw.
Laſs, think na ſhame to eaſe your mind,
I ſee ye 're like to greet:
Let gae theſe tears, 'tis juſtly kind,
For ſhepherd ſae complete.

KATE.

Far, far, o'er far frae Spey and Clyde,
Stands that great town of Lud,
To whilk our beſt lads rin and ride,
That 's like to put us wood;

For

For ſindle times they e'er come back,
Wha anes are heftit there:
Sure, Beſs, their hills are nae ſae black,
Nor yet their howms ſae bare.

BETTY.

Our rigs are rich, and green our heights,
And well our cares reward;
But yield, nae doubt, far leſs delights,
In abſence of our laird:
But we maun cawmly now ſubmit,
And our ill luck lament,
And leave 't to his ain ſenſe and wit,
To find his heart's content.
A thouſand gates he had to win
The love of auld and young,
Did a' he did with little din,
And in nae deed was dung.

KATE.

William and Mary never fail'd
To welcome with a ſmile,
And hearten us, when aught we ail'd,
Without deſigning guile.
Lang may ſhe happily poſſeſs,
Wha 's in his breaſt infeft,
And may their bonny bairns increaſe,
And a' with rowth be left.

O, William!

O, William ! win your laurels faſt,
And ſyne we 'll a' be fain,
Soon as your wand'ring days are paſt,
And you 're return'd again.

BETTY.

Revive her joys by your return,
To whom you firſt gave pain ;
Judge how her paſſions for you burn,
By theſe you bear your ain.
Sae may your kirn with fatneſs flow,
And a' your kye be ſleek ;
And may your hearts with gladneſs glow,
In finding what ye ſeek.

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A PASTORAL COMEDY.

1725.

DEDICATION

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SUSANNA COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a deſire to pleaſe the beſt, have ever encouraged the poets to finiſh their deſigns with cheerfulneſs. But, conſcious of their own inability to oppoſe a ſtorm of ſpleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious cuſtom among them to chuſe ſome honourable ſhade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Paſtoral under your Ladyſhip's protection. If my Patroneſs ſays the ſhepherds ſpeak as they ought, and that there are ſeveral natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I ſhall have good reaſon to think myſelf ſafe from the awkward cenſure of ſome pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am ſure of vaſt numbers that will crowd into your Ladyſhip's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their ſentiments with the Counteſs of Eglintoun, whoſe penetration, ſuperior wit, and ſound judgment, ſhine with an uncommon

luſtre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodneſs and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyſhip, here, Madam, I might give the fulleſt liberty to my muſe to delineate the fineſt of women, by drawing your Ladyſhip's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer, ſince flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praiſes miſplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyſhip's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and preſents us with numberleſs great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of Kennedy and Montgomery: be that the care of the herald and hiſtorian: it is perſonal merit, and the heavenly ſweetneſs of the fair, that inſpire the tuneful lays. Here every Leſbia muſt be excepted, whoſe tongues give liberty to the ſlaves, which their eyes had made captives; ſuch may be flattered; but your Ladyſhip juſtly claims our admiration and profoundeſt reſpect; for whilſt you are poſſeſſed of every outward charm in the moſt perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wiſdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyſhip's mind, command devotion.

"All this is very true," cries one of better ſenſe than good-nature, "but what occaſion have you to tell us the ſun ſhines, "when we have the uſe of our eyes, and feel his influence?"—Very true; but I have the liberty to uſe the poet's privilege, which is, "to ſpeak what every body thinks." Indeed there might be ſome ſtrength in the reflection, if the Idalian regiſters were of as ſhort duration as life; but the bard who fondly hopes for immortality, has a certain praiſe-worthy pleaſure in communicating to poſterity the fame of diſtinguiſhed characters. —I write this laſt ſentence with a hand, that trembles between hope

hope and fear: but if I ſhall prove ſo happy as to pleaſe your Ladyſhip in the following attempt, then all my doubts ſhall vaniſh like a morning vapour: I ſhall hope to be claſſed with Taſſo, and Guarini, and ſing with Ovid,

" If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
" One half of round eternity is mine."

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obedient and moſt devoted ſervant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

EDINBURGH,
25th *June* 1725.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,

WITH THE FOLLOWING PASTORAL *.

ACCEPT, O Eglintoun, the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays:
The muſe that oft has rais'd her tuneful ſtrains,
A frequent gueſt on Scotia's bliſsful plains;
That oft has ſung, her liſt'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love;
Once more reſumes the ſtill ſucceſsful lay,
Delighted thro' the verdant meads to ſtray.
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair
To breathe the balmy ſweets of purer air;
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the ſtream, or in the rural ſhade,
Propitious hear, and as thou hear'ſt, approve
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.

Inſtructed from theſe ſcenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breaſt that real love inſpires!
The fair ſhall read of ardours, ſighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:

Hence

* This addreſs was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, an elegant and original poet, and a moſt accompliſhed and amiable man.

Hence too, what paſſions in his boſom riſe!
What dawning gladneſs ſparkles in his eyes!
When firſt the fair-one, piteous of his fate,
Cur'd of her ſcorn, and vanquiſh'd of her hate,
With willing mind is bounteous to relent,
And, bluſhing beauteous, ſmiles the kind conſent.
Love's paſſion here in each extreme is ſhewn,
In Charlotte's ſmile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like theſe, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age;
Pure and untaught, ſuch nature firſt inſpir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phraſe deſir'd.
His ſecret thoughts were undiſguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart:
He ſpeaks his love ſo artleſs and ſincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the rural ſtate beſtows
Conqueſt o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure alike from envy and from care,
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depreſs'd by fear:
Nor want's lean hand its happineſs conſtrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No ſecret guilt its ſtedfaſt peace deſtroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys:
Bleſt ſtill to ſpend the hours that heav'n has lent,
In humble goodneſs, and in calm content:

Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinleſs and pure, in fair Humeia's ſoul.

But now the rural ſtate theſe joys has loſt;
Even ſwains no more that innocence can boaſt:
Love ſpeaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now happineſs forſakes her bleſt retreat,
The peaceful dwellings where ſhe fix'd her ſeat;
The pleaſing fields ſhe wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright ſober race.
When on the ſunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the ſons of men,
To crown the pleaſures of the blameleſs feaſt,
She uninvited came a welcome gueſt;
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts.
Then grudging hate, and ſinful pride ſucceed,
Cruel revenge, and falſe unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rleſs beauty loſt the power to move,
The ruſt of lucre ſtain'd the gold of love;
Bounteous no more and hoſpitably good,
The genial hearth firſt bluſh'd with ſtrangers' blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And ſemblant falſehood puts on truth's diſguiſe:
The peaceful houſehold fill'd with dire alarms;
The raviſh'd virgin mourns her ſlighted charms;

The

The voice of impious mirth is heard around,
In guilt they feaſt, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpuniſh'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And happineſs forſakes the guilty ſwains.

O Happineſs! from human race retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all deſir'd?
Nun, ſober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in ſhades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aſpect mild! ah why, unkind,
Fly'ſt thou, diſpleas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our ſteps to find the ſecret cell,
Where, with thy ſire Content, thou lov'ſt to dwell,
Or ſay, doſt thou, a duteous handmaid, wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Doſt thou purſue the voice of them that call
To noiſy revel and to midnight ball?
Or the full banquet, when we feaſt our ſoul,
Doſt thou inſpire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or, with th' induſtrious planter doſt thou talk,
Converſing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miſer e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and ſtudious of the treaſur'd gold?
Seeks knowledge not in vain thy much-lov'd pow'r,
Still muſing ſilent at the morning hour?
May we thy preſence hope in war's alarms,
In Stairs's wiſdom, or in Erſkine's charms?

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our ſteps beguile,
The flying good eludes the ſearcher's toil:
In vain we ſeek the city or the cell,
Alone with Virtue knows the power to dwell:
Nor need mankind deſpair thoſe joys to know,
The gift themſelves may on themſelves beſtow:
Soon, ſoon we might the precious bleſſing boaſt,
But many paſſions muſt the bleſſing coſt;
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy grieving at another's ſtate;
Revenge no more muſt in our hearts remain,
Or burning luſt, or avarice of gain.
When theſe are in the human boſom nurſt,
Can peace reſide in dwellings ſo accurſt?
Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breaſt,
Calm and ſerene enjoys the heavenly gueſt;
From the tumultuous rule of paſſions freed,
Pure in thy thought, and ſpotleſs in thy deed:
In virtues rich, in goodneſs unconfin'd,
Thou ſhin'ſt a fair example to thy kind:
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How ſwift to praiſe! how guiltleſs to defame!
Bold in thy preſence baſhfulneſs appears,
And backward merit loſes all its fears:
Supremely bleſt by heav'n, heav'n's richeſt grace
Confeſt is thine, an early blooming race,
Whoſe pleaſing ſmiles ſhall guardian wiſdom arm,
Divine inſtruction! taught of thee to charm;

What

What tranſports ſhall they to thy ſoul impart,
(The conſcious tranſports of a parent's heart,)
When thou behold'ſt them of each grace poſſeſt,
And ſighing youths imploring to be bleſt:
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the viſit or the dance to ſhine!
Thrice happy who ſucceed their mother's praiſe,
The lovely Eglintouns of other days.

Meanwhile, peruſe the following tender ſcenes,
And liſten to thy native poet's ſtrains:
In ancient garb the home-bred muſe appears,
The garb our muſes wore in former years.
As in a glaſs reflected, here behold
How ſmiling goodneſs look'd in days of old:
Nor bluſh to read where beauty's praiſe is ſhewn,
Or virtuous love, the likeneſs of thy own;
While 'midſt the various gifts that gracious heaven
To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O Eglintoun! delight thee moſt,
T' enjoy that innocence the world has loſt.

W. H.

TO JOSIAH BURCHET, SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRATY,

WITH THE FIRST SCENE OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD *.

The nipping froſts, and driving ſna,
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld Boreas ſleeps, the Zephyrs blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfou', gay, and bra,'
Invites to ſing.

Then let 's begin by creek of day,
Kind muſe ſkiff to the bent away,

To

* The eclogue, intitled "Patie and Roger," which now forms the firſt ſcene of the "Gentle Shepherd," was publiſhed ſeveral years before the author compoſed the paſtoral comedy of that name. It was from obſerving the talents diſplayed in that eclogue, and a ſequel to it, intitled "Jenny and Meggy," likewiſe ſeparately publiſhed, that his friends adviſed him to attempt a complete drama in the paſtoral ſtyle.

To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy ſpeed,
Since Burchet awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath ſome tree
Exert thy ſkill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has ſae courteouſly,
To weaker ſight,
Set theſe rude ſonnets * ſung by me
In trueſt light.

In trueſt light may a' that 's fine
In his fair character ſtill ſhine,
Sma' need he has of ſangs like mine,
To beet his name;
For frae the north to ſouthern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever ſhall abide,
Whilſt hiſt'ries tell of tyrants' pride,

Wha

* Having done me the honour of turning ſome of my paſtoral poems into Engliſh, juſtly and elegantly.

Wha vainly ſtrave upon the tide
T' invade theſe lands,
Where Britain's royal fleet doth ride,
Which ſtill commands.

Theſe doughty actions frae his pen †,
Our age, and theſe to come, ſhall ken,
How ſtubborn navies did contend
Upon the waves,
How free-born Britons fought like men,
Their faes like ſlaves.

Sae far inſcribing, Sir, to you,
This country ſang, my fancy flew,
Keen your juſt merit to purſue;
But ah! I fear,
In giving praiſes that are due,
I grate your ear.

Yet, tent a poet's zealous prayer;
May powers aboon with kindly care,
Grant you a lang and muckle ſkair
Of a' that 's good,
'Till unto langeſt life and mair
You 've healthfu' ſtood.

May

† His valuable Naval Hiſtory.

May never care your bleſſings four,
And may the muſes, ilka hour,
Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r!
I'm but a callan;
Yet, may I pleaſe you, while I 'm your
Devoted ALLAN.

THE PERSONS.

Sir William Worthy.
Patie, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.
Roger, a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.
Symon, Glaud, } two old Shepherds, tenants to Sir William.
Bauldy, a hynd, engaged with Neps.

Peggy, thought to be Glaud's niece.
Jenny, Glaud's only daughter.
Mause, an old woman ſuppoſed to be a witch.
Elspa, Symon's wife.
Madge, Glaud's ſiſter.

Scene—A ſhepherd's village and fields ſome few miles from Edinburgh.

Time of Action—Within twenty-four hours.

Firſt Act begins at eight in the morning.
Second Act begins at eleven in the forenoon.
Third Act begins at four in the afternoon,
Fourth Act begins at nine o'clock at night.
Fifth Act begins by day-light next morning.

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

Beneath the ſouth ſide of a craigy bield,
Where cryſtal ſprings the haleſome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' ſhepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and ſing.

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I.

Tune—" The wauking of the faulds."

PATIE.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Juſt enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay:

My

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I 'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae wair to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mair of a' that 's rare,
My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To all the lave I 'm cauld;
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow,
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld;
And nathing gi'es me ſic delight
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the reſt it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt that ſhe ſings beſt.

My

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of ſenſe,
At wauking of the fauld.

This ſunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How hartſom is 't to ſee the riſing plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleaſing rants!
How haleſome is 't to ſnuff the cawler air,
And all the ſweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cauſe of thy ill-ſeaſon'd pain.

ROGER.

I 'm born, O Patie! to a thrawart fate;
I 'm born to ſtrive with hardſhips ſad and great:
Tempeſts may ceaſe to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins' blood;
But I, oppreſt with never-ending grief,
Maun ay deſpair of lighting on relief.

PATIE.

The bees ſhall loath the flow'r, and quit the hive,
The ſaughs on boggie ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,

Ere ſcornfu' queans, or loſs of warldly gear,
Shall ſpill my reſt, or ever force a tear.

ROGER.

Sae might I ſay; but it 's no eaſy done
By ane whaſe ſaul 's ſae ſadly out of tune.
Ye have ſae ſaft a voice, and ſlid a tongue,
You are the darling baith of auld and young.
If I but ettle at a ſang, or ſpeak,
They dit their lugs, ſyne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I 'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a laſs's ee;
For ilka ſheep ye have I 'll number ten,
And ſhould, as ane may think, come farther ben.

PATIE.

But ablins! nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part;
If that be true, what ſignifies your gear?
A mind that 's ſcrimpit never wants ſome care.

ROGER.

My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were ſmoor'd,
Three elf-ſhot were, yet I theſe ills endur'd:

In

In winter laſt my cares were very ſma',
Tho' ſcores of wethers periſh'd in the ſnaw.

PATIE.

Were your bien rooms as thinly ſtock'd as mine,
Leſs ye wad loſs, and leſs ye wad repine.
He that has juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep;
The o'ercome only faſhes fowk to keep.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a croſs,
That thou may'ſt thole the pangs of mony a loſs:
O may'ſt thou doat on ſome fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench:
'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

PATIE.

Sax good fat lambs, I ſauld them ilka clute
At the Weſt Port, and bought a winſome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round;
A dainty whiſtle, with a pleaſant ſound:
I 'll be mair canty wi' 't, and ne'er cry dool!
Than you with all your caſh, ye dowie fool.

ROGER.

Na, Patie, na! I'm nae ſic churliſh beaſt;
Some other thing lies heavier at my breaſt:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my fleſh a' creep yet with the fright.

PATIE.

Now, to a friend, how ſilly 's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your ſecrets kens:
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-ſeen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your ſorrows tell,
And ſafely think nane kens them but yourſell.

ROGER.

Indeed now, Patie, ye have gueſs'd o'er true;
And there is naithing I 'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon aſquint,
To ſpeak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka place ſhe jeers me ear and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unko blate.
But yeſterday I met her yont a know,
She fled as frae a ſhelly-coated kow.
She Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and ſays I ſmell of tar.

PATIE.

PATIE.

But Bauldy looes not her; right well I wat,
He ſighs for Neps: ſae that may ſtand for that.

ROGER.

I wiſh I cou'd na looe her;—but in vain,
I ſtill maun doat, and thole her proud diſdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
'Till he yowl'd fair ſhe ſtrak the poor dumb tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breaſt,
She wad have ſhewn mair kindneſs to my beaſt.
When I begin to tune my ſtock and horn,
With a' her face ſhe ſhaws a caulrife ſcorn.
Laſt night I play'd; ye never heard ſic ſpite;
"O'er Bogie" was the ſpring, and her delyte:
Yet tauntingly ſhe at her couſin ſpeer'd,
Gif ſhe could tell what tune I play'd, and ſneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I 'll break my reed, and never whiſtle mair.

PATIE.

E'en do ſae, Roger, wha can help miſluck?
Saebins ſhe be ſic a thrawin gabbit chuck,
Yonder 's a craig, ſince ye have tint all hope,
Gae till 't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

ROGER.

I needna mak ſic ſpeed my blood to ſpill,
I 'll warrant death come ſoon enough a-will.

PATIE.

Daft gowk! leave aff that ſilly whingin way;
Seem careleſs, there 's my hand ye 'll win the day.
Hear how I ſerv'd my laſs I love as well
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Laſt morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about,
I ſaw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
I ſaw my Meg, but Peggy ſaw na me;
For yet the ſun was wading thro' the miſt,
And ſhe was cloſe upon me e'er ſhe wiſt;
Her coats were kiltit, and did ſweetly ſhaw
Her ſtraight bare legs that whiter were than ſnaw.
Her cockernony ſnooded up fou ſleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks ſae ruddy, and her een ſae clear;
And O! her mouth 's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat ſhe was, in buſtine waiſtcoat clean,
As ſhe came ſkiffing o'er the dewy green:
Blythſome I cry'd, " My bonny Meg, come here,
" I ferly wherefore, ye 're ſo ſoon aſteer?
" But I can gueſs, ye 're gawn to gather dew."
She ſcour'd away, and ſaid, " What 's that to you?"
" Then,

" Then, fare ye well, Meg-dorts, and e'en 's ye
" like,"
I careleſs cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveleſs errand back:
Miſcaw'd me firſt; then bad me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes ſtray'd on the bog.
I leugh; and ſae did ſhe; then with great haſte
I claſp'd my arms about her neck and waiſt;
About her yielding waiſt, and took a fouth
Of ſweeteſt kiſſes frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and faſt I held her in my grips,
My very ſaul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, fair ſhe flet wi' me 'tween ilka ſmack,
But weel I kend ſhe meant nae as ſhe ſpak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye ſae too, and never faſh your thumb.
Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe 'll change her
mood;
Gae woo anither, and ſhe 'll gang clean wood.

SANG II.

Tune—" Fye, gar rub her o'er with ſtrae."

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And anſwer kindneſs with a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:

But them deſpiſe who 're ſoon defeat,
And, with a ſimple face, give way
To a repulſe;—then be not blate,
Puſh bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
To anſwer all your love with hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
And let her ſigh when 'tis too late.

ROGER.

Kind Patie, now fair fa your honeſt heart,
Ye 're ſae cadgy, and have ſic an art
To hearten ane; for now, as clean 's a leek,
Ye 've cheriſh'd me ſince ye began to ſpeak.
Sae, for your pains, I 'll mak ye a propine
(My mother, reſt her ſaul! ſhe made it fine);
A tartan plaid, ſpun of good hawſlock woo,
Scarlet and green the ſets, the borders blue:
With ſprainges like gowd and ſiller croſs'd with black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have ſae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

PATIE.

PATIE.

Weel, had ye there; and ſince ye' ve frankly made
To me a preſent of your braw new plaid,
My flute 's be yours, and ſhe too that 's ſae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye 'll take my advice.

ROGER.

As ye adviſe, I 'll promiſe to obſerve 't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye beſt deſerv 't:
Now tak it out and gie 's a bonny ſpring,
For I 'm in tift to hear you play and ſing.

PATIE.

But firſt we 'll take a turn up to the height,
And ſee gif all our flocks be feeding right;
Be that time bannocks and a ſheeve of cheeſe
Will make a breakfaſt that a laird might pleaſe;
Might pleaſe the daintieſt gabs, were they ſae wiſe
To ſeaſon meat with health, inſtead of ſpice.
When we have tane the grace drink at this well,
I 'll whiſtle ſyne, and ſing t' ye like myſell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where laſſes uſe to waſh and ſpread their claiths,
A troting burnie wimpling throw the ground,
Its channel peebles ſhining ſmooth and round:
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
Firſt pleaſe your eye, then gratify your ear;
While Jenny what ſhe wiſhes diſcommends,
And Meg with better ſenſe true love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

JENNY.

Come, Meg, let 's fa to wark upon this green,
This ſhining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water 's clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

PEGGY.

Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' that 's ſweet in ſpring and ſimmer grow:
Between twa birks out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and makes a ſingand din:
A pool breaſt-deep, beneath as clear as glaſs,
Kiſſes with eaſy whirles the bord'ring graſs.

We

We 'll end our waſhing while the morning 's cool,
And when the day grows het we 'll to the pool,
There waſh ourſells; 'tis healthfu' now in May,
And ſweetly cauler on ſae warm a day.

JENNY.

Daft laſſie, when we 're naked, what 'll ye ſay,
Giff our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And ſee us ſae?—that jeering fellow, Pate,
Wad taunting ſay, "Haith, laſſes, ye 're no blate."

PEGGY.

We 're far frae ony road, and out of ſight;
The lads they 're feeding far beyont the hight;
But tell me now, dear Jenny, we 're our lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer with diſdain?
The neighbours a' tent this as well as I;
That Roger loo 's ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He 's wordy you the beſt day e'er ye ſaw.

JENNY.

I dinna like him, Peggy, there 's an end;
A herd mair ſheepiſh yet I never kend.
He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right ſnug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;

Whilk

Whilk penſylie he wears a thought a-jee,
And ſpreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
He falds his owrelay down his breaſt with care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither ſing nor ſay,
Except, "How d' ye?"—or, "There 's a bonny
"day."

PEGGY.

Ye daſh the lad with conſtant ſlighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco ſair to bide:
But ye 'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,
Wha likes a dorty maiden when ſhe 's auld?
Like dawted wean that tarries at its meat,
That for ſome feckleſs whim will orp and greet:
The lave laugh at it till the dinner 's paſt,
And ſyne the fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or ſcart anither's leavings at the laſt.
Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna ſit your time.

SANG III.

Tune—"Polwart on the green."

The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her ſmiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.

The

The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And 's laught at by the lave.

They jeſt it till the dinner's paſt,
Thus by itſelf abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or eat what they 've refus'd.

JENNY.

I never thought a ſingle life a crime.

PEGGY.

Nor I: but love in whiſpers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

JENNY.

If Roger is my jo, he kens himſell,
For ſic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and ſighs, and I can gueſs the cauſe:
But wha 's oblig'd to ſpell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'ſe tell him frankly ne'er to do 't again.
They 're fools that ſlav'ry like, and may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themſelves for me.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

Be doing your ways: for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie 's kind.

JENNY.

Heh! laſs, how can ye loo that rattle-ſkull?
A very deel, that ay maun have his will.
We ſoon will hear what a poor feightan life
You twa will lead, ſae ſoon 's ye 're man and wife.

PEGGY.

I 'll rin the riſk; nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langſome day a year,
'Till I with pleaſure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breaſt I 'll lay my head.
There he may kiſs as lang as kiſſing 's good,
And what we do there 's nane dare call it rude.
He 's get his will; why no? 'tis good my part
To give him that, and he 'll give me his heart.

JENNY.

He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak meikle o' ye, with an unco fraiſe,
And daut ye baith afore fowk and your lane:
But ſoon as your newfangleneſs is gane,

He

He 'll look upon you as his tether-ſtake,
And think he 's tint his freedom for your ſake.
Inſtead then of lang days of ſweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neiſt he 'll flyte:
And may be, in his barlichoods, ne'er ſtick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV.

Tune—" O dear mother, what ſhall I do?"

O dear Peggy, love 's beguiling,
We ought not to truſt his ſmiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder luck betide you.
Laſſes, when their fancy 's carried,
Think of nought but to be marry'd;
Running to a life deſtroys
Heartſome, free, and youthfu' joys.

PEGGY.

Sic coarſe-ſpun thoughts as that want pith to move
My ſettl'd mind; I 'm o'er fare gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread nae other ſkaith.
There 's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has ſic a ſmile, or ſic twa glancing een.
And then he ſpeaks with ſic a taking art,
His words they thirle like muſic thro' my heart.

How

How blythly can he ſport, and gently rave,
And jeſt at little fears that fright the lave.
Ilk day that he 's alane upon the hill,
He reads feil books that teach him meikle ſkill;
He is—but what need I ſay that or this,
I 'd ſpend a month to tell you what he is!
In a' he ſays or does there 's ſic a gate,
The reſt ſeem coofs, compar'd with my dear Pate;
His better ſenſe will lang his love ſecure:
Ill-nature hefts in ſauls are weak and poor.

SANG V.

Tune—"How can I be ſad on my wedding-day?"

How ſhall I be ſad when a huſband I hae,
That has better ſenſe than ony of thae;
Sour, weak, ſilly fellows, that ſtudy, like fools,
To ſink their ain joy, and make their wives ſnools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages ſtrife,
He praiſes her virtue, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall failing, but find an excuſe.

JENNY.

Hey, "bonny laſs of Brankſome!" or 't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a ſang.
O 'tis a pleaſant thing to be a bride!
Syne whindging gets about your ingle-ſide,
Yelping

Yelping for this or that with faſheous din:
To make them brats then ye man toil and ſpin.
Ae wean fa's ſick, an ſcads itſelf wi' brue,
Ane breaks his ſhin, anither tines his ſhoe:
The "Deel gaes o'er John Wabſter:" hame grows hell,
When Pate miſcaws ye war than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

Yes, it 's a heartſome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young ſprouts are rife.
Gif I 'm ſae happy, I ſhall have delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleaſure be,
Than ſee ſic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at, their greateſt wiſh,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiſs?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

JENNY.

But poortith, Peggy, is the warſt of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance ſhould begg'ry draw:
There little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.

Your nowt may die; the ſpeat may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay;
The thick-blawn wreaths of ſnaw, or blaſhy thows,
May ſmoor your wethers, and may rot your ews;
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheeſe,
But or the day of payment breaks and flees;
With glooman brow the laird ſeeks in his rent,
'Tis no to gie, your merchant's to the bent;
His honour maunna want, he poinds your gear;
Syne driven frae houſe and hald, where will ye ſteer?—
Dear Meg, be wiſe, and lead a ſingle life;
Troth, it 's nae mows to be a married wife.

PEGGY.

May ſic ill luck befa' that ſilly ſhe,
Wha has ſic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode weel, and ſtrive to do their beſt;
Nae mair 's requir'd—let heaven make out the reſt.
I 've heard my honeſt uncle aften ſay,
That lads ſhould a' for wives that 's vertuous pray;
For the maiſt thrifty man could never get
A well-ſtor'd room, unleſs his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht ſhall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raiſe my ſhepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins I 'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For healſome, clean, cheap, and ſufficient ware.

A flock

A flock of lambs, cheeſe, butter, and ſome woo,
Shall firſt be ſald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind 's our ain. — Thus without fear,
With love and rowth we throw the warld will
ſteer;
And when my Pate in bairns and geer grows rife,
He 'll bleſs the day he gat me for his wife.

JENNY.

But what if ſome young giglit on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kend kiſſes, hardly worth a feg?

PEGGY.

Nae mair of that:—dear Jenny, to be free,
There 's ſome men conſtanter in love than we:
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has bleſt them with ſolidity of mind;
They 'll reaſon caumly, and with kindneſs ſmile,
When our ſhort paſſions wad our peace beguile:
Sae, whenſoe'er they ſlight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maiſt to blame.
Then I 'll employ with pleaſure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and ſecure his heart.
At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I 'll have a' things made ready to his will:

In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-ſtane;
And ſoon as he flings by his plaid and ſtaff,
The ſeething pot 's be ready to take aff;
Clean hag-abag I 'll ſpread upon his board,
And ſerve him with the beſt we can afford:
Good-humour and white bigonets ſhall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

JENNY.

A diſh of married love right ſoon grows cauld,
And dozins down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

PEGGY.

But we 'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loſs of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make ſure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can ſpy.
See yon twa elms that grow up ſide by ſide,
Suppoſe them ſome years ſyne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they 've preſt,
Till wide their ſpreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully bleſt:
This ſhields the other frae the eaſtlin blaſt;
That in return defends it frae the weſt.

Sic

Sic as ſtand ſingle, (a ſtate ſae lik'd by you,)
Beneath ilk ſtorm frae every airt man bow.

JENNY.

I 've done.—I yield, dear laſſie, I man yield,
Your better ſenſe has fairly won the field,
With the aſſiſtance of a little ſae
Lies dern'd within my breaſt this mony a day.

SANG VI.

Tune—" Nanſy 's to the green-wood gane."

I yield, dear laſſie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as light flows frae the ſun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or ſay
'Gainſt love, nae thinker heeds us;
They ken our boſoms lodge the ſae,
That by the heartſtrings leads us.

PEGGY.

Alake, poor pris'ner!—Jenny, that 's no fair,
That ye 'll no let the wie thing take the air:
Haſte, let him out; we'll tent as well 's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.

JENNY.

Anither time 's as good; for ſee the ſun
Is right far up, and we 're not yet begun
To freath the graith: if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, ſhe 'll gie us a wicked rant:
But when we 've done, I 'll tell you a' my mind;
For this ſeems true—nae laſs can be unkind.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A ſnug thack houſe; before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are ſeen:
On this ſide ſtands a barn, on that a byre:
A peet ſtack joins, and forms a rural ſquare.
The houſe is Glaud's.—There you may ſee him lean,
And to his divet ſeat invite his frien.

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

Good morrow, nibour Symon:—come, ſit down,
And gie 's your cracks.—What 's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And ſauld your Crummock, and her baſſand quey.
I 'll warrant ye 've coft a pund of cut and dry:
Lug out your box, and gie 's a pipe to try.

SYMON.

With a' my heart:—and tent me now, auld boy,
I 've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.

I cou'dna reſt till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken ſic a turn
Will gar our vile oppreſſors ſtend like flaes,
And ſkulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

GLAUD.

Fy blaw!—Ah! Symie, rattling chiels ne'er ſtand
To cleck, and ſpread the groſſeſt lies aff-hand;
Whilk ſoon flies round like wild-fire far and near:
But looſe your poke, be 't true or fauſe let 's hear.

SYMON.

Seeing 's believing, Glaud; and I have ſeen
Hab, that abroad has with our maſter been;
Our brave good maſter, wha right wiſely fled,
And left a fair eſtate to ſave his head,
Becauſe, ye ken fou well, he bravely choſe
To ſhine or ſet in glory with Montroſe.
Now Cromwell 's gane to Nick, and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rumple a right ſlee begunk;
Reſtor'd king Charles, and ilka thing 's in tune;
And Habby ſays, we 'll ſee Sir William ſoon.

GLAUD.

GLAUD.

That makes me blyth indeed !—but dinna flaw,
Tell o'er your news again, and ſwear till 't a'.
And ſaw ye Hab ? and what did Halbert ſay ?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird 's come hame ;
And his eſtate, ſay, can he eithly claim ?

SYMON.

They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bears, dare nae mair do 't again,
And good Sir William ſall enjoy his ain.

SANG VII.

Tune—" Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

Cauld be the rebels caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody,
I hope we 'll ſee them at the laſt
Strung a' up in a woody.

Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high in ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the defence
Of conſcience, king, and nation.

GLAUD.

And may he lang, for never did he ſtent
Us in our thriving with a racket rent;
Nor grumbl'd if ane grew rich, or ſhor'd to raiſe
Our mailens when we put on Sunday's claiths.

SYMON.

Nor wad he lang, with ſenſeleſs ſaucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare:
" Put on your bonnet, Symon; tak a ſeat:—
" How 's all at hame?—how 's Elſpa?—how does
" Kate?—
" How ſells black cattle?—what gi'es woo this
" year?"
And ſic like kindly queſtions wad he ſpeer.

SANG VIII.

Tune—" Mucking of Geordy's byre."

The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
To riſe aboon poverty;
Elſe, like the pack-horſe that 's unfother'd
And burthen'd, will tumble down faint:
Thus virtue by hardſhips are ſmother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

GLAUD.

GLAUD.

Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glaſſes clean,
Whilk in our breaſt rais'd ſic a blythſome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart 's e'en rais'd !—Dear nibour, will ye ſtay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day?
We 'll ſend for Elſpith too; and upo' ſight
I 'll whiſtle Pate and Roger frae the height.
I 'll yoke my ſled, and ſend to the neiſt town,
And bring a draught of ale baith ſtout and brown;
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink 'till they tine the gate to ſtand their lane.

SYMON.

I wadna bauk my friend his blyth deſign,
Gif that it hadna firſt of a' been mine:
For here-yeſtreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yeſtreen I ſlew twa wethers prime and fat;
A furlet of good cakes my Elſpa beuk,
And a large ham hangs reeſting in the nook:
I ſaw myſell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot, that ſcads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil, and ane we 'll roaſt;
And on the haggies Elſpa ſpares nae coſt;
Small are they ſhorn, and ſhe can mix ſou nice
The guſty ingans with a curn of ſpice;

Fat

Fat are the puddings; heads and feet well ſung:
And we 've invited nibours auld and young,
To paſs this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our maſter's health and welcome hame:
Ye mauna then refuſe to join the reſt,
Since ye 're my neareſt friend that I like beſt:
Bring wi' ye all your family; and then,
Whene'er you pleaſe, I 'll rant wi' you again.

GLAUD.

Spoke like ye'rſell, auld birky; never fear
But at your banquet I ſhall firſt appear:
Faith, we ſhall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld;—
Auld, ſaid I!—troth, I'm younger be a ſcore,
With this good news, than what I was before;
I 'll dance or een.—Hey, Madge! come forth,
d' ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

MADGE.

The man 's gane gyte!—Dear Symon, welcome here.—
What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haſte and din?
Ye never let a body ſit to ſpin.

GLAUD.

GLAUD.

Spin! Snuff!—Gae break your wheel, and burn your tow,
And ſet the meikleſt peet-ſtack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we 'll ſoon Sir William ſee.

MADGE.

Blyth news indeed!—And wha was 't tald you o't?

GLAUD.

What 's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whiteſt of my bobit bands,
My whyt ſkin hoſe, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their waſhing cry the bairns in haſte,
And mak ye'rſells as trig, head, feet, and waiſt,
As ye were a' to get young lads or een;
For we 're gawn o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

SYMON.

Do, honeſt Madge: and, Glaud, I 'll o'er the gate,
And ſee that a' be done as I wad hae 't.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen;
An auld wife ſpinning at the ſunny end.
At a ſmall diſtance, by a blaſted tree,
With falded arms and half-rais'd look, ye ſee

BAULDY his lane.

What 's this?—I canna bear 't!—'tis war than hell,
To be ſae burnt with love, yet darna tell!
O Peggy! ſweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that friſk out o'er the knows;
Straighter than aught that in the foreſt grows:
Her een the cleareſt blob of dew out-ſhines;
The lily in her breaſt its beauty tines;
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my deid, that will be ſhortly ſeen!
For Pate loo's her, (waes me!) and ſhe loo's Pate;
And I with Neps, by ſome unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow.—O! but ane be a beaſt,
That makes raſh aiths till he 's afore the prieſt.
I darna ſpeak my mind, elſe a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.

'Tis

'Tis ſair to thole.—I 'll try ſome witchcraft art,
To break with ane, and win the other's heart.
Here Mauſy lives, a witch that for ſma' price
Can caſt her cantraips, and gi'e me advice:
She can o'ercaſt the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune:
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard ſhe raves,
And howks unchriſten'd weans out of their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow:
Rins witherſhins about the hemlock low;
And ſeven times does her prayers backwards pray,
Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom of black taids and ſnakes:
Of this unſonſy pictures aft ſhe makes
Of any ane ſhe hates, and gars expire
With ſlow and racking pains afore a fire,
Stuck fou of pins; the deviliſh pictures melt;
The pain by fowk they repreſent is felt.
And yonder 's Mauſe:—ay, ay, ſhe kens fou weil,
When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
She and her cat ſit beeking in her yard:
To ſpeak my errand, faith, amaiſt I 'm fear'd:
But I maun do 't, tho' I ſhould never thrive:
They gallop faſt that deils and laſſes drive.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green kail-yard; a little fount,
Where water poplin ſprings;
There ſits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet ſhe ſpins and ſings.

MAUSE.

SANG IX.

Tune—"Carle and the king come."

Peggy, now the king 's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the king 's come:
Nae mair the haukeys ſhalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for ſilk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, ſince the king 's come.

Enter BAULDY.

BAULDY.

How does auld honeſt lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fair at threeſcore-ten.

MAUSE.

MAUSE.

E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the ſun.
What brings my bairn this gate ſae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead, to threſh nae corn?

BAULDY.

Enough of baith: but ſomething that requires
Your helping hand employs now all my cares.

MAUSE.

My helping hand! alake, what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

BAULDY.

Ay, but you 're wiſe, and wiſer far than we,
Or maiſt part of the pariſh tells a lie.

MAUSE.

Of what kind wiſdom think ye I 'm poſſeſt,
That lifts my character aboon the reſt?

BAULDY.

The word that gangs, how ye 're ſae wiſe and fell,
Ye 'll may be tak it ill gif I ſou'd tell.

MAUSE.

What fowk ſay of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

BAULDY.

Well, ſince ye bid me, I ſhall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.
When laſt the wind made Glaud a roofleſs barn;
When laſt the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny, elf-ſhot, never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirn'd, and there nae butter came;
When Beſſy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna ſtand its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the ſhaw,
And tint himſell amaiſt amang the ſnaw;
When Mungo's mare ſtood ſtill and ſwat wi' fright,
When he brought eaſt the howdy under night;
When Bawſy ſhot to dead upon the green;
And Sara tint a ſnood was nae mair ſeen;

You,

You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out;
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about,
And ſae they may that mean to do ye ſkaith:
For me to wrang ye, I 'll be very laith;
But when I neiſt make groats, I 'll ſtrive to pleaſe
You with a firlot of them mixt with peaſe.

MAUSE.

I thank ye, lad:—now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I 'll lend my helping hand.

BAULDY.

Then, I like Peggy; Neps is fond of me;
Peggy likes Pate; and Patie 's bauld and ſlee,
And loo's ſweet Meg; but Neps I downa ſee.
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me, I 'd be the happieſt man.

MAUSE.

I 'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
Sae gang your ways and come again at night;
'Gainſt that time I 'll ſome ſimple things prepare,
Worth all your peaſe and groats, tak ye na care.

BAULDY.

Well, Mauſe, I 'll come, gif I the road can find:
But if ye raiſe the de'il, he 'll raiſe the wind;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night ſae mirk, I 'll tine the gate.
We 're a' to rant in Symie's at a feaſt,
O! will ye come like badrans for a jeſt?
And there you can our different haviours ſpy;
There 's nane ſhall ken o't there but you and I.

MAUSE.

'Tis like I may:—but let na on what 's paſt
'Tween you and me, elſe fear a kittle caſt.

BAULDY.

If I aught of your ſecrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[Exit.

MAUSE

MAUSE her lane.

This fool imagines, as do mony ſic,
That I 'm a witch in compact with Auld Nick,
Becauſe by education I was taught
To ſpeak and act aboon their common thought.
Their groſs miſtake ſhall quickly now appear;
Soon ſhall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Now ſince the royal Charles, and right 's reſtor'd,
A ſhepherdeſs is daughter to a lord.
The bonny foundling that 's brought up by Glaud,
Wha has an uncle's care on her beſtow'd,
Her infant life I ſav'd, when a falſe friend
Bow'd to th' uſurper, and her death deſign'd,
To eſtabliſh him and his in all theſe plains
That by right heritage to her pertains.
She 's now in her ſweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a ſhepherd's arms:
None know 't but me:—and if the morn were come,
I 'll tell them tales will gar them all ſing dumb.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet,
In love without a vicious ſtain,
The bonny laſs and cheerfu' ſwain
Change vows and kiſſes ſweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O Patie! let me gang; I mauna ſtay;
We 're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny ſhe 's away.

PATIE.

I 'm laith to part ſae ſoon, now we 're alane,
And Roger he 's away with Jenny gane:
They 're as content, for aught I hear or ſee,
To be alane themſelves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroſes thickeſt paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How ſaft the weſtlin winds ſough through the reeds.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

The ſcented meadows, birds, and healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy pleaſe.

PATIE.

Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
In ſpeaking ſae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
Gif I cou'd fancy aught 's ſae ſweet or fair
As my ſweet Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is ſweeter than the ſweeteſt brier,
Thy cheek and breaſt the fineſt flow'rs appear:
Thy words excel the maiſt delightfu' notes
That warble through the merle or mavis' throats;
With thee I tent nae flowers that buſk the field,
Or ripeſt berries that our mountains yield;
The ſweeteſt fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiſs of thee.

PEGGY.

But Patrick for ſome wicked end may fleech,
And lambs ſhould tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna ſtay; ye joker, let me gang,
Or ſwear ye 'll never 'tempt to do me wrang.

PATIE.

Sooner a mother ſhall her fondneſs drap,
And wrang the bairn ſits ſmiling on her lap;
The ſun ſhall change, the moon to change ſhall ceaſe;
The gaits to clim, the ſheep to yield the fleece;
Ere aught by me be either ſaid or doon,
Shall do thee wrang.—I ſwear by all aboon.

PEGGY.

Then keep your aith.—But mony lads will ſwear,
And be manſworn to twa in half a year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if anither laſs your heart ſhould ſteal,
Your Meg, forſaken, bootleſs might relate
How ſhe was dauted anes by faithleſs Pate.

PATIE.

I 'm ſure I canna change; ye needna fear,
Tho' we 're but young, I 've loo'd ye mony a year:
I mind it well, when thou could'ſt hardly gang,
Or liſp out words, I choos'd thee frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tanſy know or raſhy ſtrand;

Thou

Thou ſmiling by my ſide :—I took delight
To pou the raſhes green, with roots ſae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and ſnood.

PEGGY.

When firſt thou gade with ſhepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews firſt try'd my ſkill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at ev'n I met with thee.

SANG X.

Tune—" Winter was cauld, and my claithing was thin."

PEGGY.

When firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking firſt ſey'd my young ſkill,
To bear the milk bowie no pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-
bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and ſweet riſing fells,
Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreſtled, or putted the ſtane,
And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka ſport manly gave pleaſure to me;
For nane can putt, wreſtle, or run ſwift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny ſings ſaftly the "Cowden broom
"knows;"
And Roſie lilts ſwiftly the "Milking the ews;"
There 's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nanſy can ſing;
At "Throw the wood, laddie," Beſs gars our lugs
ring:
But when my dear Peggy ſings, with better ſkill,
The "Boatman," "Tweed-ſide," or the "Laſs
"of the mill,"
'Tis mony times ſweeter and pleaſing to me;
For tho' they ſing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How eaſy can laſſes trow what they deſire!
And praiſes ſae kindly increaſes love's fire;
Give me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

PATIE.

PATIE.

When corns grew yellow, and the hetherbells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and riſing fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,
Gif I could find blae-berries ripe for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou didſt wreſtle, run, or putt the ſtane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
At all theſe ſports thou ſtill gave joy to me,
For nane can wreſtle, run, or putt with thee.

PATIE.

Jenny ſings ſaft the "Broom of Cowden-
knows;"
And Roſie lilts the "Milking of the ews;"
There 's nane like Nanſy "Jenny Nettles
ſings;"
At turns in "Maggy Lawder" Marion dings:
But when my Peggy ſings, with ſweeter ſkill,
The "Boatman," or the "Laſs of Patie's mill,"
It is a thouſand times mair ſweet to me;
Tho' they ſing well, they canna ſing like thee.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

How eith can laſſes trow what we deſire!
And, rees'd by them we love, blaws up the fire:
But wha loves beſt let time and carriage try;
Be conſtant, and my love ſhall time defy:
Be ſtill as now, and a' my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſant is for thee.

PATIE.

Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;
At naught they 'll ferly, ſenſeleſs tales believe,
Be blyth for ſilly hechts, for trifles grieve;
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true:
But thou in better ſenſe without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care ſhall be
How to contrive what pleaſing is for thee.

PEGGY.

Agreed:—but hearken, yon 's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they 'll wonder what can make us ſtay.

PATIE.

PATIE.

And let them ferly.—Now a kindly kiſs,
Or fiveſcore good anes wad not be amiſs;
And ſyne we 'll ſing the ſang with tunefu' glee,
That I made up laſt owk on you and me.

PEGGY.

Sing firſt, ſyne claim your hyre.

PATIE.

Well, I agree.

SANG XI.

To its awn tune.

By the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth,
And rowing eye that ſmiling tells the truth,
I gueſs, my laſſie, that, as well as I,
Ye 're made for love, and why ſhould ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye lad, gif we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the wooing 's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taſte but hard and ſour.

PATIE.

PATIE.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may tyne, and ſay may ye;
Red-cheeked ye completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.

PEGGY

(Falling into Patie's arms.)

Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a':
But ſtint your wiſhes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we 've got the grace.

PATIE

(With his left hand about her waiſt.)

O charming armfu' !—Hence ye cares away,
I 'll kiſs my treaſure a' the live lang day;
All night I 'll dream my kiſſes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye 'll be a' my ain.

BOTH.

Sun, gallop down the weſtlin ſkies,
Gang ſoon to bed, and quickly riſe;
O laſh your ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about our bridal-day;
And if you 're weary'd, honeſt light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[Curtain falls while they kiſs.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon ſpreading lyme,
And tent a man whaſe beard ſeems bleach'd with time;
Ane elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
Nae doubt ye 'll think he has a pedlar been:—
But whiſht, it is the knight in maſquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to ſee his lad.
Obſerve how pleas'd the loyal ſuff'rer moves
Thro' his auld av'nues, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir William ſolus.

The gentleman thus hid in low diſguiſe,
I 'll for a ſpace, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I loſt, which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midſt my joy, ſome proſpects pain renew,
Whilſt I my once fair ſeat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it deſolately ſtands,
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands;
The caſements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tapeſtry all bereft.

My

My ſtables and pavilions, broken walls,
That with each rainy blaſt decaying falls:
My gardens once adorn'd the moſt complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes ſweet;
Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their ſtalks;
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No hyacinths or eglantines appear.
Here fail'd and broke 's the riſing ample ſhade,
Where peach and nect'rine trees their branches ſpread,
Baſking in rays, and early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful to the uſe.
All round in gaps the walls in ruin lye,
And from what ſtands the wither'd branches fly.
Theſe ſoon ſhall be repair'd:—and now my joy
Forbids all grief, when I 'm to ſee my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heav'n too ſoon call'd home his mother fair:
Him, ere the rays of reaſon clear'd his thought,
I ſecretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him ſtrictly to conceal his birth,
Till we ſhould ſee what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himſelf, he ſtarts up by the dawn,
And ranges careleſs o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge ſerenely gay,
With other ſhepherds whiſtling o'er the day.
Thrice

Thrice happy life! that 's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns, and courts, how cheerfully,
A calm, contented mortal ſpends his time,
In health, his ſoul unſtain'd with crime!

SANG XII.

Tune—" Happy Clown."

Hid from himſelf, now by the dawn
He ſtarts as freſh as roſes blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleating flocks.

Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chaunts and whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocriſy,
When truth and love with joy agree,
Unſully'd with a crime:

Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and ſtate,
He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's houſe I'll bend my way,
And ſee what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaily dance and ſing.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's houſe, pleaſe to ſtep in,
And viſy 't round and round;
There 's nought ſuperfluous to give pain,
Or coſtly to be found:
Yet, all is clean; a clear peat ingle
Glances amidſt the floor:
The green horn-ſpoons, beech luggies mingle,
On ſkelfs forgainſt the door.
While the young brood ſport on the green,
The auld anes think it beſt
With the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and take their reſt.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

GLAUD.

We anes were young ourſells.—I like to ſee
The bairns bob round with other merrylie.
Troth, Symon, Patie 's grown a ſtrapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade;
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the clev'reſt of them a'.

ELSPA.

Poor man! he 's a great comfort to us baith;
God make him good, and hide him ay frae ſkaith;
He

He is a bairn, I 'll ſay 't, well worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

GLAUD.

I trow, good wife, if I be not miſtane,
He ſeems to be with Peggy's beauty tane,
And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
Nor better, be 't ſhe were nae kin to me.

SYMON.

Ha, Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie 's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reaſons I 'll not tell,
I 'd rather be mixt with the mools myſell.

GLAUD.

What reaſons can ye have?—there 's nane, I 'm ſure,
Unleſs ye may caſt up that ſhe 's but poor:
But gif the laſſie marry to my mind,
I 'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind:
Fourſcore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five kye that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I 'll gie to Peggy that day ſhe 's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,

Ten lambs at ſpaining time as lang 's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I 'll yearly to them give.

ELSPA.

Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna ſpeer
What may be is not fit ye yet ſhould hear.

SYMON.

Or this day eight days likely he ſhall learn,
That our denial diſna ſlight his bairn.

GLAUD.

We 'll nae mair o't:—come, gi's the other bend,
We 'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[Their healths gae round.]

SYMON.

But will ye tell me, Glaud? — by ſome 'tis ſaid,
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon-ſide ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

GLAUD.

GLAUD.

That clattern Madge, my titty, tells ſic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

O father, there 's an auld man on the green,
The felleſt fortune-teller e'er was ſeen;
He tents our loofs, and ſyne whops out a book,
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddeſt tales that e'er ye heard.
His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard,

SYMON.

Gae bring him in, we 'll hear what he can ſay,
Nane ſhall gang hungry by my houſe to-day.

[Exit JENNY.

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my grey mare.

GLAUD.

Spae-men! the truth of a' their ſaws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Re-enter JENNY, bringing in SIR WILLIAM; PATIE following.

SYMON.

Ye 're welcome, honeſt carle :—here tak a ſeat.

SIR WILLIAM.

I give thee thanks, good man, Iſe no be blate.

GLAUD
(Drinks).

Come, t' ye, friend.—How far came ye the day?

SIR WILLIAM.

I pledge ye, nibour.—E'en but little way :
Rouſted with eild, a wie piece gate ſeems lang;
Twa miles or three 's the maiſt that I do gang.

SYMON.

Ye 're welcome here to ſtay all night with me,
And tak ſic bed and board as we can gi'e.

SIR

SIR WILLIAM.

That 's kind unſought.—Well, gin ye have a bairn
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I ſhall employ the fartheſt of my ſkill
To ſpae it faithfully, be 't good or ill.

SYMON

(Pointing to PATIE).

Only that lad.—Alack! I have nae mae,
Either to make me joyful now or wae.

SIR WILLIAM.

Young man, let 's ſee your hand.—What gars ye ſneer?

PATIE.

Becauſe your ſkill 's but little worth, I fear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Ye cut before the point:—but, billy, bide,
I 'll wager there 's a mouſe-mark on your ſide.

ELSPA.

Betootch-us-to! and well I wat that 's true:
Awa! awa! the deel 's owre girt wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever ſeen ſince he firſt wore a ſark.

SIR WILLIAM.

I 'll tell ye meir: if this young lad be ſpair'd
But a ſhort while, he 'll be a braw rich laird.

ELSPA.

A laird!—Hear ye, goodman, what think ye now?

SYMON.

I dinna ken.—Strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth.—
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[PATIE's health gaes round.]

PATIE.

A laird of twa good whiſtles and a kent,
Twa curs, my truſty tenants on the bent,

Is

Is all my great eſtate, and like to be;
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

SYMON.

Whiſht, Patie, let the man look ow'r your hand;
Aftymes as broken a ſhip has come to land.

[SIR WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance.—While they endeavour to lay him right:]

ELSPA.

Preſerve 's!—the man 's a warlock, or poſſeſt
With ſome nae good, or ſecond-ſight at leaſt.
Where is he now?

GLAUD.

He 's ſeeing a' that 's done
In ilka place beneath or yont the moon.

ELSPA.

Theſe ſecond-ſighted fowks (his peace be here!)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear,
As I can ſee my thumb.—Wow! can he tell
(Speer at him ſoon as he comes to himſell)
How

How ſoon we 'll ſee Sir William?—Whiſht, he heaves,
And ſpeaks out broken words like ane that raves.

SYMON.

He 'll ſoon grow better.—Elſpa, haſte ye, gae
And fill him up a taſs of uſquebæ.

SIR WILLIAM.

(Starts up and ſpeaks).

A knight that for a lion fought
Againſt a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which ſome thouſands ſhares:
But now again the lion rares,
And joy ſpreads o'er the plain;
The lion has defeat the bears,
The knight returns again.

The knight in a few days ſhall bring
A ſhepherd frae the fauld,
And ſhall preſent him to the king,
A ſubject true and bauld;
He Mr. Patrick ſhall be call'd:—
All you that hear me now
May well believe what I have tald,
For it ſhall happen true.

SYMON.

SYMON.

Friend, may your ſpaeing happen ſoon and well:
But, faith, I 'm redd you 've bargain'd with the deel,
To tell ſome tales that fowks wad ſecret keep;
Or do you get them tald you in your ſleep?

SIR WILLIAM.

Howe'er I get them never faſh your beard;
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward:
But I 'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophefy ſhall ſoon appear.

SYMON.

You prophefying fowks are odd kind men!—
They 're here that ken, and here that diſna ken
The wimpled meaning of your unko tale,
Whilk ſoon will mak a noiſe o'er moor and dale.

GLAUD.

'Tis nae ſma' ſport to hear how Sym believes,
And taks 't for goſpel what the ſpae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wiſh we trow at ony rate.

SIR

SIR WILLIAM.

Whiſht, doubtfu' carle; for ere the ſun
Has driven twice down to the ſea,
What I have ſaid ye ſhall ſee done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

GLAUD.

Well, be 't ſae, friend; — I ſhall ſay nathing mair:—
But I 've twa ſonſy laſſes, young and fair,
Plump, ripe for men: I wiſh ye cou'd foreſee
Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

SIR WILLIAM.

Nae mair thro' ſecrets can I ſift,
Till darkneſs black the bent;
I have but anes a day that gift,
Sae reſt a while content.

SYMON.

Elſpa, caſt on the claith, fetch butt ſome meat,
And of your beſt gar this auld ſtranger eat.

SIR

SIR WILLIAM.

Delay a while your hoſpitable care;
I 'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have ſome private talk.

SYMON.

Soon as you pleaſe I 'll anſwer your deſire:—
And, Glaud, you 'll tak your pipe beſide the fire:
We 'll but gae round the place, and ſoon be back,
Syne ſup together, and tak our pint and crack.

GLAUD.

I 'll out a ſpace, and ſee the young anes play;
My heart 's ſtill light, albeit my locks be grey.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny pretends an errand hame,
Young Roger draps the reſt,
To whiſper out his melting flame,
And thow his laſſie's breaſt.
Behind a buſh well hid frae ſight they meet:—
See Jenny 's laughing;—Roger's like to greet.
Poor ſhepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

ROGER.

Dear Jenny, I wad ſpeak t' ye, wad ye let;—
And yet I ergh, ye 'r ay ſae ſcornfu' ſet.

JENNY.

And what wad Roger ſay, if he cou'd ſpeak?
Am I oblig'd to gueſs what ye 'r to ſeek?

ROGER.

Yes, ye may gueſs right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my ſervice, ſighs, and langing een:
And I maun out wi't, tho' I riſk your ſcorn,
Ye 're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn.

Ah!

Ah! cou'd I loo ye leſs, I 'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

JENNY.

And wha kens, honeſt lad, but that I may?
Ye canna ſay that e'er I ſaid ye nay.

ROGER.

Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear ſome tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

JENNY.

I loo my father, couſin Meg I love;
But to this day nae man my heart cou'd move:
Except my kin, ilk lad 's alyke to me,
And frae ye a' I beſt had keep me free.

ROGER.

How lang, dear Jenny?—ſayna that again;
What pleaſure can ye tak in giving pain?
I 'm glad however that ye yet ſtand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

JENNY.

JENNY.

Ye have my pity elſe, to ſee you ſet
On that whilk makes our ſweetneſs ſoon forget:
Wow! but we 're bonny, good, and every thing!
How ſweet we breathe whene'er we kiſs or ſing!
But we 're nae ſooner fools to give conſent,
Than we our daffin and tint power repent:
When priſon'd in four waws, a wife right tame,
Altho' the firſt, the greateſt drudge at hame.

ROGER.

That only happens, when for ſake of gear
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind:
But love, true downright love, engages me
(Tho' thou ſhould ſcorn) ſtill to delight in thee.

JENNY.

What ſugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I 've ſeen with ſhining fair the morning riſe,
And ſoon the ſleety clouds mirk a' the ſkies;
I 've ſeen the ſilver ſpring a while rin clear,
And ſoon in moſſy puddles diſappear;

The

The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may ſmile,
But ſoon contentions a' their joys beguile.

ROGER.

I 've ſeen the morning riſe with faireſt light,
The day unclouded ſink in calmeſt night:
I 've ſeen the ſpring rin wimpling throw the plain,
Increaſe and join the ocean without ſtain;
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may ſmile,
Rejoice throw life, and all your fears beguile.

SANG XIII.

Tune—" Leith Wynd."

JENNY.

Were I aſſur'd you 'll conſtant prove,
You ſhould nae mair complain;
The eaſy maid, beſet with love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I muſt own now, ſince you 're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-ſole true to thee,
Wiſh'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I 'm happy now; ah! let my head
Upon thy breaſt recline:
The pleaſure ſtrikes me near-hand dead;—
Is Jenny then ſae kind?—
O let me briz thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine:
Delytfu' thought! we 'll never part:
Come, preſs thy mouth to mine.

JENNY.

Were I but ſure ye lang wou'd love maintain,
The feweſt words my eaſy heart cou'd gain;
For I man own, ſince now at laſt you 're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmneſs in my breaſt,
That made ye dearer to me than the reſt.

ROGER.

I 'm happy now! o'er happy!—had my head!—
This guſh of pleaſure 's like to be my deid.—
Come to my arms!—or ſtrike me!—I 'm all fir'd
With wond'ring love!—let 's kiſs till we be tir'd:
Kiſs,

Kiſs, kiſs ;—we 'll kiſs the ſun and ſtarns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day.
O Jenny ! let my arms about thee twine,
And briz thy bonny breaſts and lips to mine.

[They embrace.

JENNY.

With equal joy my ſafter heart does yield,
To own thy well-try'd love has won the field.
Now by theſe warmeſt kiſſes thou haſt tane,
Swear thus to love me when by vows made ane.

ROGER.

I ſwear by fifty thouſand yet to come,
Or may the firſt ane ſtrike me deaf and dumb,
There ſhall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

JENNY.

Well, I agree :—neiſt to my parent gae,
Get his conſent, he 'll hardly ſay ye nae ;
Ye have what will commend ye to him well,
Auld fowks like them that want na milk and meal.

SANG XIV.

Tune—" O'er Bogie."

JENNY.

Well, I agree, ye 're ſure of me ;
Next to my father gae ;
Make him content to give conſent ;
He 'll hardly ſay ye nae :
For ye have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I care na by,
He 'd contradict in vain :
Tho' a' my kin had ſaid and ſworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like theſe in high degree ;
And if you faithful prove in love,
You 'll find nae fault in me.

ROGER.

My faulds contain twice fifteen farrow nowt ;
As mony newcal in my byers rowt ;
Five pack of woo I can at Lammas ſell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell :

Good

Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care my thrifty mither made:
Ilk thing that makes a hartſome houſe and tight,
Was ſtill her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all, which now gi'es joy to me,
Becauſe I can give a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny ſhou'd the ſamen ſkair:
My love and all is yours; now had them faſt,
And guide them as ye like to gar them laſt.

JENNY.

I 'll do my beſt:—but ſee wha gangs this way,
Patie and Meg:—beſides, I mana ſtay:
Let 's ſteal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be ſeen, we 'll dree a deal of ſcorn.

ROGER.

To where the ſaugh-tree ſhades the menin pool,
I 'll frae the hill come down when day grows cool:
Keep tryſt, and meet me there: there let us meet,
To kiſs and tell our loves; there 's nought ſae ſweet.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

The ſcene preſents the knight and Sym,
Within a gallery of the place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the baron ſhewn his face;
But joking with his ſhepherd leel,
Aft ſpeers the gate he kens fu' weel.

SIR WILLIAM and SYMON.

SIR WILLIAM.

To whom belongs this houſe ſo much decay'd?

SYMON.

To ane that loſt it, lending gen'rous aid
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail,
Againſt the laws of nature, did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our maſter's name,
Wha fills us all with joy, now he 's come hame.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William draps his maſking beard:—
Symon, tranſported, ſees
The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And graſps him round the knees.

My maſter! my dear maſter!—do I breathe,
To ſee him healthy, ſtrong, and free frae ſkaith,
Return'd

Return'd to cheer his wiſhing tenants' ſight;
To bleſs his ſon, my charge, the world's delight?

SIR WILLIAM.

Riſe, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy.
I came to view thy care in this diſguiſe,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wiſe;
Since ſtill the ſecret thou 'ſt ſecurely ſeal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

SYMON.

The due obedience to your ſtrict command
Was the firſt lock; neiſt my ain judgment fand
Out reaſons plenty; ſince, without eſtate,
A youth, tho' ſprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

SIR WILLIAM.

And aften vain and idly ſpend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, paſt their prime,
Hang on their friends; which gi'es their ſauls a caſt,
That turns them downright beggars at the laſt.

SYMON.

Now well I wat, Sir, you have ſpoken true;
For there 's laird Kytie's ſon, that 's loo'd by few;
His father ſteght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about ſornan frae place to place,
As ſcrimpt of manners as of ſenſe and grace;
Oppreſſing a', as puniſhment o' their ſin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt wha 's ſae unjuſt
To his ain family as to gi'e him truſt.

SIR WILLIAM.

Such uſeleſs branches of a commonwealth
Should be lopt off, to give a ſtate mair health:—
Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all your obſervations on my ſon:
A parent's fondneſs eaſily finds excuſe;
But do not with indulgence truth abuſe.

SYMON.

To ſpeak his praiſe, the langeſt ſimmer day
Wad be owre ſhort, could I them right diſplay.
In word and deed he can ſae well behave,
That out of ſight he rins before the lave;

And

And when there 's e'er a quarrel or conteſt,
Patrick 's made judge, to tell whaſe cauſe is beſt;
And his decree ſtands good—he 'll gar it ſtand;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand;
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudeſt of our herds obey.

SIR WILLIAM.

Your tale much pleaſes: — my good friend, proceed:—
What learning has he?—can he write and read?

SYMON.

Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna ſpare
To gi'e him at the ſchool enough of lear;
And he delights in books; he reads and ſpeaks,
With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

SIR WILLIAM.

Where gets he books to read, and of what kind?—
Tho' ſome give light, ſome blindly lead the blind.

SYMON.

SYMON.

Whene'er he drives our ſheep to Edinburgh Port,
He buys ſome books of hiſtory, ſangs, or ſport:
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakeſpar and a'famous Ben
He aften ſpeaks, and ca's them beſt of men.
How ſweetly Hawthornden and Stirling ſing,
And ane caw'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens ſou well, and gars their verſes ring.
I ſometimes thought that he made o'er great fraze
About fine poems, hiſtories, and plays:
When I reprov'd him anes, a book he brings;—
"With this," quoth he, "on braes I crack with
"kings."

SIR WILLIAM.

He anſwer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
When ſuch accounts I of my ſhepherd hear:
Reading ſuch books can raiſe a peaſant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

SYMON.

What ken we better, that ſae findle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?

When

When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf ſpell,
Till a' the reſt ſleep round as weel 's ourſell.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well jeſted, Symon.—But one queſtion more
I 'll only aſk ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth 's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:
Has nae young laſſie with inviting mien
And roſy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

SYMON.

I fear'd the warſt, but ken'd the ſmalleſt part;
Till late I ſaw him twa three times mair ſweet
With Glaud's fair niece than I thought right or meet.
I had my fears, but now have nought to fear,
Since like yourſelf your ſon will ſoon appear;
A gentleman, enrich'd with all theſe charms,
May bleſs the faireſt beſt-born lady's arms.

SIR WILLIAM.

This night muſt end his unambitious fire,
When higher views ſhall greater thoughts inſpire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourſelf ſhall our firſt meeting ſee.

Yonder

Yonder 's my horſe and ſervant nigh at hand ;
They come juſt at the time I gave command :
Straight in my own apparel I 'll go dreſs ;
Now ye the ſecret may to all confeſs.

SYMON.

With how much joy I on this errand flee,
There 's nane can know that is not downright me.

[Exit.

SIR WILLIAM ſolus.

Whene'er th' event of hope's ſucceſs appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years :
A thouſand toils are loſt in Lethe's ſtream,
And cares evaniſh like a morning dream ;
When wiſh'd-for pleaſures riſe like morning light,
The pain that 's paſt enhances the delight.
Theſe joys I feel, that words can ill expreſs,
I ne'er had known, without my late diſtreſs.
But from his ruſtic buſineſs and love
I muſt in haſte my Patrick ſoon remove
To courts and camps that may his ſoul improve.
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings ſhews its light,
Till artful poliſhing has made it ſhine ;
Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG

SANG XV.

Tune—" Wat ye wha I met yeſtreen?"

Now from ruſticity and love,
  Whoſe flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle ſhepherd muſt be drove,
  His ſoul muſt take another turn:
As the rough diamond from the mine,
  In breakings only ſhews its light,
Till poliſhing has made it ſhine;
  Thus learning makes the genius bright.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The ſcene deſcrib'd in former page,
Glaud's onſet.—Enter Mauſe and Madge.

MAUSE.

Our laird come hame!—and owns young Pate
his heir!—
That 's news indeed!

MADGE.

As true as ye ſtand there.
As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven ſnaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, "Had ye merry a'."
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his poutch he whirl'd forth a book.
As we ſtood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een:
Then pawkylie pretended he could ſpae,
Yet for his pains and ſkill wad naithing hae.

MAUSE.

MAUSE.

Then ſure the laſſes, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

MADGE.

As faſt as fleas ſkip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee tod Lowrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In ſummer days ſlides backward in a pool.
In ſhort, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or ſpell.
At laſt, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd off his beard to Symon.—Symon knew
His welcome maſter :—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and ſyne for blythneſs grat.
Patrick was ſent for :—happy lad is he !—
Symon tald Elſpa—Elſpa tald it me.
Ye 'll hear out a' the ſecret ſtory ſoon :
And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no ſae meikle as to Pate himſell.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has loſt her jo.

MAUSE.

It may be ſa, wha kens, and may be no :
To lift a love that 's rooted is great pain :

E'en

E'en kings have tane a queen out of the plain ;
And what has been before may be again.

MADGE.

Sic nonſenſe !—love tak root, but tochergood,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood !—
Sic faſhions in king Bruce's days might be,
But ſiccan ferlies now we never ſee.

MAUSE.

Gif Pate forſakes her, Bauldy ſhe may gain :—
Yonder he comes ; and vow ! but he looks fain :
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy 's now his ain.

MADGE.

He get her ! ſlaverin doof ! it ſets him well
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil !
Gif I were Meg, I 'd let young maſter ſee—

MAUSE.

Ye 'd be as dorty in your choice as he ;
And ſo wad I :—but whiſht ! here Bauldy comes.

Enter

Enter BAULDY

(Singing.)

Jocky ſaid to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do 't?
Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good;
For my tocher-good I winna marry thee:
E'ens ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let it be.

MADGE.

Weel liltet, Bauldy, that 's a dainty ſang.

BAULDY.

I 'll gie ye 't a'—'tis better than 'tis lang.

(Sings again.)

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land eneugh,
I have ſeven good owſen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' houſe, a barn, and a byer,
A peat-ſtack 'fore the door; we 'll mak a rantin fire;
I 'll mak a rantin fire, and merry ſall we be:
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny ſaid to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye ſall be the lad, I 'll be the laſs myſell;
Ye 're a bonny lad, and I 'm a laſſie free;
Ye 're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow ſae: laſſes will come to at laſt,
Tho' for a while they man their ſnaw-baws caſt.

MAUSE.

Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

BAULDY.

Faith, unco right;
I hope we 'll a' ſleep ſound but ane this night.

MADGE.

And wha 's the unlucky ane, if we may aſk?

BAULDY.

To find out that is nae difficult taſk:
Poor bonny Peggy, wha man think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honeſt Mauſe, ſtand be;
While Meg 's in dumps, put in a word for me:
I 'll

I 'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,
Leſs wilfu', and ay conſtant in my love.

MADGE.

As Neps can witneſs, and the buſhy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was ſworn.
Fy, Bauldy, bluſh, and vows of love regard;
What other laſs will trow a manſworn herd?
The curſe of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That 's ever guilty of ſic ſinfu' deeds.
I 'll ne'er adviſe my niece ſae grey a gate;
Nor will ſhe be advis'd, ſou well I wate.

BAULDY.

Sae grey a gate! manſworn! and a' the reſt!—
Ye lied, auld roudes; and in faith had beſt
Eat in your words, elſe I ſhall gar you ſtand,
With a het face, afore the haly band.

MADGE.

Ye 'll gar me ſtand! ye ſhevelling-gabbit brock;
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
And ten ſharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the ſkin o' y'er cheeks out o'er your chin.

BAULDY.

I take ye witneſs, Mauſe, ye heard her ſay
That I 'm manſworn :—I winna let it gae.

MADGE.

Ye 're witneſs too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And ſhould be ſerv'd as his good-breeding claims :
Ye filthy dog!

[Flees to his hair like a fury.—A ſtout battle.—Mauſe endeavours to redd them.]

MAUSE.

Let gang your grips : — fye, Madge ! — howt,
Bauldy, leen :—
I widna wiſh this tulzie had been ſeen,
'Tis ſae daft like—

[Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleeding noſe.]

MADGE.

'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him, to blaw the coal.
It ſets him well, with vile unſcrapit tongue,
To caſt up whether I be auld or young ;

They

They 're aulder yet than I have married been,
And, or they died, their bairns bairns have ſeen.

MAUSE.

That 's true: and, Bauldy, ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain chriſten'd name.

BAULDY.

My lugs, my noſe, and noddle finds the ſame.

MADGE.

Auld roudes!—filthy fellow, I ſhall auld ye.

MAUSE.

Howt, no:—ye 'll e'en be friends with honeſt Bauldy.
Come, come, ſhake hands; this man nae farder gae;
Ye man forgi'e 'm:—I ſee the lad looks wae.

BAULDY.

In troth now, Mauſe, I have at Madge nae ſpite;
For ſhe abuſing firſt, was a' the wyte

Of what has happen'd, and ſhou'd therefore crave
My pardon firſt, and ſhall acquittance have.

MADGE.

I crave your pardon, gallows-face!—gae greet,
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat:
Gae, or be blaſted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform as well as ſwear.
Vow and lowp back! — was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him deel, he 's o'er lang out of hell.

BAULDY.

His preſence be about us!—curſt were he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[Runs off.

MADGE

(Laughing.)

I think I have towzled his harigalds a wee;
He 'll no ſoon grein to tell his love to me.
He 's but a raſcal that would mint to ſerve
A laſſie ſae, he does but ill deſerve.

MAUSE.

MAUSE.

Ye towin'd him tightly ; I commend ye for 't ;
His bleeding ſnout gae me nae little ſport ;
For this forenoon he had that ſcant of grace,
And breeding baith, to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna ſtand
To lend him in this caſe my helping hand.

MADGE.

A witch ! how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to ſee, or lugs to hear ?

MAUSE.

Auld wither'd hands and feeble joints like mine,
Obliges fowk reſentment to decline,
Till aft 'tis ſeen, when vigour fails, that we
With cunning can the lack of pith ſupply :
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we ſhould gang to wark:
I 'm ſure he 'll keep his tryſt ; and I came here
To ſeek your help that we the fool may fear.

MADGE.

And ſpecial ſport we 'll hae, as I proteſt ;
Ye 'll be the witch, and I ſhall play the ghaiſt.

A linen ſheet wound round me like ane dead,
I 'll cawk my face, and grane, and ſhake my head:
We 'll fleg him ſae, he 'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a laſſie wrang.

MAUSE.

Then let us go; for ſee, 'tis hard on night,
The weſtlin cloud ſhines with a ſetting light.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green ſwaird grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to reſt retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inſpir'd,
Walks throw the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewel.

PATIE and ROGER.

ROGER.

Wow! but I 'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light:
O, Mr. Patrick, ay your thoughts were right.
Sure gentle fowks are farer ſeen than we,
That naithing hae to brag of pedigree.

My

My Jenny now, who brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding, ſweet, and nae mair ſcorn:
I ſpak my mind—ſhe heard—I ſpak again—
She ſmil'd—I kiſs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

PATIE.

I 'm glad to hear 't.—But O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy;—and yet I 'm ſometimes wae.
I 've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an eſtate that lifts me boon the lave:
With looks all kindneſs, words that love confeſt,
He all the father to my ſoul expreſt,
While cloſe he held me to his manly breaſt:
" Such were the eyes," he ſaid, " thus ſmil'd the " mouth
" Of thy lov'd mother, bleſſing o' my youth,
" Wha ſet too ſoon."—And while he praiſe beſtow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
That, ſpeechleſs, lang my late-ken'd ſire I view'd,
While guſhing tears my panting breaſt bedew'd:
Unuſual tranſports made my head turn round,
Whilſt I myſelf with riſing raptures found
The happy ſon of ane ſae much renown'd.

But

But he has heard—too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear;
Which he forbids:—ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat my heart muſt ſooner ceaſe.

ROGER.

How to adviſe ye, troth I 'm at a ſtand;
But were 't my caſe, ye 'd clear it up aff hand.

PATIE.

Duty and haſten reaſon plead his cauſe;
But love rebels againſt all bounding laws;
Fixt in my ſoul the ſhepherdeſs excels,
And part of my new happineſs repels.

SANG XVI.

Tune—"Kirk wad let me be."

Duty and part of reaſon
Plead ſtrong on the parent's ſide;
Which love ſuperior calls treaſon;—
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd.

For now, tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My conſtancy falſehood repels;
For change in my heart is no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

ROGER.

ROGER.

Enjoy them baith :—Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy 's bonny :—you 're his only ſon.

PATIE.

She 's mine by vows, and ſtronger ties of love;
And frae theſe bands nae fate my mind ſhall move.
I 'll wed nane elſe, thro' life I will be true:
But ſtill obedience is a parent's due.

ROGER.

Is not your maſter and yourſell to ſtay
Amang us here; or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

PATIE.

To Edinburgh ſtraight to-morrow we advance,
To London neiſt, and afterwards to France,
Where I muſt ſtay ſome years, and learn to dance,
And twa three other monkey tricks: that done,
I come hame ſtrutting in my red-heel'd ſhoon.
Then 'tis deſign'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be ſome petted thing's dull ſlave,

For

For ſome few bags of caſh, that I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear ſic news, ſhall hear my death.

ROGER.

" They wha have juſt enough can ſoundly
" ſleep,
" The owrecome only faſhes fowk to keep :"—
Good maſter Patrick, take your ain tale hame.

PATIE.

What was my morning thought, at night 's the
ſame ;
The poor and rich but differ in the name :
Content 's the greateſt bliſs we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift ; without it kings are poor.

ROGER.

But an eſtate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it ſcantly on the bent :
Fine claiths, ſaft beds, ſweet houſes, ſparkling
wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
Submiſſive

Submiſſive ſervants, honour, wealth, and eaſe;
Wha 's no content with theſe are ill to pleaſe.

PATIE.

Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiſs;
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their bliſs:
The paſſions rule the roaſt; and if they 're four,
Like the lean kye, they 'll ſoon the fat devour.
The ſpleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the ſharpeſt goads in gentry's ſide:
The gouts, and gravels, and the ill diſeaſe,
Are frequenteſt with fowk owrelaid with eaſe;
While o'er the moor the ſhepherd, with leſs care,
Enjoys his ſober wiſh, and haleſome air.

ROGER.

Lord, man, I wonder, ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights;
How gat ye a' that ſenſe I fain wad lear,
That I may eaſier diſappointments bear?

PATIE.

Frae books, the wale of books, I gat ſome ſkill;
Theſe beſt can teach what 's real good and ill.

Ne'er

Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware ſome ſtanes of cheeſe,
To gain theſe ſilent friends that ever pleaſe.

ROGER.

I 'll do 't, and ye ſhall tell me which to buy;
Faith I'ſe hae books, tho' I ſhou'd ſell my kye.
But now let 's hear how you 're deſign'd to move
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love?

PATIE.

Then here it lies;—his will man be obey'd;
My vows I 'll keep, and ſhe ſhall be my bride;
But I ſome time this laſt deſign man hide.
Keep you the ſecret cloſe, and leave me here;
I ſent for Peggy,—yonder comes my dear.

ROGER.

And proud of being your ſecretary, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deels defy.

[Exit.

PATIE ſolus.

With what a ſtruggle muſt I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!

I ken

I ken ſhe loves, and her ſaft ſoul will ſink,
While it ſtands trembling on the hated brink
Of diſappointment.—Heav'n ſupport my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care!—
Her eyes are red!—

Enter PEGGY.

—My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears;
Tho' I'm nae mair a ſhepherd, yet I 'm thine.

PEGGY.

I dare not think ſae high.—I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made not me
A gentle match, or ſtill a herd kept thee.
Wha can withouten pain ſee frae the coaſt
The ſhip that bears his all like to be loſt;
Like to be carried by ſome rever's hand
Far frae his wiſhes to ſome diſtant land?

PATIE.

Ne'er quarrel fate, whilſt it with me remains
To raiſe thee up, or ſtill attend theſe plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own;
But love 's ſuperior to a parent's frown.

I falſe-

I falſehood hate; come, kiſs thy cares away;
I ken to love as well as to obey.
Sir William 's generous:—leave the taſk to me
To make ſtrict duty and true love agree.

PEGGY.

Speak on, ſpeak ever thus, and ſtill my grief;
But ſhort I dare to hope the fond relief:
New thoughts a gentler face will ſoon inſpire,
That with nice airs ſwims round in ſilk attire:—
Then I, poor me! with ſighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird 's nae mair my heartſome Pate.
Nae mair again to hear ſweet tales expreſt
By the blyth ſhepherd that excell'd the reſt;
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiſs'd me, when I danc'd or ſang;
Nae mair, alake! we 'll on the meadows play,
And rin haff breathleſs round the rucks of hay,
As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpoſe that I might be tane;
Nae mair around the foggy know I 'll creep,
To watch and ſtare upon thee while aſleep.—
But hear my vow—'t will help to give me eaſe:—
May ſudden death, or deadly ſair diſeaſe,
And warſt of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

SANG

SANG XVII.

Tune—" Wae 's my heart that we ſhould ſunder."

Speak on, ſpeak thus, and ſtill my grief,
Hold up a heart that 's ſinking under
Theſe fears, that ſoon will want relief,
When Pate muſt from his Peggy ſunder.
A gentler face and ſilk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's bloſſom,
Alake, poor me! will now conſpire
To ſteal thee from thy Peggy's boſom.

No more the ſhepherd who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praiſes tell:—
Ah! I can die, but never ſunder.
Ye meadows where we often ſtray'd,
Ye bauks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-ſcented rucks round which we play'd,
You 'll loſe your ſweets when we 're aſunder.

Again, ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the know with ſilent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heav'n, while ſolemnly I vow,
Tho' thou ſhoul'ſt prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I ſhall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

PATIE.

Sure heaven approves; and be aſſur'd of me,
I 'll ne'er gang back of what I 've ſworn to thee:
And time, (tho' time man interpoſe a while,
And I man leave my Peggy and this iſle,)
Yet time, nor diſtance, nor the faireſt face,
(If there 's a fairer,) e'er ſhall fill thy place.
I 'd hate my riſing fortune, ſhould it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my foot were crowns and ſceptres laid,
To bribe my ſoul frae thee, delightful maid,
For thee I 'd ſoon leave theſe inferior things
To ſic as have the patience to be kings.—
Wherefore that tear?—believe, and calm thy mind.

PEGGY.

I greet for joy to hear my love ſae kind.
When hopes were ſunk, and nought but mirk deſpair,
Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burſt; but now I ſee
Thy gen'rous thoughts will ſave thy heart for me:
With patience then I 'll wait each wheeling year,
Dream thro' that night, till my day-ſtar appear;
And all the while I 'll ſtudy gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:

I'll

I 'll gain on uncle Glaud, he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me throw ilk ſchool,
Where I may manners learn.

SANG XVIII.

Tune—" Tweed-ſide."

When hope was quite ſunk in deſpair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs my care,
But now I will ſave 't for thy ſake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image ſhall ſtay,
And my ſoul keep him ever in ſight.

With patience I 'll wait the long year,
And ſtudy the gentleſt charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
So lock thee for ay in thoſe arms.
Whilſt thou waſt a ſhepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I 'll endeavour to riſe
To a height is becoming thy wife.

For beauty that 's only ſkin deep,
Muſt fade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.

Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue 's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the huſband have ſenſe to approve.

PATIE.

That 's wiſely ſaid;
And what he wares that way ſhall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native ſweets might gain a prince's heart,
Yet now, leſt in our ſtation we offend,
We muſt learn modes to innocence unken'd;
Affect aft-times to like the thing we hate,
And drap ſerenity, to keep up ſtate;
Laugh when we 're ſad, ſpeak when we 've nought to ſay,
And for the faſhion, when we 're blyth, ſeem wae;
Pay compliments to them we aft have ſcorn'd,
Then ſcandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

PEGGY.

If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am ſtill;—but I 'll be ought with thee.

PATIE.

PATIE.

No, no, my Peggy, I but only jeſt
With gentry's apes; for ſtill, amang the beſt,
Good manners give integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to pleaſe.

PEGGY.

Since with nae hazard, and ſae ſmall expence,
My lad frae books can gather ſiccan ſenſe,
Then why, ah! why ſhould the tempeſtuous ſea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William 's cruel, that wad force his ſon,
For watna whats, ſae great a riſque to run.

PATIE.

There is nae doubt but travelling does improve;
Yet I wou'd ſhun it for thy ſake, my love:
But ſoon as I 've ſhook aff my landwart caſt
In foreign cities, hame to thee I 'll haſte.

PEGGY.

SANG XIX.

Tune—" Buſh aboon Traquair."

At ſetting day and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I 'll aſk of heaven thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee.

I 'll viſit aft the birken buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood ſhaw or fountain;
Or where the ſummer day I 'd ſhare
With thee upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By vows you 're mine, by love is yours,
A heart which cannot wander.

With every ſetting day and riſing morn,
I 'll kneel to heaven and aſk thy ſafe return,
Under that tree, and on the ſuckler brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play:
And to the hizel ſhaw, where firſt ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I 'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
With joy, that they 'll bear witneſs I am yours.

PATIE.

My dear, allow me from thy temples fair
A ſhining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a ſample of each lovely charm,
I 'll aften kiſs, and wear about my arm.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

Were ilka hair that appertains to me
Worth an eſtate, they all belong to thee.
My ſheers are ready, take what you demand,
And aught what love with virtue may command.

PATIE.

Nae mair we 'll aſk: but ſince we 've little time,
To ware 't on words, wad border on a crime;
Love's ſafter meaning better is expreſt,
When it 's with kiſſes on the heart impreſt.

[They embrace while the curtain is let down.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy ſtares like ane poſſeſt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly reſt:
Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes forward to the ſot.

SYMON.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
When nature nods beneath the drowſy pow'r?
Far to the north, the ſcant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye ſhake, and glowre, and look ſae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like briſtles ſtand.

BAULDY.

O len me ſoon ſome water, milk, or ale,
My head 's grown giddy,—legs with ſhaking fail:—
I 'll

I 'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane.—
Alake! I 'll never be myſell again;
I 'll ne'er o'erput it.—Symon! O, Symon! O!

[Symon gives him a drink.

SYMON.

What ails thee, gowk, to make ſo loud ado?—
You 've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed.—
He comes, I fear ill pleas'd; I hear his tread.

Enter Sir William.

SIR WILLIAM.

How goes the night? does day-light yet appear?
Symon, you 're very timeouſly aſteer.

SYMON.

I 'm ſorry, Sir, that we 've diſturb'd your reſt;
But ſome ſtrange thing has Bauldy's ſp'rit oppreſt,
He 's ſeen ſome witch, or wreſtled with a ghaiſt.

BAULDY.

O! ay; dear Sir, in troth, 'tis very true;
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

SIR

SIR WILLIAM

(Smiling.)

I lang to hear 't.

BAULDY.

Ah! Sir, the witch caw'd Mauſe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
Firſt promis'd that ſhe 'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart laſſie's heart:
As ſhe had tryſted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend of mine get ſic a fright!
For the curſt hag, inſtead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't 's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaiſt, or deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corſe in ſheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death.
Upon me faſt the witch and it fell baith,
Lows'd down my breeks, while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at ſchool.
My heart out of its hool was like to loup,
I pithleſs grew with fear, and had nae hope;
Till, with an elritch laugh, they vaniſh'd quite.
Syne I, haf dead with anger, fear, and ſpite,
Crap up, and fled ſtraight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gi'e the deel his due.

I 'm

I 'm ſure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Mauſe be burnt.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well, Bauldy, whate'er 's juſt ſhall granted be;
Let Mauſe be brought this morning down to me.

BAULDY.

Thanks to your honour, ſoon ſhall I obey;
But firſt I 'll Roger raiſe, and twa three mae,
To catch her faſt, or ſhe get leave to ſqueel,
And caſt her cantraips that bring up the deel.

[Exit BAULDY.

SIR WILLIAM.

Troth, Symon, Bauldy 's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaiſt have made themſelves good ſport.
What ſilly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is throw want of education blind!

SYMON.

But does your honour think there 's nae ſic thing
As witches raiſing deels up throw a ring,

Syne

Syne playing tricks, a thouſand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this ſide hell?

SIR WILLIAM.

Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongſt a few old women craz'd and poor,
Who were rejoic'd to ſee him friſk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp;
Appearing ſometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a Sow;
Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broomſtaffs ride;
Or in an egg-ſhell ſkim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
Then aft by night bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, and ſtools.
Whate'er 's in ſpells, or if there witches be,
Such whimſies ſeem the moſt abſurd to me.

SYMON.

'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle ſenſe, or yet was rich:
But Mauſe, tho' poor, is a ſagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honeſt life;
That gars me think this hobleſhew that 's paſt
Will end in naithing but a joke at laſt.

SIR

SIR WILLIAM.

I 'm ſure it will :—but ſee increaſing light
Commands the imps of darkneſs down to night.
Bid raiſe my ſervants, and my horſe prepare,
Whilſt I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX.

Tune—" Bonny grey-ey'd morn."

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray,
The hearty hynd ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthfu' labours of the day ;
Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins the concert, driving the plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain.
Be my portion health and quietneſs of mind,
Plac'd at a due diſtance from parties and ſtate ;
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happineſs link'd to his fate.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy laces up her boſom fair,
With a blue ſnood Jenny binds up her hair:
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek;
The riſing ſun ſhines motty throw the reek:
A pipe his mouth, the laſſes pleaſe his een,
And now and then his joke man interveen.

GLAUD.

I wiſh, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye do not uſe ſo ſoon to ſee the light:
Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
To take your leave of Patrick or he gang:
But do you think that now, when he 's a laird,
That he poor landwart laſſes will regard?

JENNY.

Tho' he 's young maſter now, I 'm very ſure
He has mair ſenſe than ſlight auld friends, tho' poor:
But yeſterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kiſs'd my couſin there frae lug to lug.

GLAUD.

GLAUD.

Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he 'll do 't again;
But be advis'd, his company refrain.
Before, he as a ſhepherd ſought a wife,
With her to live a chaſte and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, ſoon he will forſake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

PEGGY.

A rake! what 's that?—Sure, if it means ought ill,
He 'll never be 't, elſe I have tint my ſkill.

GLAUD.

Daft laſſie, you ken nought of the affair;
Ane young, and good, and gentle 's unco rare.
A rake 's a graceleſs ſpark, that thinks nae ſhame
To do what like of us thinks ſin to name;
Sic are ſae void of ſhame, they 'll never ſtap
To brag how aften they have had the clap;
They 'll tempt young things like you with youdith fluſh'd,
Syne mak ye a' their jeſt when you 're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I ſay, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd with ſic as he.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

Sir William 's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

GLAUD.

That 's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiſer, better are than we;
But thinner ſawn: they 're ſae puft up with pride,
There 's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide
That ſhaws the gate to heav'n:—I 've heard myſell
Some of them laugh at doomſday, ſin, and hell.

JENNY.

Watch o'er us, father!—heh, that 's very odd;
Sure him that doubts a doomſday, doubts a God.

GLAUD.

Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curſe, debauch, and drink.—
But I 'm no ſaying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to ſic gates will e'er be brought.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

The Lord forbid! na, he kens better things.—
But here comes aunt; her face ſome ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

MADGE.

Haſte, haſte ye, we 're a' ſent for owre the gate,
To hear, and help to redd ſome odd debate
'Tween Mauſe and Bauldy, 'bout ſome witchcraft ſpell,
At Symon's houſe; the knight ſits judge himſell.

GLAUD.

Lend me my ſtaff.—Madge, lock the outer door.
And bring the laſſes wi' ye; I 'll ſtep before.

[Exit GLAUD.

MADGE.

Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er ſeen?
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer taks his horſe,
To ſtrut a gentle ſpark at Edinburgh croſs:

To change his kent cut frae the branchy plane,
For a nice ſword, and glancing headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn ſpoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea that ſmells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-ſward dance, when we gae milk,
To ruſtle amang the beauties clad in ſilk.
But Meg, poor Meg! man with the ſhepherds ſtay,
And tak what God will ſend, in hodden grey.

PEGGY.

Dear aunt, what needs ye faſh us wi' your ſcorn?
That 's no my faut that I 'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of ſome laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green:
Now ſince he riſes, why ſhould I repine?
If he 's made for another, he 'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Deſigns him mine, I yet his wife may be.

MADGE.

A bonny ſtory, troth!—But we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Mauſe,
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cauſe:—
For now it 's tell'd him that the tawz
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Becauſe he brak good breeding's laws,
And with his nonſenſe rais'd their rage.

SIR WILLIAM.

And was that all?—Well, Archbald, you was ſerv'd
No otherwiſe than what ye well deſerv'd.
Was it ſo ſmall a matter to defame
And thus abuſe an honeſt woman's name?
Beſides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

BAULDY.

Sir, I confeſs my faut thro' a' the ſteps,
And ne'er again ſhall be untrue to Neps.

MAUSE.

Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the ſcore,
I ken'd not that they thought me ſic before.

BAULDY.

An 't like your Honour, I believ'd it well;
But troth I was e'en doilt to ſeek the deel.
Yet, with your Honour's leave, tho' ſhe 's nae witch,
She 's baith a ſlee and a revengfu' ——,
And that my ſome place finds :—but I had beſt
Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghaiſt,
And the young bonny witch whaſe roſie cheek
Sent me without my wit the deel to ſeek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

SIR WILLIAM

(Looking at PEGGY.)

Whoſe daughter 's ſhe that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face ſo fair, and locks a lovely brown?—
How ſparkling are her eyes!—What 's this I find!
The girl brings all my ſiſter to my mind:
Such

Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too ſoon depriv'd of ſweeteſt grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?

GLAUD.

Sir, ſhe 's my niece;—
And yet ſhe 's not:—but I ſhould had my peace.

SIR WILLIAM.

This is a contradiction; what d' ye mean?—
She is, and ſhe is not!—pray, Glaud, explain.

GLAUD.

Becauſe I doubt if I ſhould make appear
What I have kept a ſecret thirteen year.

MAUSE.

You may reveal what I can fully clear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Speak ſoon; I 'm all impatience.

PATIE.

So am I;
For much I hope; and hardly yet know why.

GLAUD.

Then ſince my maſter orders, I obey:—
This bonny foundling, ae clear morn of May,
Cloſe by the lee-ſide of my door I found,
All ſweet and clean, and carefully hapt round
In infant weeds of rich and gentle make.—
What could they be (thought I) did thee forſake?
Wha, warſe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
Sae much of innocence, ſae ſweetly fair,
Sae helpleſs young;—for ſhe appear'd to me
Only about twa towmands auld to be.
I took her in my arms—the bairnie ſmil'd
With ſic a look wad made a ſavage mild.
I hid the ſtory, and ſhe paſs'd ſinceſyne
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:—
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For ſhe 's well worth the care that I have tane.
Ye ſee ſhe 's bonny; I can ſwear ſhe 's good,
And am right ſure ſhe 's come of gentle blood:—
Of whom I kenna:—naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

SIR

SIR WILLIAM.

This tale ſeems ſtrange!

PATIE.

The tale delights my ear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

MAUSE.

That be my taſk.—Now, Sir, bid all be huſh;
Peggy may ſmile, thou haſt no cauſe to bluſh.
Lang have I wiſh'd to ſee this happy day,
That I might ſafely to the truth give way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name
The beſt and neareſt parent ſhe can claim.
He ſaw 't at firſt, and with quick eyes did trace
His ſiſter's beauties in her doughter's face.

SIR WILLIAM.

Old woman, do not rave; prove what you ſay;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

PATIE.

What reaſon, Sir, can an old woman have
To tell a lie, when ſhe 's ſae near her grave?—
But how or why it ſhould be truth, I grant,
I everything that looks like reaſon want.

OMNES.

The ſtory 's odd!—we wiſh we heard it out.

SIR WILLIAM.

Make haſte, good woman, and reſolve each doubt.

MAUSE

(Leading PEGGY to SIR WILLIAM.)

Sir, view me well;—has fifteen years ſo plew'd
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,
That here I as an unknown ſtranger ſtand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet ſtronger proofs I 'll give if you demand.

SIR WILLIAM.

Ha, honeſt nurſe!—where were my eyes before?
I know thy faithfulneſs, and need no more:
Yet

Yet from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expoſe her who was ſo unkind ?—

[Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her ſit by him.]

Yes, ſurely thou 'rt my niece;—truth muſt prevail:—
But no more words till Mauſe relate her tale.

PATIE.

Good nurſe, diſpatch thy ſtory wing'd with bliſſes,
That I may give my cuſin fifty kiſſes.

MAUSE.

Then it was I that ſav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The ſtory 's lang:—but I the ſecret knew,
How they purſu'd with avaricious view
Her rich eſtate, of which they 're now poſſeſt.
All this to me a confident confeſt.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
They 'd ſmoor the ſakeleſs orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all were ſunk in reſt,
At midnight hour the floor I ſaftly preſt,
And ſtaw the ſleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd ſome few miles ere day.

All

All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon;
Till eaſtward fifty miles I reach'd theſe plains,
Where needful plenty glads your cheerful ſwains,
For fear of being found out, and to ſecure
My charge, I laid her at this ſhepherd's door;
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er ſhould happen to her, might be by.
Here honeſt Glaud himſel, and Symon may
Remember well, how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

GLAUD

(With tears of joy running down his beard.)

I well remember 't.—Lord reward your love!—
Lang have I wiſh'd for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge ſome time ſhou'd about be brought.

PATIE.

'Tis now a crime to doubt: my joys are full,
With due obedience to my parent's will.—
Sir, with paternal love ſurvey her charms,
And blame me not for ruſhing to her arms:
She 's mine by vows, and wou'd, tho' ſtill unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durſt own.

SIR

SIR WILLIAM.

My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care;
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair;
Equal with Patrick:—now my greateſt aim
Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[PATIE and PEGGY embrace, and kneel to SIR WILLIAM.]

PATIE.

With as much joy this bleſſing I receive,
As ane wad life that 's ſinking in a wave.

SIR WILLIAM
(Raiſes them.)

I give you both my bleſſing:—may your love
Produce a happy race, and ſtill improve.

PEGGY.

My wiſhes are complete; my joys ariſe,
While I 'm haf dizzy with the bleſt ſurpriſe!—
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me ſo much generous kindneſs had?—

Lang

Lang may Sir William bleſs theſe happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

PATIE.

Be lang our guardian, ſtill our maſter be,
We 'll only crave what you ſhall pleaſe to gi'e :—
Th' eſtate be yours, my Peggy 's ane to me.

GLAUD.

I hope your Honour now will take amends
Of them that ſought her life for wicked ends.

SIR WILLIAM.

The baſe unnatural villain ſoon ſhall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below :
I 'll ſtrip him ſoon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburſe his ill-got gains.

PEGGY.

To me the views of wealth and an eſtate
Seem light, when put in balance with my Pate ;
For his ſake only I 'll ay thankful bow
For ſuch a kindneſs, beſt of men, to you.

SYMON.

SYMON.

What double blythneſs wakens up this day!—
I hope now, Sir, you 'll no ſoon haſte away:
Shall I unſaddle your horſe, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you;
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's tawz, and pawky Mauſe's plot.

SIR WILLIAM.

Kindly old man! remain with you this day!
I never from theſe fields again will ſtray:
Maſons and wrights ſhall ſoon my houſe repair,
And buſy gardeners ſhall new planting rear;
My father's hearty table you ſoon ſhall ſee
Reſtor'd, and my beſt friends rejoice with me.

SYMON.

That 's the beſt news I heard this twenty year;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

GLAUD.

GLAUD.

God ſave the king, and ſave Sir William lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raiſe the ſhepherd's ſang!

ROGER.

Wha winna dance, wha will refuſe to ſing?
What ſhepherd's whiſtle winna lilt the ſpring?

BAULDY.

I 'm friends with Mauſe; with very Madge I 'm gree'd;
Altho' they ſkelpit me when woodly fleid:
I 'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and ſing, Lang may Sir William live!

MADGE.

Lang may he live!—and, Archbald, learn to ſteek
Your gab a wee, and think before ye ſpeak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Elſe ye may yet ſome witch's fingers ban.
This day I 'll with the youngeſt of you rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady, my dear bonny bairn!

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

No other name I 'll ever for you learn :—
And, my good nurſe, how ſhall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchleſs kindneſs done for me ?

MAUSE.

The flowing pleaſure of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

SIR WILLIAM.

To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to you,
And to your heirs, I give in endleſs feu
The mailens ye poſſeſs, as juſtly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough beſides, and theſe can ſpare.
Mauſe, in my houſe in calmneſs cloſe your days,
With nought to do but ſing your Maker's praiſe.

OMNES.

The Lord of heaven return your Honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your bleſſings roove.

PATIE

(Preſenting ROGER to SIR WILLIAM.)

Sir, here 's my truſty friend, that always ſhar'd
My boſom ſecrets, ere I was a laird :
Glaud's daughter, Janet, (Jenny, think nae ſhame,)
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame.
Lang was he dumb, at laſt he ſpak and won,
And hopes to be our honeſt uncle's ſon :
Be pleas'd to ſpeak to Glaud for his conſent,
That nane may wear a face of diſcontent.

SIR WILLIAM.

My ſon's demand is fair :—Glaud, let me crave
That truſty Roger may your daughter have
With frank conſent ; and while he does remain
Upon theſe fields, I make him chamberlain.

GLAUD.

You crowd your bounties, Sir!—what can we ſay,
But that we 're dyvours that can ne'er repay ?—
Whate'er your Honour wills I ſhall obey.
Roger, my daughter with my bleſſing take,
And ſtill our maſter's right your buſineſs make ;
Pleaſe him, be faithful, and this auld grey head
Shall nod with quietneſs down among the dead.

ROGER.

ROGER.

I ne'er was good at ſpeaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a fraiſe;
But for my maſter, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

SIR WILLIAM.

My friends, I 'm ſatisfy'd you 'll all behave,
Each in his ſtation, as I 'd wiſh or crave.
Be ever virtuous, ſoon or late ye 'll find
Reward and ſatisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life ſometimes looks dark and wild,
And oft when hopes are higheſt we're beguil'd;
Aft when we ſtand on brinks of dark deſpair,
Some happy turn with joy diſpels our care.—
Now all 's at rights, who ſings beſt let me hear.

PEGGY.

When you demand, I readieſt ſhould obey:
I 'll ſing you ane, the neweſt that I hae.

SANG XXI.

Tune—"Corn-riggs are bonny."

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy;

His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize,
He 's comely in his wauking,
The ſhining of his een ſurpriſe,
'Tis heaven to hear him tauking.

Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he ſpak,
That ſet my heart a glowing:
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny!

Let laſſes of a ſilly mind
Refuſe what maiſt they 're wanting,
Since we for yielding were deſign'd,
We chaſtely ſhould be granting:
Then I 'll comply and marry Pate,
And ſyne my cockernony
He 's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

LYRIC.

1724 — 1727.

THE DEDICATION

PREFIXED TO

THE TEA-TABLE MISCELLANY;

A COLLECTION OF SONGS,

FROM WHICH

THE FOLLOWING, COMPOSED BY ALLAN RAMSAY,

ARE EXTRACTED.

Behold, and liſten; while the Fair
Breaks in ſweet ſounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do firſt inſpire:
What reaſon can that love controul,
Which more than one way courts the ſoul?

E. W.

TO

Ilka lovely Britiſh laſs,
Frae ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
Down to ilk bonny ſinging Beſs
Wha dances barefoot on the green.

DEAR LASSES,

YOUR moſt humble ſlave,
Wha ne'er to ſerve you ſhall decline,
Kneeling wad your acceptance crave,
When he preſents this ſma' propine:

Then take it kindly to your care,
Revive it with your tunefu' notes;
Its beauties will look ſweet and fair,
Ariſing ſaftly thro' your throats.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
When tented by a ſparkling eye,
The ſpinnet tinkling with her voice,
It lying on her lovely knee.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,
Or claſhes ſtay the lazy laſs,
Their ſangs may ward ye frae the ſour,
And gayly vacant minutes paſs.

E'en

E'en while the tea 's fill'd reeking round,
Rather than plot a tender tongue,
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' ſound,
Syne ſafely ſip when ye have ſung.

May happineſs had up your hearts,
And warm ye lang with loving fires!
May powers propitious play their parts,
In matching you to your deſires!

A. RAMSAY.

EDINBURGH,
January 1, 1724.

1721.

WINE AND MUSIC.

SYMON.

O COLIN! how dull is 't to be,
When a ſoul is ſinking wi' pain,
To one who is pained like me;
My life 's grown a load,
And my faculties nod,
While I ſigh for cold Jeanie in vain.
By beauty and ſcorn I am ſlain,
The wound it is mortal and deep,
My pulſes beat low in each vein,
And threaten eternal ſleep.

COLIN.

Come, here are the beſt cures for thy wounds;
O boy, the cordial bowl!
With ſoft harmonious ſounds;
Wounds! theſe can cure all wounds,
With ſoft harmonious ſounds,
And pull of the cordial bowl.
O Symon! ſink thy care, and tune up thy drooping ſoul.

Above,

Above, the gods beinly bouze,
When round they meet in a ring;
They caſt away care, and carouſe
Their nectar, while they ſing:
Then drink and cheerfully ſing,
Theſe make the blood circle fine;
Strike up the muſic,
The ſafeſt phyſic,
Compounded with ſparkling wine.

HORACE TO VIRGIL.

O Cyprian goddeſs! twinkle clear,
And Helen's brithers ay appear;
Ye ſtars wha ſhed a lucky light,
Auſpicious ay keep in a ſight;
King Æol, grant a tydie tirl,
But boaſt the blaſts that rudely whirl;
Dear ſhip, be canny with your care,
At Athens land my Virgil fair,
Syne ſoon and ſafe, baith lith and ſpaul,
Bring hame the tae haff o' my ſaul.

Daring and unco ſtout he was,
With heart hool'd in three ſloughs of braſs,
Wha ventur'd firſt on the rough ſea,
With hempen branks, and horſe of tree;

Wha

Wha in the weak machine durſt ride
Thro' tempeſts and a rairing tide;
Not clinty craigs, nor hurricane
That drives the Adriatic main,
And gars the ocean gowl and quake,
Cou'd e'er a ſoul ſae ſturdy ſhake.
The man wha cou'd ſic rubs win o'er,
Without a wink at death might glowr,
Wha unconcern'd can take his ſleep
Amang the monſters of the deep.

Jove vainly twin'd the ſea and eard,
Since mariners are not afraid
With laws of nature to diſpenſe,
And impiouſly treat Providence.
Audacious men at nought will ſtand,
When vicious paſſions have command:
Prometheus ventur'd up, and ſtaw
A lowan coal frae heav'n's high ha';
Unſonſy thift, which fevers brought
In bikes, which fowks like ſybows hought;
Then death, erſt ſlaw, began to ling,
And faſt as haps to dart his ſting:
Neiſt Dedalus muſt contradict
Nature forſooth, and feathers ſtick
Upon his back, ſyne upward ſtreek,
And in at Jove's high winnocks keek;
While Hercules, wi 's timber-mell,
Plays rap upo' the yates of hell.

What

What is 't man winna ettle at?
E'en wi' the gods he 'll bell the cat:
Tho' Jove be very laith to kill,
They winna let his bowt lye ſtill.

1721.

AN ODE TO MR. F——.

Now gowans ſprout, and lavrocks ſing,
And welcome weſt winds warm the ſpring,
O'er hill and dale they ſaftly blaw,
And drive the winter's cauld awa.
The ſhips, lang gyzen'd at the peer,
Now ſpread their ſails, and ſmoothly ſteer;
The nags and nowt hate wiſſen'd ſtrae,
And friſking to the fields they gae;
Nor hinds wi' elſon and hemp lingle,
Sit ſoleing ſhoon out o'er the ingle.
Now bonny haughs their verdure boaſt,
That late were clad wi' ſnaw and froſt;
With her gay train the Paphian queen
By moon-light dances on the green;
She leads, while nymphs and graces ſing,
And trip around the fairy ring:

Meantime

Meantime poor Vulcan, hard at thrift,
Gets mony a fair and heavy lift,
Whilſt rinnen down, his haff-blind lads
Blaw up the fire, and thump the gads.

Now leave your fitſted on the dew,
And buſk yerſell in habit new;
Be gratefu' to the guiding pow'rs,
And blythly ſpend your eaſy hours.
O kanny F——! tutor time,
And live as lang 's y're in your prime;
That ill-bred death has nae regard
To king or cottar, or a laird;
As ſoon a caſtle he 'll attack,
As waus of divots roof'd wi' thack;
Immediately we 'll a' take flight,
Unto the mirk realms of night,
As ſtories gang, with ghaiſts to roam,
In gloumy Pluto's gouſty dome;
Bid fair good-day to pleaſure ſyne
Of bonny laſſes and red wine.

Then deem ilk little care a crime,
Dares waſte an hour of precious time;
And ſince our life 's ſae unco ſhort,
Enjoy it a', ye 've nae mair for 't.

1721.

AN ODE TO THE PH——.

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring top,
  Buried beneath great wreaths of ſnaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk ſcar, and ſlap,
  As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
  There 's no nae gowfer to be ſeen,
Nor douſſer fowk wyſing a-jee
  The byaſt bouls on Tamſon's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
  And beek the houſe baith but and ben,
That mutchkin ſtoup it hads but dribs,
  Then let 's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret beſt keeps out the cauld,
  And drives away the winter ſoon;
It makes a man baith gaſh and bauld,
  And heaves his ſaul beyond the moon.

Leave

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while,
They can a' rowth of bleſſings ſpare,
Which will our faſheous fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, ſhould we gang wood;
If they command the ſtorms to blaw,
Then upo' ſight the hailſtains thud.

But ſoon as e'er they cry, "Be quiet,"
The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command of ſupreme Jove.

Let neiſt day come as it thinks fit,
The preſent minute 's only ours;
On pleaſure let 's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckleſs powers.

Be ſure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth 's a blyth and heartſome time;
Then, lads and laſſes, while it 's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch

Watch the ſaft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
On you, if ſhe keap ony ſkaith.

" Haith, ye 're ill-bred," ſhe 'll ſmiling ſay,
" Ye 'll worry me, you greedy rook ;"
Syne frae your arms ſhe 'll rin away,
And hide herſell in ſome dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happineſs you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen nay ſays are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs,
Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliſs.

Theſe benniſons, I 'm very ſure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant ;
Then, ſurly carles, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

1728.

A BALLAD ON BONNY KATE.

Cease, poets, your cunning deviſing
Of rhymes that low beauties o'er-rate;
They all, like the ſtars at the riſing
Of Phœbus, muſt yield to fair Kate.

We ſing, and we think it our duty
To admire the kind bleſſings of fate,
That has favour'd the earth with ſuch beauty,
As ſhines ſo divinely in Kate.

In her ſmiles, in her features, and glances,
The graces ſhine forth in full ſtate,
While the god of love dang'rouſly dances
On the neck and white boſom of Kate.

How ſtraight, how well-turn'd, and genteel, are
Her limbs! and how graceful her gait!
Their hearts made of ſtone or of ſteel are,
That are not adorers of Kate.

But ah! what a ſad palpitation
Feels the heart, and how ſimple and blate
Muſt he look, almoſt dead with vexation,
Whoſe love is fixt hopeleſs on Kate?

Had

Had I all the charms of Adonis,
And galeons freighted with plate,
As Solomon wife, I 'd think none is,
So worthy of all as dear Kate.

Ah! had ſhe for me the ſame paſſion,
I 'd tune the lyre early and late;
The ſage's ſong on his Circaſſian
Should yield to my ſonnets on Kate.

His pleaſure each moment ſhall bloſſom
Unfading, gets her for his mate;
He 'll graſp ev'ry bliſs in his boſom,
That 's linked by Hymen to Kate.

Pale envy may raiſe up falſe ſtories,
And hell may prompt malice and hate;
But nothing ſhall fully their glories,
Who are ſhielded with virtue like Kate.

" This name," ſay ye, " many a laſs has,
" And t' apply it may raiſe a debate;"
But ſure he as dull as an aſs is,
That cannot join Cochran to Kate.

TO DR. J. C.

WHO GOT THE FOREGOING TO GIVE THE YOUNG LADY.

HERE, happy Doctor, take this ſonnet;
Bear to the fair the faithful ſtrains:
Bow, make a leg, and d' off your bonnet;
And get a kiſs for Allan's pains.

For ſuch a raviſhing reward,
The Cloud-Compeller's ſelf would try
To imitate a Britiſh bard,
And bear his ballads from the ſky.

AN ODE ON DRINKING.

HENCE every thing that can
Diſturb the quiet of man!
Be blyth, my ſoul,
In a full bowl
Drown thy care,
And repair
The vital ſtream:
Since life 's a dream,

Let

Let wine abound,
And healths go round,
We 'll ſleep more ſound;
And let the dull unthinking mob purſue
Each endleſs wiſh, and ſtill their care renew.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

The laſt time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me:
Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pity'd all beneath the ſkies,
E'en kings, when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me;
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my cares at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there 's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love ſhall center.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the Alps ſhall cover,
On Greenland ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's ſacred bonds ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

THE laſs of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
She ſtole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn,
To age it would give youth
To preſs 'em with his hand:
Thro' all my ſpirits ran
An extaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.

Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
Hopeton's high mountains * fill,
Inſur'd lang life and health,
And pleaſure at my will;
I 'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Patie's mill,
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

YE WATCHFUL GUARDIANS OF THE FAIR.

Ye watchful guardians of the fair,
Who ſkiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear Delia take a care,
And repreſent her lover,
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, juſtice, love, and truth;
Till I return her paſſions ſooth,
For me in whiſpers move her.

Be

* Thirty-three miles ſouth-weſt of Edinburgh, where the Earl of Hopeton's mines of gold and lead are.

Be careful no baſe ſordid ſlave,
With ſoul ſunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to ſave,
With glaring gold bewitch her;
Tell her for me ſhe was deſign'd,
For me who know how to be kind,
And have more plenty in my mind
Than one who 's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upſide down,
And fools run an eternal round,
In queſt of what can ne'er be found,
To pleaſe their vain ambition.
Let little minds great charms eſpy
In ſhadows which at diſtance lie,
Whoſe hop'd-for pleaſure, when come nigh,
Proves nothing in fruition:

But caſt into a mould divine,
Fair Delia does with luſtre ſhine,
Her virtuous ſoul 's an ample mine,
Which yields a conſtant treaſure.
Let poets in ſublimeſt lays
Employ their ſkill her fame to raiſe;
Let ſons of muſic paſs whole days,
With well-tun'd reeds, to pleaſe her.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow;

There, under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſang his loves ev'ning and morn;
He ſang with ſo ſoft and enchanting a ſound,
That ſylvans and fairies unſeen danc'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung:—Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornful proud air;
But Suſie was handſome, and ſweetly cou'd ſing,
Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the ſpring.

That Madia in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconſtant, and never ſpoke truth;
But Suſie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddeſs who ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſour:—
Then ſighing, he wiſh'd, wou'd parents agree,
The witty ſweet Suſie his miſtreſs might be.

NANNY-O.

While ſome for pleaſure pawn their health,
'Twixt Lais * and the bagnio,
I 'll ſave myſelf, and without ſtealth
Kiſs and careſs my Nanny-O.
She bids more fair to engage a Jove,
Than Leda did or Danae-O †:
Were I to paint the queen of love,
None elſe ſhould ſit but Nanny-O.

How joyfully my ſpirits riſe,
When dancing ſhe moves finely-O;
I gueſs what heav'n is by her eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely-O.
Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
Breathe in the bleſt Britannio,
None's happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long 's ye grant me Nanny-O.

CHORUS.

My bonny bonny Nanny-O,
My loving charming Nanny-O,
I care not tho' the world do know
How dearly I love Nanny-O.

---

* A famous Corinthian courtezan.

† Two beauties to whom Jove made love; to one in the figure of a ſwan, to the other in a golden ſhower.

BONNY JEAN.

Love's goddeſs, in a myrtle grove,
Said, "Cupid, bend thy bow with ſpeed,
"Nor let the ſhaft at random rove,
"For Jenny's haughty heart muſt bleed."
The ſmiling boy, with divine art,
From Paphos ſhot an arrow keen,
Which flew unerring to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuſes Willie's kind addreſs;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhew no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
Whilſt every day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing charms in bonny Jean.

A thouſand tranſports crowd his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt,
Now when his Jeanie is turn'd kind.
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean,
The cheerful hound and horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny Jean.

The

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
  Which, e'en in ſummer, ſhorten'd ſeems;
When ſunk in down, with glad amaze,
  He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
  Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen:
With breaking day he lifts his ſight,
  And pants to be with bonny Jean.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
  Tho' they return with ſcars?
Theſe are the nobleſt hero's lot,
  Obtain'd in glorious wars.
Welcome, my Varo, to my breaſt,
  Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bleſt
  As I was lang ſyne.

Methinks around us on each bough
  A thouſand Cupids play,
Whilſt thro' the groves I walk with you,
  Each object makes me gay.
Since your return, the ſun and moon
  With brighter beams do ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoft notes while they run,
  As they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe

Deſpiſe the court and din of ſtate;
Let that to their ſhare fall,
Who can eſteem ſuch ſlav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball:
But ſunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline;
We 'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend
You may purſue the chace;
And after a blyth bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:
And in a vacant rainy day,
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We 'll make the hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne.

The hero, pleas'd with the ſweet air,
And ſigns of gen'rous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above.
Next day, with glad conſent and haſte,
Th' approach'd the ſacred ſhrine,
Where the good prieſt the couple bleſt,
And put them out of pine.

THE PENITENT.

TUNE—" THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON."

PAIN'D with her ſlighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear,
The gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the praiſes of the youth,
From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth;
And thus ſhe ſung, and thus ſhe ſung:

Bleſt days, when our ingenuous ſex,
More frank and kind, more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
But ſpoke their mind, but ſpoke their mind.
Repenting now, ſhe promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return, wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
Or cauſe to mourn, or cauſe to mourn.

Why lov'd I the deſerving ſwain,
Yet ſtill thought ſhame, yet ſtill thought ſhame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame, to own my flame?

Why

Why took I pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem'd too coy, and ſeem'd too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My ſlighted joy, my ſlighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty 's in its ſpring,
Own your deſire, own your deſire,
While love's young power with his ſoft wing
Fans up the fire, fans up the fire.
O do not with a ſilly pride,
Or low deſign, or low deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy bride,
But anſwer plain, but anſwer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes, with flowing eyes;
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
With ſweet ſurpriſe, with ſweet ſurpriſe:
Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchang'd, his mind unchang'd—
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd, I am reveng'd.

LOVE'S CURE.

TUNE—" PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE."

As from a rock paſt all relief,
The ſhipwreckt Colin ſpying
His native home, o'ercome with grief,
Half ſunk in waves, and dying;
With the next morning ſun he ſpies
A ſhip, which gives unhop'd ſurpriſe,
New life ſprings up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion:

So when, by her whom I long lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was and deſerted,
Low with deſpair my ſpirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I 've hit,
I 'll have no more delaying;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying:

I 'll

I 'll haſte dull courtſhip to a cloſe,
Since marriage can my fears oppoſe,
Why ſhou'd we happy minutes loſe,
Since, Peggy, I muſt love thee?

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem 't a lover's duty
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their eaſe,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my caſe for many a year,
Still hope ſucceeding to my fear,
Falſe Betty's charms now diſappear,
Since Peggy's far outſhine them.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray!
They are twa bonny laſſes,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theck'd it o'er with raſhes:
Fair Beſſy Bell I loo'd yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter,
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
They gar my fancy falter.

Now

Now Beſſy's hair 's like a lint tap,
She ſmiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus ſtarts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, ſaft is her hand,
Her waiſt and feet 's ſou genty,
With ilka grace ſhe can command,
Her lips, O wow! they 're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her eyes like diamonds glances;
She 's ay ſae clean red up and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances:
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs ſae gracefu' ſtill,
O Jove! ſhe 's like thy Pallas.

Dear Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppreſs us,
Our fancies jee between you twae,
Ye are ſic bonny laſſes:
Wae 's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we 're ſtinted;
Then I 'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.

Now wat ye wha I met yeſtreen,
Coming down the ſtreet, my jo?
My miſtreſs, in her tartan ſcreen,
Fou' bonny, braw, and ſweet, my jo.
My dear, (quoth I,) thanks to the night,
That never wiſh'd a lover ill;
Since ye 're out of your mother's ſight,
Let 's tak a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy! wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſome town a while?
The bloſſom 's ſprouting frae the tree,
And a' the ſummer 's gawn to ſmile;
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleeting lambs, and whiſtling hynd,
In ilka dale, green, ſhaw, and park,
Will nouriſh health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Does bend his morning draught of dew,
We 'll gae to ſome burn-ſide and play,
And gather flow'rs to buſk ye'r brow.

We 'll

We 'll pou the daizies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog;
Between hands now and then we 'll lean,
And ſport upo' the velvet fog.

There 's up into a pleaſant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, ſaft, and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks has form'd a bower:
Whene'er the ſun grows high and warm,
We 'll to the cawler ſhade remove;
There will I lock thee in mine arms,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

KATY'S ANSWER.

My mither 's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' ſhe did the ſame before me,
I canna get leave
To look to my love,
Or elſe ſhe 'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I 'll tine my tocher,
Then, Sandy, ye 'll fret,
And wyte ye'r poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of ſiller and pleniſhing dainty,
Yet he 's unco ſweer
To twin wi' his gear;
And ſae we hae need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag well o' ye'r land,
And there 's my leal hand,
Win them, I 'll be at your devotion.

MARY SCOTT.

HAPPY 's the love which meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there ſee, mark'd for my marrow,
Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form 's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the gods above muſt ſhare,
While mortals with deſpair explore her,
And at a diſtance due adore her.
O, lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile;
Alas! if not, you 'll ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of Yarrow.

Be huſh, ye fears! I 'll not deſpair,
My Mary 's tender as ſhe 's fair;
Then I 'll go tell her all my anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh.
With ſucceſs crown'd, I 'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the ſky;
When Mary Scott 's become my marrow,
We 'll make a paradiſe on Yarrow.

O'ER BOGIE.

I WILL awa wi' my love,
I will awa wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had ſworn and ſaid,
I 'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her conſent,
I dinna care a ſtrae,
Tho ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa wi' her I 'll gae.
I will awa, &c.

For now ſhe 's miſtreſs of my heart,
And worthy of my hand,
And well I wat we ſhanna part,
For ſiller or for land.
Let rakes delyte to ſwear and drink,
And beaus admire fine lace,
But my chief pleaſure is to blink
On Betty's bonny face.
I will awa, &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
Of colour, traits, and air,
The ſaul that ſparkles in her een
Makes her a jewel rare;

Her

Her flowing wit gives ſhining life
To a' her other charms;
How bleſt I 'll be when ſhe 's my wife,
And lockt up in my arms.
I will awa, &c.

There blythly will I rant and ſing,
While o'er her ſweets I range,
I 'll cry, Your humble ſervant, king,
Shamefa' them that wad change.
A kiſs of Betty and a ſmile,
Ab'eet ye wad lay down
The right ye hae to Britain's iſle,
And offer me your crown.
I will awa, &c.

O'ER THE MOOR TO MAGGIE.

And I 'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
Her wit and ſweetneſs call me,
Then to my fair I 'll ſhew my mind,
Whatever may befal me:
If ſhe love mirth I 'll learn to ſing;
Or likes the nine to follow,
I 'll lay my lugs in Pindus' ſpring,
And invocate Apollo.

If ſhe admire a martial mind,
I 'll ſheath my limbs in armour ;
If to the ſofter dance inclin'd,
With gayeſt airs I 'll charm her ;
If ſhe love grandeur, day and night
I 'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's ſight,
And ſhine in future ſtory.

Beauty can wonders work with eaſe,
Where wit is correſponding,
And braveſt men know beſt to pleaſe,
With complaiſance abounding.
My bonny Maggy's love can turn
Me to what ſhape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her breaſt that flame ſhall burn,
Which in my boſom bleezes.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

JONNY.

Tho' for ſeven years and mair honour ſhould reave me
To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee;
For deep in my ſpirit thy ſweets are indented,
And love ſhall preſerve ay what love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee! I 'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, deareſt, believe me.

NELLY.

O Jonny, I 'm jealous whene'er ye diſcover
My ſentiments yielding, ye 'll turn a looſe rover;
And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart ſairer,
If you prove inconſtant, and fancy ane fairer,
Grieve me, grieve me! Oh it wad grieve me,
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My Nelly, let never ſic fancies oppreſs thee,
For while my blood 's warm I 'll kindly careſs ye:

Your

Your blooming ſaft beauties firſt beeted love's fire,
Your virtue and wit make it flame ay the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee! I 'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, deareſt, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your miſtreſs, for love gars me trow ye;
And gin ye prove fa'ſe, to ye'rſell be it ſaid then,
Ye 'll win but ſma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heav'ns! it wad reave me
Of my reſt night and day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid icicles hammer red gauds on the ſtuddy,
And fair ſimmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid Britons think ae gate; and when they obey ye,
But never till that time, believe I 'll betray ye:
Leave thee, leave thee! I 'll never leave thee,
The ſtars ſhall gang witherſhins e'er I deceive thee.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

At Polwart on the green
If you 'll meet me the morn,
Where laſſes do conveen
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome ye ſhall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete—
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames ſay na,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the ſna',
While inwardly they bleeze;
But I will frankly ſhaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Among the new-mawn hay,
With ſangs and dancing keen,
We 'll paſs the heartſome day:
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

By ſmooth winding Tay a ſwain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, O hey! man I ſtill live pining
Myſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny Hay, that I am her lover.

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes ſtranger,
If ſhe 's not my bride, my days are nae langer;
Then I 'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She 's freſh as the ſpring, and ſweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and ſing, bidding day a good morrow;
The ſward of the mead enamell'd with daiſies,
Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if ſhe appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing,
Her ſmiles and bright eyes ſet my ſpirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze the deeper I 'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;
I 'm all in a fire, dear maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my deſire is Hay's bonny laſſie.

GENTY TIBBY AND SONSY NELLY.

Tibby has a ſtore of charms,
Her genty ſhape our fancy warms,
How ſtarkly can her ſma' white arms
  Fetter the lad wha looks but at her!
Frae ancle to her ſlender waiſt,
  Theſe ſweets conceal'd invite to dawt her,
Her roſie cheek and riſing breaſt
  Gar ane's mouth guſh bowt fou' o' water.

Nelly's gawſy, ſaft and gay,
Freſh as the lucken flowers in May,
Ilk ane that ſees her cries, Ah hey!
  She 's bonny, O I wonder at her!
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
  And limbs ſae plump invite to dawt her,
Her lips ſae ſweet, and ſkin ſae ſleek,
  Gar mony mouths beſide mine water.

Now ſtrike my finger in a bore,
My wyzen with the maiden ſhore *,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,

When

* Divide my windpipe with the maiden.—The maiden was an engine for beheading, formerly uſed in Scotland; it was of a conſtruction ſimilar to that of the guillotine.

When theſe twa ſtars appear the gither.
O love! why doſt thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large, while we 're oblig'd to nither
Our ſpacious ſauls' immenſe deſires,
And ay be in a hankerin ſwither?

Tibby's ſhape and airs are fine,
And Nelly's beauties are divine;
But ſince they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods! give ear to my petition,
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this proviſion,
I get the other to my lane,
In proſpect plano and fruition.

UP IN THE AIR.

Now the ſun 's gane out o' ſight,
Beet the ingle, and ſnuff the light;
In glens the fairies ſkip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to France;
Up in the air,
On my bonny grey mare,
And I ſee her yet, and I ſee her yet,
Up in, &c.

The

The wind 's drifting hail and ſna'
O'er frozen hags like a footba';
Nae ſtarns keek thro' the azure ſlit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit;
The man i' the moon
Is carouſing aboon,
D' ye ſee, d' ye ſee, d' ye ſee him yet?
The man, &c.

Take your glaſs to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir hales the ſpleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inſpire,
And gently puff the lover's fire,
Up in the air,
It drives away care.
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye,
lads, yet,
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the froſt,
Come, Willy, gi'e 's about ye'r toaſt;
Tilt it, lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythſome bowt;
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair;
Huzza! huzza! and huzza! lads, yet,
Up wi't, &c.

TO MRS. E. C.

"NOW PHOEBUS ADVANCES ON HIGH."

Now Phœbus advances on high,
No footſteps of winter are ſeen;
The birds carol ſweet in the ſky,
And lambkins dance reels on the green.

Thro' groves, and by rivulets clear,
We wander for pleaſure and health;
Where buddings and bloſſoms appear,
Giving proſpects of joy and of wealth.

View every gay ſcene all around,
That are, and that promiſe to be;
Yet in them all nothing is found
So perfect, Eliza, as thee.

Thine eyes the clear fountains excel;
Thy locks they out-rival the grove;
When zephyrs theſe pleaſingly ſwell,
Each wave makes a captive to love.

The roſes and lilies combin'd,
And flowers of moſt delicate hue,
By thy cheek and thy breaſts are out-ſhin'd,
Their tinctures are nothing ſo true.

What

What can we compare with thy voice,
And what with thy humour ſo ſweet?
No muſic can bleſs with ſuch joys;
Sure angels are juſt ſo complete.

Fair bloſſom of every delight,
Whoſe beauties ten thouſands outſhine,
Thy ſweets ſhall be laſtingly bright,
Being mixt with ſo many divine.

Ye powers! who have given ſuch charms
To Eliza, your image below,
O ſave her from all human harms,
And make her hours happily flow.

TO CALISTA.

"SHE SUNG; THE YOUTH ATTENTION GAVE."

SHE ſung; the youth attention gave,
And charms on charms eſpies,
Then, all in raptures, falls a ſlave
Both to her voice and eyes!
So ſpoke and ſmil'd the eaſtern maid,
Like thine, ſeraphic were her charms,
That in Circaſſia's vineyards ſtray'd,
And bleſt the wiſeſt monarch's arms.

A thouſand fair of high deſert
Strave to enchant the amorous king,
But the Circaſſian gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal hand to ſing.
Caliſta thus our ſang inſpires,
And claims the ſmooth and higheſt lays;
But while each charm our boſom fires,
Words ſeem too few to ſound her praiſe.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,
To paint, ſurpaſſes human ſkill;
Her majeſty, mixt with the ſweet,
Let ſeraphs ſing her if they will:
Whilſt wond'ring, with a raviſh'd eye,
We all that 's perfect in her view,
Viewing a ſiſter of the ſky,
To whom an adoration 's due.

GIVE ME A LASS WITH A LUMP OF LAND.

Gi'e me a laſs with a lump of land,
And we for life ſhall gang the gither;
Tho' daft or wiſe I 'll never demand,
Or black or fair it maks na whether.
I 'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is no worth a ſhilling;
But ſhe that 's rich her market 's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a laſs with a lump of land,
And in my boſom I 'll hug my treaſure;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Shou'd love turn dowf, it will find pleaſure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there 's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;
Unleſs they bring caſh, or a lump of land,
They'ſe never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There 's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And ſiller and gowd 's a ſweet complexion;
But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection.
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And caſtles, and riggs, and moors, and meadows;
And naithing can catch our modern ſparks,
But well-tocher'd laſſes, or jointur'd widows.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartſome with thee I 've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We 'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on wear,
Tho' bore on rough ſeas to a far bloody ſhore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes ariſe, and riſe ev'ry wind,
They 'll ne'er make a tempeſt like that in my mind;
Tho' loudeſt of thunder on louder waves roar,
That 's naithing like leaving my love on the ſhore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd;
By eaſe that 's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love 's the reward of the brave,
And I muſt deſerve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, man plead my excuſe;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuſe;
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I 'd better not be.
I gae then, my laſs, to win honour and fame,
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame,
I 'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

VIRTUE AND WIT:

THE PRESERVATIVE OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

CONFESS thy love, fair bluſhing maid;
For ſince thine eyes conſenting,
Thy ſafter thoughts are a' betray'd,
And naſays no worth tenting.
Why aims thou to oppoſe thy mind,
With words thy wiſh denying?
Since nature made thee to be kind,
Reaſon allows complying.

Nature and reaſon's joint conſent
Make love a ſacred bleſſing;
Then happily that time is ſpent,
That 's war'd on kind careſſing.
Come then, my Katie, to my arms,
I 'll be na mair a rover,
But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
And prove a faithful lover.

SHE.

What you deſign by nature's law,
Is fleeting inclination;
That willy-wiſp bewilds us a'
By its infatuation:

When that gaes out, careſſes tire,
And love 's nae mair in ſeaſon;
Syne weakly we blaw up the fire,
With all our boaſted reaſon.

HE.

The beauties of inferior caſt
May ſtart this juſt reflection;
But charms like thine man always laſt,
Where wit has the protection.
Virtue and wit, like April rays,
Make beauty riſe the ſweeter;
The langer then on thee I gaze,
My love will grow completer.

ADIEU FOR A WHILE MY NATIVE GREEN PLAINS.

HE.

ADIEU for a while my native green plains,
My neareſt relations, and neighbouring ſwains;
Dear Nelly, frae theſe I 'd ſtart eaſily free,
Were minutes not ages while abſent frae thee.

SHE.

SHE.

Then tell me the reaſon thou doſt not obey
The pleading of love, but thus hurries away:
Alake! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I ſee,
A lover ſae roving will never mind me.

HE.

The reaſon unhappy is owing to fate,
That gave me a being without an eſtate;
Which lays a neceſſity now upon me,
To purchaſe a fortune for pleaſure to thee.

SHE.

Small fortune may ſerve where love has the ſway,
Then, Johny, be counſell'd nae langer to ſtray;
For while thou proves conſtant in kindneſs to me,
Contented I 'll ay find a treaſure in thee.

HE.

Ceaſe, my dear charmer, elſe ſoon I 'll betray
A weakneſs unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondneſs, which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and diſhonour to me.

Bear witneſs ye ſtreams, and witneſs ye flow'rs,
Bear witneſs ye watchful inviſible pow'rs,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May nothing propitious e'er ſmile upon me.

AND I 'LL AWA' TO BONNY TWEED-SIDE.

And I 'll awa'
To bonny Tweed-ſide,
And ſee my deary come throw,
And he ſall be mine,
Gif ſae he incline,
For I hate to lead apes below.

While young and fair,
I 'll make it my care
To ſecure myſell in a jo;
I 'm no ſic a fool,
To let my blood cool,
And ſyne gae lead apes below.

Few words, bonny lad,
Will eithly perſuade,
Tho' bluſhing, I daftly ſay no;
Gae on with your ſtrain,
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead apes below.

Unty'd

Unty'd to a man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow;
Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious,
That beauties upon us beſtow;
'Tis not to be thought
We got them for nought,
Or to be ſet up for a ſhow.

'Tis carry'd by votes,
Come kilt up your coats,
And let us to Edinburgh go;
Where ſhe that 's bonny
May catch a Johny,
And never lead apes below.

THE WIDOW.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can ſhape, and the widow can ſew,
And mony braw things the widow can do,
Then have at the widow, my laddie:
With courage attack her baith early and late;
To kiſs her and clap her ye manna be blate:
Speak well, and do better; for that 's the beſt gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow ſhe 's youthfu', and never a hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good ſkair
Of every thing lovely; ſhe 's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What cou'd ye wiſh better, your pleaſure to crown,
Than a widow the bonnieſt toaſt in the town,
With nathing but draw in your ſtool and ſit down,
And ſport with the widow, my laddie.

Then till her, and kill her with courteſy dead,
Tho' ſtark love and kindneſs be all ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed
With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye 'd have it to wald;
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that 's thowleſs and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

THE STEP-DAUGHTER'S RELIEF.

I WAS anes a well-tocher'd laſs,
My mither left dollars to me;
But now I 'm brought to a poor paſs,
My ſtep-dame has gart them flee.
My father he 's aften frae hame,
And ſhe plays the deel with his gear;
She neither has lawtith nor ſhame,
And keeps the hale houſe in a ſteer.

She 's barmy-fac'd, thriftleſs, and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine,
While hungry, haff naked, and cauld,
I ſee her deſtroy what 's mine.
But ſoon I might hope a revenge,
And ſoon of my ſorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If ſhe were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonny laſs tenderly,
I 'll take thee, ſweet May, in thy ſnood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis

'Tis only yourſell that I want;
Your kindneſs is better to me
Than a' that your ſtep-mother, ſcant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,
And ye are the ſprout of a laird;
But I have milk-cattle enow,
And rowth of good rucks in my yard:
Ye ſhall have naithing to faſh ye;
Sax ſervants ſhall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy coats, my laſſie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reaſon employ'd,
Not thinking the offer amiſs,
Conſented;—while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a kiſs.
And now ſhe ſits blythly ſingan,
And joking her drunken ſtep-dame,
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her goodwife at hame.

BONNY CHIRSTY.

How ſweetly ſmells the ſimmer green!
Sweet taſte the peach and cherry;
Painting and order pleaſe our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But fineſt colours, fruits and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſe a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of Chirſty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightſome is 't to hear the lark,
And birds in concert chanting!
But if my Chirſty tunes her voice,
I 'm wrapt in admiration,
My thoughts with extaſies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping ſhe 'll prove a woman;

But

But dubious of my ain deſert,
My ſentiments I ſmother,
With ſecret ſighs I vex my heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate Edie by a burn,
His Chirſty did o'erhear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But, ere he wiſt, drew near him.
She ſpake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her:
He wiſely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Chirſty!—witneſs, bonny ſtream,
Sic joys frae tears ariſing!
I wiſh this may not be a dream;
O love the maiſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for tauk;
This point of a' his wiſhes
He wad na with ſet ſpeeches bauk,
But wair'd it a' on kiſſes.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

My ſoger laddie is over the ſea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he 'll make me a lady:
My bleſſing gang with my ſoger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handſome and brave,
And can as a ſoger and lover behave;
True to his country, to love he is ſteady,
There 's few to compare with my ſoger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms;
Syne frae all my care ye 'll pleaſantly free me,
When back to my wiſhes my ſoger ye gi'e me.

O! ſoon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they muſt if he get his due;
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my ſoger laddie.

THE BONNY SCOT.

TUNE—" THE BOATMAN."

Ye gales that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny boatman,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scotman.
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While parents rate
A large eſtate,
Before a faithful lover.

But I lure chuſe in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat—man,
Ere I cou'd for ſic little ends
Refuſe my bonny Scotman.
Wae worth the man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous faſhion,
Frae greedy views,
Love's art to uſe,
While ſtrangers to its paſſion.

Frae

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy bawmy mouth,
And in her boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the word,
Then haſte on board;
Fair winds, and tenty boatman,
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder ſhore,
My blyth, my bonny Scot—man.

LOVE INVITING REASON.

When innocent paſtime our pleaſure did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
Ere Annie became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was ſhe!
Rouze up thy reaſon my beautifu' Annie,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And favour thy Jamie, wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the ſpleen?
Can tyning of trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears frae theſe een,
That look with indifference on poor dying me?

Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think on thy Jamie, wha doats upon thee.

Ah! ſhou'd a new gown, or a Flanders-lace head,
Or yet a wee coatie, tho' never ſae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
That anes had ſome hope of purchaſing thine?
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer your fleegeries to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be ſolid and canny,
And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangle Sanny,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be admir'd by fair Annie,
And aim at theſe benniſons promis'd to me?
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And never prefer a light dancer to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be conſtant and canny,
Love only thy Jamie, wha doats upon thee.

O! think my dear charmer, on ilka ſweet hour,
That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and me,
Ere ſquirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power
To rival my love, and impoſe upon thee.

Rouze

Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And let thy deſires be a' center'd in me;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha 's langing to centre in thee.

THE BOB OF DUNBLANE.

Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I 'll lend you my thripling kame;
For fainneſs, deary, I 'll gar ye keckle,
If ye 'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.
Haſte ye, gang to thee ground of ye'r trunkies,
Buſk ye braw, and dinna think ſhame;
Conſider in time, if leading of monkies
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.

Be frank, my laſſie, leſt I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again;
Syne ye may chance to repent it meikle
Ye did na accept of the Bob of Dunblane.
The dinner, the piper, and prieſt, ſhall be ready,
And I 'm grown dowie with lying my lane;
Away then, leave baith minny and daddy,
And try with me the Bob of Dunblane.

THROW THE WOOD LADDIE.

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy preſence cou'd eaſe me,
When naithing can pleaſe me;
Now dowie I ſigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lavrocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing,
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forſaken ſome ſpare no to tell;
I 'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander myſell.

Then ſtay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow,
Wha 's living in languor till that happy day,
When throw the wood, laddie, we 'll dance, ſing, and play.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

An thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee.

Like bees that ſuck the morning dew
Frae flowers of ſweeteſt ſcent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.
An thou were, &c.

Sae lang 's I had the uſe of light,
I 'd on thy beauties feaſt my ſight,
Syne in ſaft whiſpers through the night
I 'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
An thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean!
She moves a goddeſs o'er the green:
Were I a king thou ſhou'd be queen,
Nane but myſelf aboon thee.
An thou were, &c.

I 'd graſp thee to this breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou like ivy, or the vine,
Around my ſtronger limbs ſhou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
An thou were, &c.

Time 's on the wing and will not ſtay,
In ſhining youth let 's make our hay,
Since love admits of no delay,
O let na ſcorn undo thee.
An thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar ſtand,
Hae there 's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And with ilk ſmile thou ſhalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
An thou were, &c.

THERE'S MY THUMB I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

My ſweeteſt May, let love incline thee
T' accept a heart which he deſigns thee;
And as your conſtant ſlave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulneſs reward it:
'Tis proof a ſhot to birth or money,
But yields to what is ſweet or bonny:
Receive it then with a kiſs and ſmily,
There 's my thumb it will ne'er beguile thee.

How tempting ſweet theſe lips of thine are!
Thy boſom white, and legs ſae fine are,
That when in pools I ſee thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain;
Tho kith and kin and a' ſhou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb I 'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane thro' flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks, leſt they ſhould wander;
Gin thou 'll gae alang I 'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I 'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear laſſie, it is but daffin
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin:
That na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely;
O ſay yes, and I 'll ne'er beguile thee.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
But O they 're vain and idly gaudy;
How much unlike that gracefu' mien
And manly looks of my Highland laddie!
O my bonny, bonny Highland laddie!
My handſome, charming Highland laddie!
May heaven ſtill guard, and love reward,
Our Lawland laſs and her Highland laddie!

If I were free at will to chuſe
To be the wealthieſt Lawland lady,
I 'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blew and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braweſt beau in borrows town,
In a' his airs with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he 's but a clown;
He 's finer far in 's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er

O'er benty hill with him I 'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddy;
Frae winter's cauld and ſummer's ſun,
He 'll ſcreen me with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room and ſilken bed
May pleaſe a Lawland laird and lady,
But I can kiſs and be as glad
Behind a buſh, in 's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie;
And he ca's me his Lawland laſs,
Syne rows me in his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I 'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While heaven preſerves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

THE COALIER'S DAUGHTER.

The coalier has a daughter,
And O ſhe 's wonder bonny!
A laird he was that ſought her,
Rich baith in lands and money.
The tutors watch'd the motion
Of this young honeſt lover;
But love is like the ocean;
Wha can its depths diſcover?

He had the art to pleaſe ye,
And was by a' reſpected;
His airs ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The coalier's bonny laſſie,
Fair as the new-blown lily,
Ay ſweet and never ſaucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willy.

He lov'd beyond expreſſion
The charms that were about her,
And panted for poſſeſſion;
His life was dull without her.

After

After mature reſolving,
Cloſe to his breaſt he held her,
In ſafteſt flames diſſolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny coalier's daughter,
Let naithing diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis not your ſcanty tocher
Shall ever make me loſe ye;
For I have gear in plenty,
And love ſays, 'tis my duty
To ware what heaven has lent me
Upon your wit and beauty.

THE MILL, MILL-O.

Beneath a green ſhade I fand a fair maid
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill-O,
A' lowing wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her with good will-O:
Her boſom I preſs'd, but, ſunk in her reſt,
She ſtir'd na my joy to ſpill-O:
While kindly ſhe ſlept, cloſe to her I crept,
And kiſs'd, and kiſs'd her my fill-O.

Oblig'd

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
T' employ my courage and ſkill-O,
Frae 'er quietly I ſtaw, hois'd ſails and awa,
For wind blew fair on the hill-O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraſing fame
Tald me with a voice right ſhrill-O,
My laſs, like a fool, had mounted the ſtool *,
Nor kend wha 'd done her the ill-O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my ſon in her arms,
I ferlying ſpeer'd how ſhe fell-O:
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth ſhe, Let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell-O.
Love gae the command, I took her by the hand,
And bad her a' fears expel-O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed myſell-O.

My bonny ſweet laſs, on the gowany graſs,
Beneath the Shilling-hill-O †;
If I did offence, I 'ſe make ye amends,
Before I leave Peggy's mill-O.
O! the mill, mill-O, and the kill, kill-O,
And the cogging of the wheel-O,
The ſack and the ſieve, a' thae ye man leave,
And round with a ſoger reel-O.

---

* Of repentance.

† Where they winnow the chaff from the corn.

COLIN AND GRISY PARTING.

With broken words and downcaſt eyes,
Poor Colin ſpoke his paſſion tender,
And parting with his Griſy, cries,
Ah! woe 's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

To others I am cold as ſnow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
From thee with pain I 'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love ſhall hinder,
Nor time nor place ſhall ever change
My vows, tho' we 're oblig'd to ſunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
You 'll ne'er engage a heart that 's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
Always to love me, tho' we ſunder.

Ye gods! take care of my dear laſs,
That as I leave her I may find her,
When that bleſt time ſhall come to paſs,
We 'll meet again, and never ſunder.

TO L. I. IN MOURNING.

TUNE—" WHERE HELEN LIES."

Ah! why thoſe tears in Nelly's eyes?
To hear thy tender ſighs and cries,
The gods ſtand liſt'ning from the ſkies,
Pleas'd with thy piety.
To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a care,
Who views thee as an angel fair,
Or ſome divinity.

O! be leſs graceful, or more kind,
And cool this fever of my mind,
Caus'd by the boy ſevere and blind,
Wounded I ſigh for thee;
While hardly dare I hope to riſe
To ſuch a height by Hymen's ties,
To lay me down where Helen lies,
And with thy charms be free.

Then muſt I hide my love and die,
When ſuch a ſov'reign cure is by?
No, ſhe can love, and I 'll go try,
Whate'er my fate may be.
Which ſoon I 'll read in her bright eyes;
With thoſe dear agents I 'll adviſe,
They tell the truth, when tongues tell lies
The leaſt believ'd by me.

A SCOTS CANTATA.

MUSIC BY L. BOCCHI.

RECITATIVE.

BLATE Jonny faintly tald fair Jean his mind;
Jeany took pleaſure to deny him lang;
He thought her ſcorn came frae a heart unkind,
Which gart him in deſpair tune up this ſang.

AIR.

O bonny laſſie, ſince 'tis ſae,
That I 'm deſpis'd by thee,
I hate to live; but O! I 'm wae
And unko ſweer to die.
Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours
I thole by your diſdain;
Ah! ſhou'd a breaſt ſae ſaft as yours
Contain a heart of ſtane?

RECITATIVE.

Theſe tender notes did a' her pity move;
With melting heart ſhe liſten'd to the boy:
O'ercome, ſhe ſmil'd, and promis'd him her love;
He in return thus ſang his riſing joy.

AIR.

AIR.

Hence frae my breaſt, contentious care!
Ye 've tint the power to pine;
My Jeany 's good, my Jeany 's fair,
And a' her ſweets are mine.
O! ſpread thine arms, and gi'e me fowth
Of dear enchanting bliſs,
A thouſand joys around thy mouth,
Gi'e heaven with ilka kiſs.

THE TOAST.

Come, let 's ha'e mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loos nae dwining,
Let 's be blyth and free.
Away with dull! here t' ye, Sir;
Ye'r miſtreſs, Robie, gi'e 's her;
We 'll drink her health wi' pleaſure,
Wha 's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That 's a laſs can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye;

Sweet

Sweet is ſhe to me :
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wiſh ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed ſaw her,
Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty laſs is,
Come let 's join our glaſſes,
And refreſh our hauſes
With a health to thee.
Let coofs their caſh be clinking.
Be ſtateſmen tint in thinking,
While we with love and drinking
Give our cares the lie.

A SOUTH-SEA SANG.

TUNE—" FOR OUR LANG BIDING HERE."

WHEN we came to London town,
We dream'd of gowd in gowpings here,
And rantinly ran up and down,
In riſing ſtocks to buy a ſkair :
We daftly thought to row in rowth,
But for our daffin paid right dear ;
The lave will fare the war in trouth,
For our lang biding here.

But when we fand our purſes toom,
And dainty ſtocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom,
Girn'd at ſtock-jobbing ane and a'.
If we gang near the South-Sea houſe,
The whillywhas will grip ye'r gear,
Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
For our lang biding here.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O Bell! thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I paſs the day in pain,
When night returns I feel the ſmart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.
I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm;
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charming petticoat of thine.

My raviſh'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms;
Deluſive dreams ten thouſand ways
Preſent thee to my arms:

But

But waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe pleaſures which can only cure
This panting breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt reward that 's due to love,
And let true paſſion die.
O! turn and let compaſſion ſeize
That lovely breaſt of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me eaſe,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou 'rt too good its laws to ſlight,
By hind'ring the deſign.
May all the powers of love agree
At length to make thee mine;
Or looſe my chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

GIN ye meet a bonny laſſie,
Gi'e her a kiſs, and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty huſſy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae.

Be ſure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth 's a blyth and heartſome time;
Then, lads and laſſes, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the ſaft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp ony ſkaith.

"Haith, ye 're ill-bred," ſhe 'll ſmiling ſay,
"Ye 'll worry me, ye greedy rook."
Syne frae your arms ſhe 'll rin away,
And hide herſelf in ſome dark nook.

Her

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lies the happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen na-ſays are half a grant.

Now to her heaving boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs;
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliſs.

Theſe benniſons, I 'm very ſure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant:
Then, ſurly carles, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

THE CORDIAL.

HE.

WHERE wad bonny Anne ly?
Alane ye nae mair man ly:
Wad ye a goodman try?
Is that the thing ye 're laking?

SHE.

Can a laſs ſae young as I
Venture on the bridal tye,
Syne down with a goodman ly?
I 'm fleed he 'd keep me wauking.

HE.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
And ſleep till ye be weary.

SHE.

What if I ſhould wauking ly,
When the hautboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I 'm faint and iry?

HE.

In my boſom thou ſhall ly,
When thou waukrife art or dry,
Healthy cordial ſtanding by,
Shall preſently revive thee.

SHE.

To your will I then comply,
Join us, prieſt, and let me try
How I 'll wi' a goodman ly,
Wha can a cordial gi' me.

ALLAN WATER.

WHAT numbers ſhall the muſe repeat,
What verſe be found to praiſe my Annie?
On her ten thouſand graces wait,
Each ſwain admires, and owns ſhe 's bonny.
Since firſt ſhe trod the happy plain,
She ſet each youthful heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her ſwain complain,
That Annie kindles new deſire.

This lovely darling, deareſt care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like ſummer's dawn ſhe 's freſh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths conveen,
Joyous they ſport and play before her;
All night, when ſhe no more is ſeen,
In bliſsful dreams they ſtill adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
His riſing ſighs expreſs his flame,
His words were few, his wiſhes many.

With ſmiles the lovely maid reply'd,
Kind ſhepherd, why ſhould I deceive ye?
Alas! your love muſt be deny'd,
This deſtin'd breaſt can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
His wiles, his ſmiles, his charms beguiling,
He ſtole away my virgin heart;
Ceaſe, poor Amyntor, ceaſe bewailing.
Some brighter beauty you may find,
On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
Then chuſe ſome heart that 's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

O MARY! THY GRACES AND GLANCES.

O Mary! thy graces and glances,
Thy ſmiles ſo enchantingly gay,
And thoughts ſo divinely harmonious,
Clear wit and good humour diſplay.
But ſay not thou 'lt imitate angels
Ought farrer, tho' ſcarcely (ah me!)
Can be found, equalizing thy merit,
A match amongſt mortals for thee.

Thy

Thy many fair beauties ſhed fires
  May warm up ten thouſand to love,
Who, deſpairing, may fly to ſome other,
  While I may deſpair, but ne'er rove.
What a mixture of ſighing and joys
  This diſtant adoring of thee
Gives to a fond heart too aſpiring,
  Who loves in ſad ſilence like me?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treaſure;
  And ſhipwreck'd on landſcapes on ſhore:
Be ſtill more divine, and have pity;
  I die ſoon as hope is no more.
For, Mary, my ſoul is thy captive,
  Nor loves nor expects to be free;
Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
  Thy ſlavery 's a pleaſure to me.

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

THIS is no mine ain houſe,
I ken by the rigging o't;
Since with my love I 've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't:
For now that I 'm young Robie's bride,
And miſtreſs of his fire-ſide,
Mine ain houſe I 'll like to guide,
And pleaſe me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's houſe,
I gang where love invites me;
The ſtricteſt duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robie 's nearer than my kin,
And to refuſe him were a ſin,
Sae lang 's he kindly treats me.

When I 'm in mine ain houſe,
True love ſhall be at hand ay,
To make me ſtill a prudent ſpouſe,
And let my man command ay;
Avoiding ilka cauſe of ſtrife,
The common peſt of married life,
That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

MY DADDY FORBAD, MY MINNY FORBAD.

When I think on my lad,
I ſigh and am ſad,
For now he is far frae me:
My daddy was harſh,
My minny was warſe,
That gart him gae yont the ſea:
Without an eſtate,
That made him look blate,
And yet a brave lad is he:
Gin ſafe he come hame,
In ſpite of my dame,
He 'll ever be welcome to me.

Love ſpeers nae advice
Of parents o'erwiſe,
That have but ae bairn like me,
That looks upon caſh
As naithing but traſh,
That ſhackles what ſhou'd be free.
And tho' my dear lad
Not ae penny had,
Since qualities better has he,
Abeit I 'm an heireſs,
I think it but fair is
To love him, ſince he loves me.

Then

Then my dear Jamie,
To thy kind Jeanie
Haſte, haſte thee in o'er the ſea,
To her wha can find
Nae eaſe in her mind,
Without a blyth ſight of thee.
Tho' my daddy forbad,
And my minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be;
For ſince thou alone
My favour haſt won,
Nane elſe ſhall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I 'll not grieve,
Or without their leave,
Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee:
Be content with a heart
That can never deſert,
Till they ceaſe to oppoſe or be:
My parents may prove
Yet friends to our love,
When our firm reſolves they ſee;
Then I with pleaſure
Will yield up my treaſure,
And a' that love orders, to thee.

STEER HER UP AND HAD HER GAWN.

O STEER her up and had her gawn,
Her mither 's at the mill, jo;
But gin ſhe winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.
Pray thee, lad, leave ſilly thinking,
Caſt thy cares of love away;
Let 's our ſorrows drown in drinking,
'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that ſhining glaſs of claret,
How invitingly it looks!
Take it aff, and let 's have mair o't,
Pox on fighting, trade, and books.
Let 's have pleaſure while we 're able,
Bring us in the meikle bowl,
Place 't on the middle of the table,
And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
Fou as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna ſpill it,
'Tis mair precious far than gold.
By you 've drunk a dozen bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of Venus and her mumpers,
Drinking better is than love.

CLOUT THE CALDRON.

HAVE you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers?
I am a tinkler to my trade,
And newly come frae Flanders:
As ſcant of ſiller as of grace,
Diſbanded, we 've a bad run;
Gae tell the lady of the place,
I 'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I 'll do 't to your contentment,
And dinna care a ſingle flea
For any man's reſentment:
For, lady fair, tho' I appear
To every ane a tinkler,
Yet to yourſell I 'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love Jupiter into a ſwan
Turn'd, for his lovely Leda;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran
To carry off Europa:

Then

Then may not I as well as he,
To cheat your Argos blinker,
And win your love, like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinkler?
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
But this fine plot you 'll fail in,
For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you 'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron,
For I 've a tinkler under tack,
That 's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

THE MALTMAN.

The maltman comes on Monday,
He craves wonder fair,
Cries, Dame, come gi'e me my ſiller,
Or malt ye ſall ne'er get mair.
I took him into the pantry,
And gave him ſome good cock-broo,
Syne paid him upon a gantree,
As hoſtler wives ſhould do.

When

When maltmen come for ſiller,
And gaugers with wands o'er ſoon,
Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
And clear them as I have done.
This bewith, when cunzie is ſcanty,
Will keep them frae making din,
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
The ſnackeſt of a' my kin.

The maltman is right cunning,
But I can be as ſlee,
And he may crack of his winning,
When he clears ſcores with me:
For come when he likes, I 'm ready;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She 'll anſwer a bill for me.

BONNY BESSY.

Bessy's beauties ſhine ſae bright,
Were her many virtues fewer,
She wad ever give delight,
And in tranſport make me view her.
Bonny Beſſy, thee alane
Love I, naithing elſe about thee;
With thy comelineſs I 'm tane,
And langer cannot live without thee.

Beſſy's boſom 's ſaft and warm,
Milk-white fingers ſtill employ'd;
He who takes her to his arm,
Of her ſweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
My dear Beſſy, when the roſes
Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
Virtue, which thy mind diſcloſes,
Will keep love frae growing caulder.

Beſſy's tocher is but ſcanty,
Yet her face and ſoul diſcovers
Theſe inchanting ſweets in plenty
Muſt entice a thouſand lovers.
It 's not money, but a woman
Of a temper kind and eaſy,
That gives happineſs uncommon;
Petted things can nought but teez ye.

THE QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Are ſtill my heart's delight,
I ſing their ſangs by day,
And read their tales at night.
If frae their books I be,
'Tis dullneſs then with me;
But when theſe ſtars appear,
Jokes, ſmiles, and wit ſhine clear.

Swift, with uncommon ſtile,
And wit that flows with eaſe,
Inſtructs us with a ſmile,
And never fails to pleaſe.
Bright Sandy greatly ſings
Of heroes, gods, and kings:
He well deſerves the bays,
And ev'ry Briton's praiſe.

While thus our Homer ſhines;
Young, with Horacian flame,
Corrects theſe falſe deſigns
We puſh in love of fame.

Blyth

Blyth Gay, in pawky ſtrains,
Makes villains, clowns, and ſwains
Reprove, with biting leer,
Thoſe in a higher ſphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Long may you give delight;
Let all the dunces bray,
You 're far above their ſpite:
Such, from a malice ſour,
Write nonſenſe, lame and poor,
Which never can ſucceed,
For who the traſh will read?

THE COMPLAINT.

" WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH I LOVE."

WHEN abſent from the nymph I love,
I 'd fain ſhake off the chains I wear;
But whilſt I ſtrive theſe to remove,
More fetters I 'm oblig'd to bear:
My captiv'd fancy, day and night,
Fairer and fairer repreſents
Belinda, form'd for dear delight,
But cruel cauſe of my complaints.

All day I wander thro' the groves,
And, ſighing, hear from every tree
The happy birds chirping their loves,
Happy compar'd with lonely me.
When gentle ſleep with balmy wings
To reſt fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
A thouſand fears my fancy brings,
That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddeſs fair,
And all the graces in her train,
With melting ſmiles and killing air,
Appears the cauſe of all my pain.
A while my mind delighted flies
O'er all her ſweets with thrilling joy,
Whilſt want of worth makes doubts ariſe,
That all my trembling hopes deſtroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
I 'm all o'er tranſport and deſire,
My pulſe beats high, my cheeks appear
All roſes, and mine eyes all fire.
When to myſelf I turn my view,
My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
Thus whilſt my fears my pains renew,
I ſcarcely look or move a man.

THE CARLE HE CAME O'ER THE CROFT.

THE carle he came o'er the croft,
And his beard new ſhaven,
He look'd at me as he 'd been daft,
The carle trows that I wad hae him.
Howt awa! I winna hae him,
Na forſooth I winna hae him,
For a' his beard 's new ſhaven,
Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A ſiller broach he gae me nieſt,
To faſten on my curtchea nooked;
I wor'd a wee upon my breaſt,
But ſoon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;
And ſae may his: I winna hae him,
Na forſooth I winna hae him;
Ane twice a bairn 's a laſs's jeſt;
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has nae fault but ane,
For he has land and dollars plenty;
But waes me for him! ſkin and bane
Is no for a plump laſs of twenty.
Howt awa! I winna hae him,
Na forſooth I winna hae him;
What ſignifies his dirty riggs
And caſh, without a man with them?

But ſhou'd my canker'd daddy gar
Me take him 'gainſt my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware,
That antlers dinna claim their ſtation.
Howt awa! I winna hae him,
Na forſooth I winna hae him;
I 'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
Sae Lawty ſays I ſhou'd na hae him.

O MITHER DEAR! I 'GIN TO FEAR.

CHORUS.

Up ſtairs, down ſtairs,
Timber ſtairs fear me;
I 'm laith to ly a' night my lane,
And Johny's bed ſae near me.

O mither dear! I 'gin to fear,
Tho' I 'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my ſleep
I ſtart and dream of Johny.
When Johny then comes down the glen
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with content gi'e your conſent,
For we twa ne'er can ſinder.

Better

Better to marry than miſcarry,
For ſhame and ſkaith 's the clink o't;
To thole the dool, to mount the ſtool,
I downa bide to think o't:
Sae while 'tis time, I 'll ſhun the crime,
That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With hainches fow, and een ſae blew,
To a' the bedrals bindging.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
The kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the word 's gane thro' the town,
Alake! how can ſhe mend it?
Now Tam man face the miniſter,
And ſhe man mount the pillar;
And that 's the way that they man gae,
For poor folk has na ſiller.

Now ha'd ye'r tongue, my daughter young,
Replied the kindly mither;
Get Johny's hand in haly band,
Syne wap ye'r wealth together.
I 'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
Ye 'll do your part diſcreetly,
And prove a wife will gar his life
And barrel run right ſweetly.

A SONG.

TUNE—" BUSK YE, MY BONNY BRIDE."

Busk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride;
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny marrow;
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride,
Buſk, and go to the braes of Yarrow;
There will we ſport and gather dew,
Dancing while lavrocks ſing the morning;
There learn frae turtles to prove true:
O Bell! ne'er vex me with thy ſcorning.

To weſtlin breezes Flora yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythneſs appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair freſh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roſes bloſſom.
Yet haſtily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their ſweetneſs in his boſom.

Haſte ye, haſte ye, my bonny Bell,
Haſte to my arms, and there I 'll guard thee;
With free conſent my fears repel,
I 'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus ſang I ſaftly to my fair,
Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
O queen of ſmiles! I aſk nae mair,
Since now my bonny Bell 's conſenting.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

THE Lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they 're four and unco ſaucy;
Sae proud they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd Highland laſſie.
O my bonny, bonny Highland laſſie,
My hearty ſmiling Highland laſſie,
May never care make thee leſs fair,
But bloom of youth ſtill bleſs my laſſie.

Than ony laſs in borrows-town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches motie,
I 'd tak my Katie but a gown,
Barefooted, in her little coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken buſh,
Whene'er I kiſs and court my dautie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wiſh,
My flighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er higheſt heathery hills I 'll ſten,
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feaſt my laſs on diſhes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There 's

There 's nane ſhall dare, by deed or word,
'Gainſt her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my truſty ſword,
Or frae my ſide whiſk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treaſure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleaſure.
O my bonny, &c.

THE AULD MAN'S BEST ARGUMENT.

O WHA 's that at my chamber door?—
"Fair widow, are ye wawking?"—
Auld carle, your ſuit give o'er,
Your love lies a' in tawking:
Gi'e me the lad that 's young and tight,
Sweet like an April meadow;
'Tis ſic as he can bleſs the ſight
And boſom of a widow.

"O widow!

" O widow! wilt thou let me in,
" I 'm pawky, wife, and thrifty,
" And come of a right gentle kin;
" I 'm little mair than fifty."
Daft carle, dit your mouth,
What fignifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be; but youth,
In love you 're but a gawky.

" Then, widow, let thefe guineas fpeak,
" That powerfully plead clinkan;
" And if they fail my mouth I 'll fteek,
" And nae mair love will think on."
Thefe court indeed, I man confefs,
I think they make you young, Sir,
And ten times better can expref
Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

TO MRS. A. C.

"WHEN BEAUTY BLAZES."

When beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muſe can no more ceaſe to ſing,
Than can the lark, with riſing light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
The morning ſhines, harmonious birds mount hy;
The dawning beauty ſmiles, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
The inſpir'd thought, and ſofteſt lays,
And kindle in the breaſt a flame,
Which muſt be vented in her praiſe.
Tell us, ye gentle ſhepherds, have you ſeen
E'er one ſo like an angel tread the green?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts,
When ſhe appears, take the alarm;
Love on her beauty points his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and ſmiles the graces ſport,
And to her ſnowy neck and breaſt reſort.

But

But vain muſt every caution prove;
When ſuch enchanting ſweetneſs ſhines,
The wounded ſwain muſt yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeleſs pines.
Such flames the foppiſh butterfly ſhould ſhun;
The eagle 's only fit to view the ſun.

She 's as the opening lilly fair,
Her lovely features are complete;
Whilſt heaven indulgent makes her ſhare,
With angels, all that 's wiſe and ſweet.
Theſe virtues which divinely deck her mind,
Exalt each beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether ſhe love the rural ſcenes,
Or ſparkle in the airy town,
O! happy he her favour gains;
Unhappy, if ſhe on him frown.
The muſe unwilling quits the lovely theme,
Adieu ſhe ſings, and thrice repeats her name.

I HAVE A GREEN PURSE, AND A WEE PICKLE GOWD.

I HAVE a green purſe, and a wee pickle gowd,
A bonny piece land and planting on 't,
It fattens my flocks, and my bairns it has ſtow'd;
But the beſt thing of a's yet wanting on 't;
To grace it, and trace it,
And gi'e me delight;
To bleſs me, and kiſs me,
And comfort my ſight
With beauty by day, and kindneſs by night,
And nae mair my lane gang ſaunt'ring on 't.

My Chriſty ſhe 's charming, and good as ſhe 's fair,
Her een and her mouth are enchanting ſweet;
She ſmiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e deſpair;
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou faireſt, and deareſt,
Delight of my mind,
Whoſe gracious embraces
By heaven were deſign'd
For happieſt tranſports, and bliſſes refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting ſweet.

For

For thee, bonny Chriſty, my ſhepherds and hynds
Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine:
Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
Our days ſhall with pleaſure and plenty ſhine.
Then hear me, and cheer me
With ſmiling conſent,
Believe me, and give me
No cauſe to lament;
Since I ne'er can be happy till thou ſay, Content,
I 'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he ſhall be mine.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF LORD G. AND LADY K. C.

TUNE—" THE HIGHLAND LADDIE."

BRIGANTIUS.

Now all thy virgin ſweets are mine,
And all the ſhining charms that grace thee;
My fair Melinda, come recline
Upon my breaſt, while I embrace thee,
And tell, without diſſembling art,
My happy raptures on thy boſom:
Thus will I plant within thy heart
A love that ſhall for ever bloſſom.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave, and bonny!
Sure the gods well pleas'd behold ye;
Their work admire, ſo great, ſo fair,
And will in all your joys uphold ye.

MELINDA.

No more I bluſh, now that I 'm thine,
To own my love in tranſport tender,
Since that ſo brave a man is mine,
To my Brigantius I ſurrender.
By ſacred ties I 'm now to move,
As thy exalted thoughts direct me;
And while my ſmiles engage thy love,
Thy manly greatneſs ſhall protect me.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

Soft fall thy words, like morning dew
New life on blowing flowers beſtowing:
Thus kindly yielding, makes me bow
To heaven, with ſpirit grateful glowing.

My

My honour, courage, wealth, and wit,
Thou dear delight, my chiefeſt treaſure,
Shall be employ'd as thou thinks fit,
As agents for our love and pleaſure.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

With my Brigantius I could live
In lonely cot, beſide a mountain,
And nature's eaſy wants relieve
With ſhepherds' fare, and quaff the fountain.
What pleaſes thee, the rural grove,
Or congreſs of the fair and witty,
Shall give me pleaſure with thy love,
In plains retir'd, or ſocial city.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

How ſweetly canſt thou charm my ſoul,
O lovely ſum of my deſires!
Thy beauties all my cares controul,
Thy virtue all that 's good inſpires.

Tune every inſtrument of ſound,
Which all the mind divinely raiſes,
Till every height and dale rebound,
Both loud and ſweet, my darling's praiſes.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

Thy love gives me the brighteſt ſhine,
My happineſs is now completed,
Since all that 's generous, great, and fine,
In my Brigantius is united;
For which I 'll ſtudy thy delight,
With kindly tale the time beguiling;
And round the change of day and night,
Fix throughout life a conſtant ſmiling.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

JENNY NETTLES.

Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles;
Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
Coming frae the market;
Bag and baggage on her back,
Her fee and bountith in her lap;
Bag and baggage on her back,
And a babie in her oxter?

I met ayont the cairny
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Singing till her bairny,
Robin Rattle's baſtard.
To flee the dool upo' the ſtool,
And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about ſeeks Robin out,
To ſtap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Uſe Jenny Nettles kindly:
Score out the blame, and ſhun the ſhame,
And without mair debate o't,
Take hame your wean, make Jenny fain,
The leel and leeſome gate o't.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

For the ſake of ſomebody,
For the ſake of ſomebody,
I cou'd wake a winter night
For the ſake of ſomebody.
I am gawn to ſeek a wife,
I am gawn to buy a plaidy;
I have three ſtane of woo,
Carling, is thy daughter ready?
For the ſake of ſomebody, &c.

Betty, laſſie, ſay 't thyſell,
Tho' thy dame be ill to ſhoo,
Firſt we 'll buckle, then we 'll tell,
Let her flyte and ſyne come too:
What ſignifies a mither's gloom,
When love and kiſſes come in play?
Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
And in ſimmer mak nae hay?
For the ſake, &c.

SHE.

SHE.

Bonny lad, I carena by,
  Tho' I try my luck with thee,
Since ye are content to tye
  The haff mark bridal band wi' me:
I 'll ſlip hame and waſh my feet,
  And ſteal on linnings fair and clean,
Syne at the tryſting-place we 'll meet,
  To do but what my dame has done.
For the ſake, &c.

HE.

Now my lovely Betty gives
  Conſent in ſic a heartſome gate,
It me frae a' my care relieves,
  And doubts that gart me aft look blate:
Then let us gang and get the grace,
  For they that have an appetite
Shou'd eat; and lovers ſhou'd embrace;
  If theſe be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.
For the ſake, &c.

THE GENEROUS GENTLEMAN.

TUNE—"THE BONNY LASS OF BRANKSOME."

As I came in by Tiviot ſide,
And by the braes of Brankſome,
There firſt I ſaw my bonny bride,
Young, ſmiling, ſweet, and handſome:
Her ſkin was ſafter than the down,
And white as alabaſter;
Her hair a ſhining wavy brown;
In ſtraightneſs nane ſurpaſt her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were ſurpriſing,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breaſts juſt riſing:
Nae ſilken hoſe with guſhets fine,
Or ſhoon with glancing laces,
On her fair leg forbad to ſhine,
Well ſhapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was ſum of a' her claithing;—
Even theſe o'er mickle;—mair delyte
She 'd given cled wi' naithing.

She

She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burnie trotted;
On her I glowr'd my ſaul away,
While on her ſweets I doated.

A thouſand beauties of deſert
Before had ſcarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artleſs ſtruck my heart,
And but deſigning, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love, cloſe to my breaſt
I graſp'd this fund of bliſſes;
Wha ſmil'd, and ſaid, without a prieſt,
Sir, hope for nought but kiſſes.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I couldna want her;
What ſhe demanded, ilka charm
Of her's pled, I ſhould grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighted her my faith and troth,
And a young lady made her.

THE COCK LAIRD.

A cock laird fou cadgie,
With Jenny did meet,
He haws'd her, he kiſs'd her,
And ca'd her his ſweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?
Thouſe be my ane lemmane,
Jo Jenny, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
Ye manna fail,
To feaſt me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.
The deel 's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he;
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee?

And I man hae pinners
With pearling ſet round,
A ſkirt of puddy,
And a waſtcoat of broun.

Awa

Awa with ſic vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdſhip can yield me
As meikle a year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit beer:
But having nae tenants,
O Jenny, Jenny!
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The borrowſtoun merchants
Will ſell ye on tick,
For we man hae braw things,
Abeit they ſoud break.
When broken, frae care
The fools are ſet free,
When we make them lairds
In the Abbey, quoth ſhe.

LET MEANER BEAUTIES USE THEIR ART.

Let meaner beauties uſe their art,
And range both Indies for their dreſs;
Our fair can captivate the heart,
In native weeds, nor look the leſs.
More bright unborrow'd beauties ſhine,
The artleſs ſweetneſs of each face
Sparkles with luſtres more divine,
When freed of every foreign grace.

The tawny nymph, on ſcorching plains,
May uſe the aid of gems and paint,
Deck with brocade and Tyrian ſtains
Features of ruder form and taint:
What Caledonian ladies wear,
Or from the lint or woolen twine,
Adorn'd by all their ſweets, appear
Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
The dirty dreſs may lovers cool,
But clean, our maids need have no care,
If clad in linen, ſilk, or wool.
T' adore Myrtilla who can ceaſe?
Her active charms our praiſe demand,
Clad in a mantua, from the fleece
Spun by her own delightful hand.

Who

Who can behold Caliſta's eyes,
Her breaſt, her cheek, and ſnowy arms,
And mind what artiſts can deviſe
To rival more ſuperior charms?
Compar'd with thoſe, the diamond 's dull,
Lawns, ſatins, and the velvets fade,
The ſoul with her attractions full
Can never be by theſe betray'd.

Saphira, all o'er native ſweets,
Not the falſe glare of dreſs regards,
Her wit her character completes,
Her ſmile her lover's ſighs rewards.
When ſuch firſt beauties lead the way,
The inferior rank will follow ſoon;
Then arts no longer ſhall decay,
But trade encouraged be in tune.

Millions of fleeces ſhall be wove,
And flax that on the vallies blooms,
Shall make the naked nations love
And bleſs the labours of our looms.
We have enough, nor want from them
But trifles hardly worth our care;
Yet for theſe trifles let them claim
What food and cloth we have to ſpare.

How happy 's Scotland in her fair!
Her amiable daughters ſhall,
By acting thus with virtuous care,
Again the golden age recal:

Enjoying

Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
Shall miſs a court; but ſoon advance
In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
Around the ſcenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity ſhall yield to ſenſe,
And lazy pride to uſeful arts,
When ſuch dear angels in defence
Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
Bleſt guardians of our joys and wealth!
True fountains of delight and love!
Long bloom your charms, fixt be your health,
Till, tir'd with earth, you mount above.

EPISTOLARY.

1721.

AN EPISTLE TO ALLAN RAMSAY,

BY JOSIAH BURCHET, ESQ.

WELL fare thee, Allan, who in mother tongue
So ſweetly hath of breathleſs Addie ſung:
His endleſs fame thy nat'ral genius fir'd,
And thou haſt written as if he inſpir'd.
Richy and Sandy, who do him ſurvive,
Long as thy rural ſtanzas laſt, ſhall live;
The grateful ſwains thou 'ſt made, in tuneful verſe,
Mourn ſadly o'er their late, loſt patron's hearſe.
Nor would the Mantuan bard, if living, blame
Thy pious zeal, or think thou 'ſt hurt his fame,
Since Addiſon's inimitable lays
Give him an equal title to the bays.

When

When he of armies ſang in lofty ſtrains,
It ſeem'd as if he in the hoſtile plains
Had preſent been; his pen hath to the life
Trac'd every action in the ſanguine ſtrife.
In council now ſedate the chief appears,
Then loudly thunders in Bavarian ears;
And ſtill purſuing the deſtructive theme,
He puſhes them into the rapid ſtream:
Thus beaten out of Blenheim's neighb'ring fields,
The Gallic gen'ral to the victor yields,
Who, as Britannia's Virgil hath obſerv'd,
From threaten'd fate all Europe then preſerv'd.

Nor doſt thou, Ramſay, ſightleſs Milton wrong,
By ought contain'd in thy melodious ſong;
For none but Addie could his thoughts ſublime
So well unriddle, or his myſtic rhyme.
And when he deign'd to let his fancy rove
Where ſun-burnt ſhepherds to the nymphs make love,
No one e'er told in ſofter notes the tales
Of rural pleaſures in the ſpangled vales.

So much, O Allan! I thy lines revere,
Such veneration to his mem'ry bear,
That I no longer could my thanks refrain
For what thou 'ſt ſung of the lamented ſwain.

THE ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

THIRSTING for fame, at the Pierian ſpring,
The poet takes a waught, then 'ſeys to ſing
Nature, and with the tentieſt view to hit
Her bonny ſide with bauldeſt turns of wit.
Streams ſlide in verſe, in verſe the mountains riſe;
When earth turns toom, he rummages the ſkies,
Mounts up beyond them, paints the fields of reſt,
Doups down to viſit ilka lawland ghaiſt.
O heartſome labour! wordy time and pains!
That frae the beſt eſteem and friendſhip gains:
Be that my luck, and let the greedy bike,
Stock-job the warld among them as they like.

In blyth braid Scots allow me, Sir, to ſhaw
My gratitude, but * fleetching or a flaw.
May rowth o' pleaſures light upon you lang,
Till to the bleſt Elyſian bow'rs ye gang,
Wha 've clapt my head ſae brawly for my ſang.
When honour'd Burchet and his maikes are pleas'd
With my corn-pipe, up to the ſtars I 'm heez'd;
Whence

* "But" is frequently uſed for "without;" i. e. without flattering.

Whence far I glowr to the fag-end of time,
And view the warld delighted wi' my rhyme:
That when the pride of ſpruſh new words are laid,
I, like the claſſic authors, ſhall be read.
Stand yond, proud czar, I wadna niffer fame
With thee, for a' thy furs and paughty name.

If ſic great ferlies, Sir, my muſe can do,
As ſpin a three-plait praiſe where it is due,
Frae me there 's nane deſerves it mair than you.
Frae me!—frae ilka ane; for ſure a breaſt
Sae gen'rous is, of a' that 's good poſſeſt!
Till I can ſerve ye mair, I 'll wiſh ye weel,
And aft in ſparkling claret drink your heal;
Minding the mem'ry of the great and good
Sweet Addiſon, the wale of human blood,
Wha fell (as Horace anes ſaid to his billy)
" Nulli flebilior quam tibi Virgili."

1719.

SEVEN FAMILIAR EPISTLES,

WHICH PASSED BETWEEN LIEUT. HAMILTON * AND THE AUTHOR.

EPISTLE I.

GILBERTFIELD, June 26th, 1719.

O FAM'D and celebrated Allan!
Renown'd Ramſay! canty callan!
There 's nowther Highland-man nor Lawlan,
In poetrie,
But may as ſoon ding down Tamtallan †,
As match wi' thee.

For ten times ten, and that 's a hunder,
I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
When frae Parnaſſus thou didſt thunder,
Wi' wit and ſkill;
Wherefore I 'll ſoberly knock under,
And quat my quill.

Of

* For ſome account of this gentleman, ſee the Life of Ramſay prefixed.

† An old caſtle upon the firth of Forth in Eaſt Lothian.

Of poetry the hail quinteſcence
Thou haſt ſuck'd up, left nae excreſcence
To petty poets, or ſic meſſens,
Tho' round thy ſtool
They may pick crumbs, and lear ſome leſſons
At Ramſay's ſchool.

Tho' Ben * and Dryden of renown
Were yet alive in London town,
Like kings contending for a crown,
'Twad be a pingle,
Whilk o' you three wad gar words ſound
And beſt to gingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,
Wer't in my pow'r, but I 'd create
Thee upo' ſight the laureat †
Of this our age,
Since thou may'ſt fairly claim to that
As thy juſt wage.

Let

---

* The celebrated Ben Jonſon.

† Scots Ramſay preſs'd hard, and ſturdily vaunted,
He 'd fight for the laurel before he would want it:
But riſit Apollo, and cry'd, Peace there, old ſtile,
Your wit is obſcure to one half of the iſle.
B. Sess. of Poets.

Let modern poets bear the blame,
Gin they reſpect not Ramſay's name,
Wha ſoon can gar them greet for ſhame,
To their great loſs,
And ſend them a' right ſneaking hame
Be Weeping-croſs.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be wary,
And lear wi' ſkill thy thruſt to parry,
When thou conſults thy dictionary
Of ancient words,
Which come from thy poetic quarry
As ſharp as ſwords.

Now tho' I ſhould baith reel and rottle,
And be as light as Ariſtotle,
At Ed'nburgh we ſall ha'e a bottle
Of reaming claret,
Gin that my half-pay * ſiller ſhottle
Can ſafely ſpare it.

At

* He had held his commiſſion honourably in Lord Hynd-ford's regiment.

And may the ſtars who ſhine aboon,
With honour notice real merit,
Be to my friend auſpicious ſoon,
And cheriſh ay ſae fine a ſpirit.

At crambo then we 'll rack our brain,
Drown ilk dull care and aking pain,
Whilk aften does our ſpirits drain
Of true content;
Woy, woy! but we's be wonder fain,
When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we 'll gargarize our craig,
Then enter in a laſting league,
Free of ill aſpect or intrigue;
And, gin you pleaſe it,
Like princes when met at the Hague,
We 'll ſolemnize it.

Accept of this, and look upon it
With favour, tho' poor I 've done it:
Sae I conclude and end my ſonnet,
Who am moſt fully,
While I do wear a hat or bonnet,

Yours,

WANTON WILLY.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

By this my poſtſcript I incline
To let you ken my hail deſign
Of ſic a long imperfect line
Lies in this ſentence,
To cultivate my dull engine
By your acquaintance.

Your anſwer therefore I expect;
And to your friend you may direct
At Gilbertfield *; do not neglect,
When ye have leiſure,
Which I 'll embrace with great reſpect,
And perfect pleaſure.

---

* Nigh Glaſgow.

ANSWER I.

EDINBURGH, July 10th, 1719.

SONSE fa' me, witty, Wanton Willy,
Gin blyth I was na as a filly;
Not a fou pint, nor ſhort-hought gilly,
Or wine that 's better,
Cou'd pleaſe ſae meikle, my dear Billy,
As thy kind letter.

Before a lord and eik a knight,
In goſſy Don's be candle-light,
There firſt I ſaw 't, and ca'd it right,
And the maiſt feck
Wha 's ſeen 't ſinſyne, they ca'd as tight
As that on Heck.

Ha, heh! thought I, I canna ſay
But I may cock my noſe the day,
When Hamilton the bauld and gay
Lends me a heezy,
In verſe that ſlides ſae ſmooth away,
Well tell'd and eaſy.

Sae

Sae roos'd by ane of well-kend mettle,
Nae ſma' did my ambition pettle,
My canker'd critics it will nettle,
And e'en ſae be 't:
This month I 'm ſure I winna ſettle,
Sae proud I 'm wi't.

When I begoud firſt to cun verſe,
And cou'd your Ardry whins * rehearſe,
Where Bonny Heck ran faſt and fierce,
It warm'd my breaſt;
Then emulation did me pierce,
Whilk ſince ne'er ceaſt.

May I be licket wi' a bittle,
Gin of your numbers I think little,
Ye 're never rugget, ſhan, nor kittle,
But blyth and gabby,
And hit the ſpirit to a tittle
Of ſtandart Habby †.

Ye 'll

---

* The laſt words of "Bonny Heck," of which he was the author. It is printed in a Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, by Watſon, Edinburgh, 1706.

† The elegy on Habby Simpſon, piper of Kilbarchan; a finiſhed piece of its kind, which was printed in the ſame Choice Collection.

Ye 'll quat your quill!—that were ill, Willy,
Ye's ſing ſome mair yet nill ye will ye,
O'er meikle haining wad but ſpill ye,
And gar ye four;
Then up and war them a' yet, Willy,
'Tis in your pow'r.

To knit up dollars in a clout,
And then to card them round about,
Syne to tell up, they downa lout
To lift the gear;
The maliſon lights on that rout,
Is plain and clear.

The chiels of London, Cam, and Ox,
Ha'e rais'd up great poetic ſtocks
Of Rapes, of Buckets, Sarks, and Locks,
While we neglect
To ſhaw their betters; this provokes
Me to reflect

On the lear'd days of Gawn Dunkell *;
Our country then a tale cou'd tell,
Europe

* Gawn Douglaſs, the brother of the earl of Angus, the biſhop of Dunkell, who, beſides ſeveral original poems, hath left a moſt exact tranſlation of Virgil's Æneis into the Scotiſh language of his age: he died in 1522.

Europe had nane mair ſnack and ſnell
At verſe or proſe:
Our kings * were poets too themſell,
Bauld and jocoſe.

To Ed'nburgh, Sir, whene'er ye come,
I 'll wait upon ye, there 's my thumb,
Were 't frae the gill-bells to the drum †,
And tak' a bout,
And faith I hope we 'll not ſit dumb,
Nor yet caſt out.

---

* James the Firſt, and Fifth.

† From half an hour before twelve at noon, when the muſic-bells begin to play, (frequently called the gill-bells, from people's taking a whetting dram at that time,) to the drum at ten o'clock at night, when the drum goes round to warn ſober folks to call for a bill.

EPISTLE II.

GILBERTFIELD, July 24th, 1719.

DEAR RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind epiſtle,
It made me dance, and ſing, and whiſtle;
O ſic a ſike and ſic a fiſtle
I had about it!
That e'er was knight of the Scots thiſtle *
Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny lines therein thou ſent me,
How to the nines they did content me;
Tho', Sir, ſae high to compliment me
Ye might deferr'd,
For had ye but haff well a kent me,
Some leſs wad ſer'd.

With

* The ancient and moſt noble order of knighthood, inſtituted by king Achaius, and renewed by James VII. The ordinary enſign, worn by the knights of the order, is a green ribband, to which is appended a thiſtle of gold crowned with an imperial crown, within a circle of gold, with this motto, "Nemo "me impune laceſſet."

With joyfu' heart beyond expreſſion,
They 're ſafely now in my poſſeſſion:
O gin I were a winter ſeſſion
Near by thy lodging,
I 'd cloſe attend thy new profeſſion,
Without e'er budging.

In even down earneſt, there 's but few
To vie with Ramſay dare avow,
In verſe, for to gi'e thee thy due,
And without fleetching,
Thou 's better at that trade, I trow,
Than ſome 's at preaching *.

For my part, till I 'm better lear't,
To troke with thee I 'd beſt forbear 't,
For an' the fouk of Ed'nburgh hear 't,
They 'll ca' me daft;
I 'm unco' iri, and dirt feart
I mak' wrang waft.

Thy verſes nice as ever nicket,
Made me as canty as a cricket;

I ergh

* This compliment is entirely free of the fulſome hyperbole.

I ergh to reply, leſt I ſtick it ;
Syne like a coof
I look, or ane whoſe pouch is pickit
As bare 's my loof.

Heh winſom ! how thy ſaft ſweet ſtyle,
And bonny auld words gar me ſmile ;
Thou 's travell'd ſure mony a mile
Wi' charge and coſt,
To learn them thus keep rank and file,
And ken their poſt.

For I man tell thee, honeſt Allie,
(I uſe the freedom ſo to call thee,)
I think them a' ſae braw and walie,
And in ſic order,
I wad nae care to be thy vallie,
Or thy recorder.

Has thou with Roſicrucians * wandert,
Or thro' ſome doncie deſart dandert ?

That

* A people deeply learned in the occult ſciences, who converſed with aerial beings : gentlemanlike kind of necromancers, or ſo.

That with thy magic, town and landart,
For ought I ſee,
Man a' come truckle to thy ſtandart
Of poetrie.

Do not miſtake me, deareſt heart,
As if I charg'd thee with black art;
'Tis thy good genius, ſtill alert,
That does inſpire
Thee with ilk thing that 's quick and ſmart
To thy deſire.

E'en mony a bonny nacky tale
Bra to ſit o'er a pint of ale:
For fifty guineas I 'll find bail
Againſt a bodle,
That I wad quat ilk day a meal
For ſic a nodle.

And on condition I were as gabby
As either thee or honeſt Habby,
That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,
Or velvet pluſh,
And then thou 'd be ſae far frae ſhabby,
Thou 'd look right ſpruſh.

What

What tho' young empty airy ſparks
May have their critical remarks
On thir my blyth diverting warks;
'Tis ſma preſumption,
To ſay they 're but unlearned clarks,
And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb critics get a tether
To tye up a' their lang looſe leather;
If they and I chance to forgether,
The tane may rue it;
For an they winna had their blether,
They's get a flewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry
In ſecret drolls 'twixt thee and I,
Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,
And ca' them ſkellums;
I 'm ſure thou needs ſet little by
To bide their bellums.

Wi' writing I 'm ſae bleirt and doited,
That when I raiſe, in troth I ſtoited;
I thought I ſhou'd turn capernoited,
For wi' a gird,
Upon my bum I fairly cloited
On the cald eard;

Which

Which did oblige a little dumple
Upon my doup, cloſe by my rumple:
But had ye ſeen how I did trumple,
Ye 'd ſplit your ſide,
Wi' mony a lang and weary wimple,
Like trough of Clyde.

ANSWER II.

EDINBURGH, Auguſt 4th, 1719.

DEAR Hamilton, ye 'll turn me dyver.
My muſe ſae bonny ye deſcrive her;
Ye blaw her ſae, I 'm fear'd ye rive her,
For wi' a whid,
Gin ony higher up ye drive her,
She 'll rin red-wood *.

Said I.—" Whiſht," quoth the vougy Jade,
" William 's a wiſe judicious lad,
" Has havins mair than e'er ye had,
" Ill-bred bog-ſtaker †;
" But me ye ne'er ſae crouſe had craw'd,
" Ye poor ſcull-thacker ‡.

" It

---

* Run diſtracted.

† The muſe, not unreaſonably angry, puts me here in mind of the favours ſhe has done, by bringing me from ſtalking over bogs or wild marſhes, to lift my head a little briſker among the polite world, which could never have been acquired by the low movements of a mechanic.

‡ Thatcher of ſkulls.

" It ſets ye well indeed to gadge * !
" Ere I t' Apollo did ye cadge,
" And got ye on his Honour's badge,
" Ungratefu' beaſt !
" A Glaſgow capon and a fadge †
" Ye thought a feaſt.

" Swith to Caſtalius' fountain brink,
" Dad down a grouf ‡, and tak' a drink,
" Syne whiſk out paper, pen, and ink,
" And do my bidding :
" Be thankfou, elſe I'ſe gar ye ſtink
" Yet on a midding."

My miſtreſs dear, your ſervant humble,
Said I, I ſhou'd be laith to drumble
Your

---

* Ironically ſhe ſays, It becomes me mighty well to talk haughtily, and affront my benefactreſs, by alleging ſo meanly, that it were poſſible to praiſe her out of her ſolidity.

† A herring, and a coarſe kind of leavened bread uſed by the common people.

‡ Fall flat on your belly.

Your paſſions, or e'er gar ye grumble;
'Tis ne'er be me
Shall ſcandalize, or ſay ye bummil
Ye'r poetrie.

Frae what I 've tell'd, my friend may learn
How ſadly I ha'e been forfairn,
I 'd better been ayont ſide Cairn-
amount *, I trow;
I 've kiſs'd the taz †, like a good bairn.
Now, Sir, to you:

Heal be your heart, gay couthy carle,
Lang may ye help to toom a barrel;
Be thy crown ay unclowr'd in quarrel,
When thou inclines
To knoit thrawn-gabbit ſumphs that ſnarl
At our frank lines.

Ilk good chiel ſays, ye 're well worth gowd,
And blythneſs on ye 's well beſtow'd,
'Mang witty Scots ye'r name 's be row'd,
Ne'er

* A noted hill in Kincardineſhire.

† Kiſſed the rod; owned my fault like a good child.

Ne'er fame to tine;
The crooked clinkers ſhall be cow'd *,
But ye ſhall ſhine.

Set out the burnt ſide of your ſhin †,
For pride in poets is nae ſin;
Glory 's the prize for which they rin,
And fame 's their jo;
And wha blaws beſt the horn ſhall win:
And wharefore no?

Quiſquis vocabit nos vain-glorious,
Shaws ſcanter ſkill than malos mores,
Multi et magni men before us
Did ſtamp and ſwagger;
Probatum eſt exemplum, Horace
Was a bauld bragger.

Then let the doofarts, faſh'd wi' ſpleen,
Caſt up the wrang ſide of their een,

Pegh,

---

* The ſcribbling rhymers, with their lame verſification, ſhall be cow'd, i. e. ſhorn off.

† As if one would ſay, "Walk ſtately with your toes out." An expreſſion uſed when we would bid a perſon (merrily) look briſk.

Pegh, fry, and girn, wi' ſpite and teen,
And fa' a flyting;
Laugh, for the lively lads will ſcreen
Us frae back-biting.

If that the gypſies dinna ſpung us,
And foreign whiſkers ha'e na dung us;
Gin I can ſnifter thro' mundungus,
Wi' boots and belt on,
I hope to ſee you at St. Mungo's *,
Atween and beltan.

---

* The high church of Glaſgow.

EPISTLE III.

GILBERTFIELD, Auguſt 24th, 1719.

ACCEPT my third and laſt eſſay
Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,
Bright Ramſay, and altho' it may
Seem doilt and donſie,
Yet thrice of all things, I heard ſay,
Was ay right ſonſie.

Wharefore I ſcarce cou'd ſleep or ſlumber,
Till I made up that happy number:
The pleaſure counterpois'd the cumber
In every part,
And ſnoovt away * like three-hand ombre,
Sixpence a cart.

Of thy laſt poem, bearing date
Auguſt the fourth, I grant receipt;
It was ſae braw, gart me look blate,
'Maiſt tyne my ſenſes,
And look juſt like poor country Kate,
In Lucky Spence's †.

I ſhaw'd

* Whirl'd ſmoothly round. "Snooving" always expreſſes the action of a top or ſpindle, &c.

† Vide Elegy on Lucky Spence, vol. i. p. 301.

I ſhaw'd it to our pariſh prieſt,
Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feaſt;
He ſays, thou may had up thy creeſt,
And craw fu' crouſe,
The poets a' to thee 's but jeſt,
Not worth a ſouſe.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muſe,
Of compliments is ſae profuſe,
For my good havins dis me rooſe
Sae very finely,
It were ill breeding to refuſe
To thank her kindly.

What tho' ſometimes, in angry mood,
When ſhe puts on her barlichood,
Her dialect ſeem rough and rude,
Let 's ne'er be fleet,
But tak our bit, when it is good,
And buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
And dinna cawmly thole her banter,
She 'll tak' the flings *, verſe may grow ſcanter;
Syne wi' great ſhame
We 'll rue the day that we do want her;
Then wha 's to blame?

But

* Turn ſullen, reſtive, and kick.

But let us ſtill her kindneſs culzie,
And wi' her never breed a tulzie,
For we 'll bring aff but little ſpulzie
In ſic a barter;
And ſhe 'll be fair to gar us fulzie,
And cry for quarter.

Sae little worth 's my rhyming ware,
My pack I ſcarce dare apen mair,
'Till I tak' better wi' the lair,
My pen 's ſae blunted;
And a' for fear I file the fair *,
And be affronted.

The dull draff-drink † makes me ſae dowff,
A' I can do 's but bark and yowff;
Yet ſet me in a claret howff,
Wi' ſouk that 's chancy,
My muſe may lend me then a gowff
To clear my fancy.

Then Bacchus-like I 'd bawl and bluſter,
And a' the muſes 'bout me muſter;

Sae

* This phraſe is uſed when one attempts to do what is handſome, and is affronted by not doing it right:—not a reaſonable fear in him.

† Heavy malt-liquor.

Sae merrily I 'd ſqueeze the cluſter,
And drink the grape,
'Twad gi'e my verſe a brighter luſtre,
And better ſhape.

The pow'rs aboon be ſtill auſpicious
To thy atchievements maiſt delicious;
Thy poems ſweet, and nae way vicious,
But blyth and canny,
To ſee I 'm anxious and ambitious,
Thy Miſcellany.

A' bleſſings *, Ramſay, on thee row;
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,
Until thou claw an auld man's pow;
And thro' thy creed,
Be keeped frae the wirricow,
After thou 's dead.

---

* All this verſe is a ſuccinct cluſter of kind wiſhes, elegantly expreſſed, with a friendly ſpirit; to which I take the liberty to add, Amen.

ANSWER III.

EDINBURGH, Sept. 2, 1719.

MY TRUSTY TROJAN,

THY laſt oration orthodox,
Thy innocent auld farren jokes,
And ſonſy ſaw of three, provokes
Me anes again,
Tod lowrie like *, to looſe my pocks,
And pump my brain.

By a' your letters I ha'e read,
I eithly ſcan the man well-bred,
And ſoger that, where honour led,
Has ventur'd bauld;
Wha now to youngſters leaves the yed,
To 'tend his fauld †.

That bang'ſter billy, Cæſar July,
Wha at Pharſalia wan the tooly,
Had

* Like Reynard the fox, to betake myſelf to ſome more of my wiles.

† Leaves the martial contention, and retires to a country life.

Had better ſped had he mair hooly
Scamper'd thro' life,
And 'midſt his glories ſheath'd his gooly,
And kiſs'd his wife.

Had he, like you, as well he cou'd *,
Upon burn banks the muſes woo'd,
Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the crowd,
Wha 'd been aboon him,
The ſenate's durks, and faction loud,
Had ne'er undone him.

Yet ſometimes leave the riggs and bog,
Your howms, and braes, and ſhady ſcrog,
And helm-a-lee the claret cog,
To clear your wit:
Be blyth, and let the warld e'en ſhog
As it thinks fit.

Ne'er faſh about your neiſt year's ſtate,
Nor with ſuperior pow'rs debate,
Nor cantrapes caſt to ken your fate;
There 's ills anew
To cram our days, which ſoon grow late;
Let 's live juſt now.

When

* It is well known he could write as well as fight.

When northern blaſts the ocean ſnurl,
And gars the heights and hows look gurl,
Then left about the bumper whirl,
And toom the horn * ;
Grip faſt the hours which haſty hurl,
The morn 's the morn.

Thus to Leuconoe ſang ſweet Flaccus †,
Wha nane e'er thought a gillygacus ;
And why ſhould we let whimſies bawk us,
When joy 's in ſeaſon,
And thole ſae aft the ſpleen to whauk us
Out of our reaſon ?

Tho' I were laird of tenſcore acres,
Nodding to jouks of hallenſhakers ‡,
Yet cruſh'd wi' humdrums, which the weaker's
Contentment

---

* It is frequent in the country to drink beer out of horn cups made in ſhape of a water-glaſs.

† Vide book i. ode 11. of Horace.

‡ A hallen is a fence (built of ſtone, turf, or a moveable flake of heather) at the ſides of the door, in country places, to defend them from the wind. The trembling attendant about a forgetful great man's gate or levee, is alſo expreſſed in the term "hallenſhaker."

Contentment ruins,
I 'd rather rooſt wi' cauſey-rakers,
And ſup cauld ſowens.

I think, my friend, an fowk can get
A doll of roaſt beef piping het,
And wi' red wine their wyſon wet,
And cleathing clean,
And be nae ſick, or drown'd in debt,
They 're no to mean.

I read this verſe to my ain kimmer,
Wha kens I like a leg of gimmer,
Or ſic and ſic good belly timmer:
Quoth ſhe, and leugh,
" Sicker of thae, winter and ſimmer,
" Ye 're well enough."

My hearty goſs, there is nae help,
But hand to nive we twa man ſkelp
Up Rhine and Thames, and o'er the Alp-
pines and Pyrenians.
The cheerfou carles do ſae yelp
To ha'e 's their minions.

Thy raffan rural rhyme ſae rare,
Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail'd ware,

Sae

Sae gaſh and gay, gars fowk gae gare *
To ha'e them by them ;
Tho' gaffin they wi' ſides ſae ſair,
Cry, " Wae gae by him †!"

Fair fa' that ſoger did invent
To eaſe the poet's toil wi' print:
Now, William, we man to the bent,
And pouſs our fortune,
And crack wi' lads wha 're well content
Wi' this our ſporting.

Gin ony four-mou'd girning bucky
Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,
That we, like nags whaſe necks are yucky,
Ha'e us'd our teeth ;
I 'll anſwer fine, Gae kiſs ye'r Lucky ‡,
She dwells i' Leith.

I ne'er

---

* Make people very earneſt.

† It is uſual for many, after a full laugh, to complain of ſore ſides, and to beſtow a kindly curſe on the author of the jeſt: but the folks of more tender conſciences have turned expletives to friendly wiſhes, ſuch as this, or " ſonſe fa' ye," and the like.

‡ Is a cant phraſe, from what riſe I know not ; but it is made uſe of when one thinks it is not worth while to give a direct anſwer, or think themſelves fooliſhly accuſed.

I ne'er wi' lang tales faſh my head,
But when I ſpeak, I ſpeak indeed:
Wha ca's me droll, but ony feed,
I 'll own I am ſae;
And while my champers can chew bread,
Yours,—ALLAN RAMSAY.

AN EPISTLE TO LIEUTENANT HAMILTON,

ON RECEIVING THE COMPLIMENT OF A BARREL OF LOCHFINE HERRINGS FROM HIM.

YOUR herrings, Sir, came hale and feer *,
In healſome brine a' ſoumin,
Fu' fat they are, and guſty gear,
As e'er I laid my thumb on;
Bra ſappy fiſh
As ane cou'd wiſh
To clap on fadge or ſcon;
They reliſh fine
Good claret wine,
That gars our cares ſtand yon.

Right mony gabs wi' them ſhall gang
About Auld Reekie's ingle,
When kedgy carles think nae lang,
When ſtoups and trunchers gingle:
Then my friend leal,
We toſs ye'r heal,

And

* Whole, without the leaſt fault or want.

And with bald brag advance,
What 's hoorded in
Lochs Broom and Fin *
Might ding the ſtocks of France.

A jelly ſum to carry on
A fiſhery 's deſign'd †,
Twa million good of ſterling pounds,
By men of money 's ſign'd.
Had ye but ſeen
How unco keen
And thrang they were about it,
That we are bald,
Right rich, and ald-
farran, ye ne'er wad doubted.

Now, now, I hope, we 'll ding the Dutch,
As fine as a round-robin,
Gin greedineſs to grow ſoon rich
Invites not to ſtock-jobbing:
That poor boſs ſhade
Of ſinking trade,

And

* Two lochs on the weſtern ſeas, where plenty of herrings are taken.

† The royal fiſhery; ſucceſs to which is the wiſh and hope of every good man.

And weather-glaſs politic,
Which heaves and ſets
As public gets
A heezy, or a wee kick.

Fy, fy !—but yet I hope 'tis daft
To fear that trick come hither ;
Na, we 're aboon that dirty craft
Of biting ane anither.
The ſubject rich
Will gi' a hitch
T' increaſe the public gear,
When on our ſeas,
Like biſy bees,
Ten thouſand fiſhers ſteer.

Could we catch th' united ſhoals
That crowd the weſtern ocean,
The Indies would prove hungry holes,
Compar'd to this our Goſhen :
Then let 's to wark
With net and bark,
Them fiſh and faithfu' cure up ;
Gin ſae we join,
We 'll cleek in coin
Frae a' the ports of Europe.

Thanks t' ye, Captain, for this ſwatch
Of our ſtore, and your favour;
Gin I be ſpar'd, your love to match
Shall ſtill be my endeavour.
Next unto you,
My ſervice due
Pleaſe gi'e to Matthew Cumin *,
Wha with fair heart
Has play'd his part,
And ſent them true and trim in.

---

* Merchant in Glaſgow, and one of the late magiſtrates of that city

1721.

TO THE MUSIC CLUB.

ERE on old Shinar's plain the fortreſs roſe,
Rear'd by thoſe giants who durſt heav'n oppoſe,
An univerſal language mankind us'd,
Till daring crimes brought accents more confus'd;
Diſcord and jar for puniſhment were hurl'd
On hearts and tongues of the rebellious world.

The primar ſpeech with notes harmonious clear,
(Tranſporting thought!) gave pleaſure to the ear:
Then muſic in its full perfection ſhin'd,
When man to man melodious ſpoke his mind.

As when a richly-fraughted fleet is loſt
In rolling deeps, far from the ebbing coaſt,
Down many fathoms of the liquid maſs,
The artiſt dives in ark of oak or braſs;
Snatches ſome ingots of Peruvian ore,
And with his prize rejoicing makes the ſhore:
Oft this attempt is made, and much they find;
They ſwell in wealth, tho' much is left behind.

Amphion's ſons, with minds elate and bright,
Thus plunge th' unbounded ocean of delight,
And daily gain new ſtores of pleaſing ſounds,
To glad the earth, fixing to ſpleen its bounds;
While vocal tubes and conſort ſtrings engage
To ſpeak the dialect of the golden age.
Then you, whoſe ſymphony of ſouls proclaim
Your kin to heav'n, add to your country's fame,
And ſhew that muſic may have as good fate
In Albion's glens, as Umbria's green retreat;
And with Correlli's ſoft Italian ſong
Mix "Cowdenknows," and "Winter nights are
"long:"
Nor ſhould the martial "Pibrough" be deſpis'd;
Own'd and refin'd by you, theſe ſhall the more be
priz'd.

Each raviſh'd ear extols your heav'nly art,
Which ſoothes our care, and elevates the heart;
Whilſt hoarſer ſounds the martial ardours move,
And liquid notes invite to ſhades and love.

Hail! ſafe reſtorer of diſtemper'd minds,
That with delight the raging paſſions binds;
Extatic concord, only baniſh'd hell,
Moſt perfect where the perfect beings dwell.
Long may our youth attend thy charming rites,
Long may they reliſh thy tranſported ſweets.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. JAMES ARBUCKLE;

DESCRIBING THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURGH, January 1719.

As errant knight, with ſword and piſtol,
Beſtrides his ſteed with mighty fiſtle;
Then ſtands ſome time in jumbled ſwither,
To ride in this road, or that ither;
At laſt ſpurs on, and diſna care for
A how, a what way, or a wherefore.

Or like extemporary quaker,
Waſting his lungs, t' enlighten weaker
Lanthorns of clay, where light is wanting,
With formleſs phraſe, and formal canting;
While Jacob Bœhmen's * ſalt does ſeaſon,
And ſaves his thought frae corrupt reaſon,
Gowling aloud with motions queereſt,
Yerking thoſe words out which lye neareſt.

Thus

* The Teutonic philoſopher, who wrote volumes of unintelligible enthuſiaſtic bombaſt.

Thus I (no longer to illuſtrate
With ſimiles, leſt I ſhould fruſtrate
Deſign laconic of a letter,
With heap of language, and no matter,)
Bang'd up my blyth auld-faſhion'd whiſtle,
To ſowf ye o'er a ſhort epiſtle,
Without rule, compaſſes, or charcoal,
Or ſerious ſtudy in a dark hole.
Three times I ga'e the muſe a rug,
Then bit my nails, and claw'd my lug;
Still heavy—at the laſt my noſe
I prim'd with an inſpiring doſe *,
Then did ideas dance (dear ſafe us!)
As they 'd been daft.—Here ends the preface.

Good Mr. James Arbuckle, Sir,
(That 's merchants' ſtyle as clean as fir,)
Ye 're welcome back to Caledonie †,
Lang life and thriving light upon ye,
Harveſt, winter, ſpring, and ſummer,
And ay keep up your heartſome humour,
That ye may thro' your lucky taſk go,
Of bruſhing up our ſiſter Glaſgow;

Where

---

* Vide Mr. Arbuckle's Poem on Snuff.

† Having been in his native Ireland, viſiting his friends.

Where lads are dext'rous at improving,
And docile laſſes fair and loving:
But never tent theſe fellows' girning,
Wha wear their faces ay in mourning,
And frae pure dulneſs are malicious,
Terming ilk turn that 's witty, vicious.

Now, Jamie, in neiſt place, ſecundo,
To give you what 's your due in mundo;
That is to ſay in hame-o'er phraſes,
To tell ye, men of mettle praiſes
Ilk verſe of yours, when they can light on 't,
And trouth I think they 're in the right on 't;
For there 's ay ſomething ſae auld-farran,
Sae ſlid, ſae unconſtrain'd, and darin,
In ilka ſample we have ſeen yet,
That little better here has been yet:
Sae much for that.—My friend Arbuckle,
I ne'er afore roos'd ane ſo muckle:
Fauſe flatt'ry nane but fools will tickle,
That gars me hate it like auld Nicol:
But when ane 's of his merit conſcious,
He 's in the wrang, when prais'd, that glunſhes.

Thirdly, not tether'd to connection,
But rattling by inſpir'd direction,
Whenever fame, with voice like thunder,
Sets up a chield a warld's wonder,

Either

Either for flaſhing fowk to dead,
Or having wind-mills in his head,
Or poet, or an airy beau,
Or ony twa-legg'd rary-ſhow,
They wha have never ſeen 't are biſſy
To ſpeer what like a carlie is he.

Imprimis then, for tallneſs, I
Am five foot and four inches high;
A black-a-vic'd ſnod dapper fallow,
Nor lean, nor over-laid wi' tallow;
With phiz of a Morocco cut,
Reſembling a late man of wit,
Auld gabbet Spec *, wha was ſae cunning
To be a dummie ten years running.

Then for the fabric of my mind,
'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd:
I rather chooſe to laugh at folly,
Than ſhew diſlike by melancholy;
Well judging a four heavy face
Is not the trueſt mark of grace.

I hate

* The Spectator; who gives us a fictitious deſcription of his ſhort face and taciturnity; that he had been eſteemed a dumb man for ten years.

I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I 'm nae fae to wine and mutton:
Great tables ne'er engag'd my wiſhes,
When crowded with o'er mony diſhes;
A healthfu' ſtomach ſharply ſet
Prefers a back-ſey piping het.

I never cou'd imagine 't vicious
Of a fair fame to be ambitious:
Proud to be thought a comic poet,
And let a judge of numbers know it,
I court occaſion thus to ſhew it.

Second of thirdly, pray take heed,
Ye's get a ſhort ſwatch of my creed.
To follow method negatively,
Ye ken, takes place of poſitively:
Well then, I 'm nowther whig nor tory *,
Nor credit give to Purgatory;

Tranſub.,

* Ramſay was a zealous tory from principle. But he was much careſſed by Baron Clerk and other gentlemen of oppoſite principles, which made him outwardly affect neutrality. His "Viſion," and "Tale of Three Bonnets," are ſufficient proofs of his zeal as an old Jacobite: but, wiſhing to diſguiſe himſelf, he publiſhed this, and the "Eagle and Redbreaſt," as ancient poems, and with the fictitious ſignature of "A. R. Scot;" whence they are generally attributed to an

Tranſub., Loretta-houſe, and mae tricks,
As prayers to ſaints Katties and Patricks;
Nor Aſgilite *, nor Beſs Clarkſonian †,
Nor Mountaineer ‡, nor Mugletonian §;
Nor can believe, ant's nae great ferly,
In Cotmoor fowk and Andrew Harlay ‖.

Neiſt,

---

an old poet, Alexander Scot, of whoſe compoſition there are ſeveral pieces in the collection publiſhed by Ramſay, called "The Evergreen."

* Mr. Aſgil, a late member of parliament, advanced (whether in jeſt or earneſt I know not) ſome very whimſical opinions; particularly, that people need not die if they pleaſed, but be tranſlated alive to heaven like Enoch and Elijah.

† Beſſy Clarkſon, a Lanarkſhire woman. Vide the hiſtory of her life and principles.

‡ Our wild folks, who always prefer a hill ſide to a church under any civil authority.

§ A kind of quakers, ſo called from one Mugleton. See Leſlie's Snake in the Graſs.

‖ A family or two who had a particular religion of their own, valued themſelves on uſing vain repetitions in prayers of ſix or ſeven hours long: were pleaſed with miniſters of no kind. Andrew Harlaw, a dull fellow of no education, was head of the party.

Neiſt, Anti-Toland, Blunt, and Whiſton,
Know poſitively I 'm a Chriſtian,
Believing truths and thinking free,
Wiſhing thrawn parties wad agree.

Say, wad ye ken my gate of ſending,
My income, management, and ſpending?
Born to nae lairdſhip, (mair 's the pity!)
Yet deniſon of this fair city;
I make what honeſt ſhift I can,
And in my ain houſe am good-man,
Which ſtands on Edinburgh's ſtreet the ſun-ſide:
I theck the out, and line the inſide
Of mony a douſe and witty paſh,
And baith ways gather in the caſh;
Thus heartily I graze and beau it,
And keep my wife ay great wi' poet:
Contented I have ſic a ſkair,
As does my buſineſs to a hair;
And fain wad prove to ilka Scot,
That poortith 's no the poet's lot.

Fourthly and laſtly baith togither,
Pray let us ken when ye come hither;
There 's mony a canty carle and me
Wad be much comforted to ſee ye:
But if your outward be refractory,
Send us your inward manufactory,

That

That when we 're kedgy o'er our claret,
We correſpond may with your ſpirit.

Accept of my kind wiſhes, with
The ſame to Dons Butler, and Smith;
Health, wit, and joy, ſauls large and free,
Be a' your fates:—ſae God be wi' ye.

1721.

TO THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE.

DALHOUSIE of an auld deſcent,
My chief, my ſtoup, and ornament,
For entertainment a wee while,
Accept this ſonnet with a ſmile.
Setting great Horace in my view,
He to Mæcenas, I to you;
But that my muſe may ſing with eaſe,
I 'll keep or drap him as I pleaſe.

How differently are fowk inclin'd,
There 's hardly twa of the ſame mind!
Some like to ſtudy, ſome to play,
Some on the Links to win the day,
And gar the courſer rin like wood,
A' drappin down with ſweat and blood:
The winner ſyne aſſumes a look
Might gain a monarch or a duke.
Neiſt view the man with pawky face
Has mounted to a faſhious place,
Inclin'd by an o'er-ruling fate,
He 's pleas'd with his uneaſy ſtate;

Glowr'd

Glowr'd at a while, he gangs fou braw,
Till frae his kittle poſt he fa'.

The Lothian farmer he likes beſt
To be of good faugh riggs poſſeſt,
And ſen upon a frugal ſtock,
Where his forbeairs had us'd the yoke;
Nor is he fond to leave his wark,
And venture in a rotten bark,
Syne unto far aff countries ſteer,
On tumbling waves to gather gear.

The merchant wreck'd upon the main,
Swears he 'll ne'er venture on 't again;
That he had rather live on cakes,
And ſhyreſt ſwats, with landart maiks,
As rin the riſk by ſtorms to have,
When he is dead, a living grave.
But ſeas turn ſmooth, and he grows fain,
And fairly takes his word again,
Tho' he ſhou'd to the bottom ſink,
Of poverty he downa think.

Some like to laugh their time away,
To dance while pipes or fiddles play;
And have nae ſenſe of ony want,
As lang as they can drink and rant.

The rattling drum and trumpet's tout
Delight young ſwankies that are ſtout;
What his kind frighted mother ugs,
Is muſic to the ſoger's lugs.

The hunter with his hounds and hawks
Bangs up before his wife awakes;
Nor ſpeers gin ſhe has ought to ſay,
But ſcours o'er highs and hows a' day,
Thro moſs and moor, nor does he care
Whether the day be foul or fair,
If he his truſty hounds can cheer
To hunt the tod or drive the deer.

May I be happy in my lays,
And won a laſting wreath of bays,
Is a' my wiſh; well pleas'd to ſing
Beneath a tree, or by a ſpring,
While lads and laſſes on the mead
Attend my Caledonian reed,
And with the ſweeteſt notes rehearſe
My thoughts, and reeſe me for my verſe.

If you, my Lord, claſs me amang
Thoſe who have ſung baith ſaft and ſtrang,
Of ſmiling love, or doughty deed,
To ſtarns ſublime I 'll lift my head.

1721.

TO MR. AIKMAN.

'Tis granted, Sir, pains may be ſpar'd
Your merit to ſet forth,
When there 's ſae few wha claim regard,
That diſna ken your worth.

Yet poets give immortal fame
To mortals that excel,
Which if neglected they 're to blame;
But you 've done that yourſell.

While frae originals of yours
Fair copies ſhall be tane,
And fix'd on braſs to buſk our bow'rs,
Your mem'ry ſhall remain.

To your ain deeds the maiſt deny'd,
Or of a taſte o'er fine,
May be ye 're but o'er right, afraid
To ſink in verſe like mine.

The

The laſt can ne'er the reaſon prove,
Elſe wherefore with good will
Do ye my nat'ral lays approve,
And help me up the hill?

By your aſſiſtance unconſtrain'd,
To courts I can repair,
And by your art my way I 've gain'd
To cloſets of the fair.

Had I a muſe like lofty Pope,
For tow'ring numbers fit,
Then I th' ingenious mind might hope
In trueſt light to hit.

But comic tale, and ſonnet ſlee,
Are caſten for my ſhare,
And if in theſe I bear the gree,
I 'll think it very fair.

1721.

TO SIR WILLIAM BENNET.

WHILE now in diſcord giddy changes reel,
And ſome are rack'd about on fortune's wheel,
You, with undaunted ſtalk and brow ſerene,
May trace your groves, and preſs the dewy green;
No guilty twangs your manly joys to wound,
Or horrid dreams to make your ſleep unſound.

To ſuch as you who can mean care deſpiſe,
Nature 's all beautiful 'twixt earth and ſkies.
Not hurried with the thirſt of unjuſt gain,
You can delight yourſelf on hill or plain,
Obſerving when thoſe tender ſprouts appear,
Which crowd with fragrant ſweets the youthful year.
Your lovely ſcenes of Marlefield abound
With as much choice as is in Britain found:
Here faireſt plants from nature's boſom ſtart
From ſoil prolific, ſerv'd with curious art;
Here oft the heedful gazer is beguil'd,
And wanders thro' an artificial wild,

While

While native flow'ry green, and cryſtal ſtrands,
Appear the labours of ingenious hands.

Moſt happy he who can theſe ſweets enjoy
With taſte refin'd, which does not eaſy cloy.
Not ſo plebeian ſouls, whom ſporting fate
Thruſts into life upon a large eſtate,
While ſpleen their weak imagination ſours,
They 're at a loſs how to employ their hours:
The ſweeteſt plants which faireſt gardens ſhow
Are loſt to them, for them unheeded grow:
Such purblind eyes ne'er view the ſon'rous page,
Where ſhine the raptures of poetic rage;
Nor thro' the microſcope can take delight
T' obſerve the tuſks and briſtles of a mite;
Nor by the lengthen'd tube learn to deſcry
Thoſe ſhining worlds which roll around the ſky.
Bid ſuch read hiſt'ry to improve their ſkill,
Polite excuſe! their memories are ill:
Moll's maps may in their dining-rooms make ſhow,
But their contents they 're not oblig'd to know;
And gen'rous friendſhip 's out of ſight too fine,
They think it only means a glaſs of wine.

But he whoſe cheerful mind hath higher flown,
And adds learn'd thoughts of others to his own;

Has ſeen the world, and read the volume Man,
And can the ſprings and ends of action ſcan;
Has fronted death in ſervice of his king,
And drunken deep of the Caſtalian ſpring;
This man can live, and happieſt life 's his due;
Can be a friend—a virtue known to view;
Yet all ſuch virtues ſtrongly ſhine in you.

1721.

TO A FRIEND AT FLORENCE *.

Your ſteady impulſe foreign climes to view,
To ſtudy nature, and what art can ſhew,
I now approve, while my warm fancy walks
O'er Italy, and with your genius talks;
We trace, with glowing breaſt and piercing look,
The curious gall'ry of th' illuſtrious duke,
Where all thoſe maſters of the arts divine,
With pencils, pens, and chiſſels greatly ſhine,
Immortalizing the Auguſtan age,
On medals, canvas, ſtone, or written page.
Profiles and buſts originals expreſs,
And antique ſcrolls, old ere we knew the preſs.
For 's love to ſcience, and each virtuous Scot,
May days unnumber'd be great Coſmus' lot!

The

* Mr. Smibert, a painter. Mr. Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," characteriſes him as an ingenious artiſt, and a modeſt worthy man. He died at Boſton, in New England, in 1751. Allan Ramſay, the painter, was a ſcholar of Smibert's.

The ſweet Heſperian fields you 'll next explore,
'Twixt Arno's banks and Tiber's fertile ſhore.
Now, now I wiſh my organs could keep pace,
With my fond muſe and you theſe plains to trace;
We 'd enter Rome with an uncommon taſte,
And feed our minds on every famous waſte;
Amphitheatres, columns, royal tombs,
Triumphal arches, ruins of vaſt domes,
Old aerial aqueducts, and ſtrong-pav'd roads,
Which ſeem to 've been not wrought by men but gods.

Theſe view'd, we 'd then ſurvey with utmoſt care
What modern Rome produces fine or rare;
Where buildings riſe with all the ſtrength of art,
Proclaiming their great architect's deſert.
Which citron ſhades ſurround and jeſſamin,
And all the ſoul of Raphael ſhines within.
Then we 'd regale our ears with ſounding notes
Which warble tuneful thro' the beardleſs throats,
Join'd with the vibrating harmonious ſtrings,
And breathing tubes, while the ſoft eunuch ſings.

Of all thoſe dainties take a hearty meal;
But let your reſolution ſtill prevail:
Return, before your pleaſure grow a toil,
To longing friends, and your own native ſoil:
Preſerve your health, your virtue ſtill improve,
Hence you 'll invite protection from above.

1721.

TO R. H. B.

O B——! cou'd theſe fields of thine
Bear, as in Gaul, the juicy vine,
How ſweet the bonny grape wou'd ſhine
On wau 's where now,
Your apricots and peaches fine
Their branches bow.

Since human life is but a blink,
Why ſhould we then its ſhort joys ſink?
He diſna live that canna link
The glaſs about,
When warm'd with wine, like men we think,
And grow mair ſtout.

The cauldrife carlies clog'd wi' care,
Wha gathering gear gang hyt and gare,
If ram'd wi' red, they rant and rair,
Like mirthfu' men,
It ſoothly ſhaws them they can ſpare
A rowth to ſpend.

What

What ſoger, when with wine he 's bung,
Did e'er complain he had been dung,
Or of his toil, or empty ſpung ?
Na, o'er his glaſs,
Nought but braw deeds employ his tongue,
Or ſome ſweet laſs.

Yet trouth 'tis proper we ſhould ſtint
Ourſells to a freſh mod'rate pint,
Why ſhou'd we the blyth bleſſing mint
To waſte or ſpill,
Since aften when our reaſon 's tint,
We may do ill.

Let 's ſet theſe hair-brain'd fowk in view,
That when they 're ſtupid, mad, and fow,
Do brutal deeds, which aft they rue
For a' their days,
Which frequently prove very few
To ſuch as theſe.

Then let us grip our bliſs mair ſicker.
And tap our heal and ſprightly liquor,
Which ſober tane, makes wit the quicker,
And ſenſe mair keen,
While graver heads that 's muckle thicker
Grane wi' the ſpleen.

May

May ne'er ſic wicked fumes ariſe
In me, ſhall break a' ſacred ties,
And gar me like a fool deſpiſe,
With ſtiffneſs rude,
Whatever my beſt friends adviſe,
Tho' ne'er ſo gude.

'Tis beſt then to evite the ſin
Of bending till our ſauls gae blin,
Leſt, like our glaſs, our breaſts grow thin,
And let fowk peep
At ilka ſecret hid within,
That we ſhould keep.

1721.

TO MR. JOSEPH MITCHELL,

ON THE SUCCESSFUL REPRESENTATION OF A TRAGEDY *.

But jealouſy, dear Joſ. which aft gives pain
To ſcrimpit ſauls, I own myſelf right vain
To ſee a native truſty friend of mine
Sae brawly 'mang our bleezing billies ſhine.
Yes, wherefore no, ſhaw them the frozen north
Can tow'ring minds with heav'nly heat bring forth:

Minds

* The piece here alluded to was "Fatal Extravagance," a Tragedy, 1721; which Mitchell himſelf afterwards avowed to have been written by Aaron Hill, Eſq. who, with a generoſity peculiar to himſelf, allowed this author, who was himſelf a tolerable poet, both the reputation and the profits of this piece, to extricate him from ſome pecuniary embarraſſments brought on by his own extravagance: thus in the very title of the piece conveying a gentle reproof, while he generouſly relieved him. Mitchell was the author of two volumes of miſcellaneous poems; "Fatal Extravagance," a tragedy, 8vo, 1721; the "Fatal Extravagance," enlarged, 12mo, 1725; "The Highland Fair," a ballad opera, 8vo, 1731. Mitchell died in 1738.

Minds that can mount with an uncommon wing,
And frae black heath'ry-headed mountains ſing,
As ſaft as he that haughs Heſperian treads,
Or leans beneath the aromatic ſhades;
Bred to the love of lit'rature and arms,
Still ſomething great a Scottiſh boſom warms;
Tho' nurs'd on ice, and educate in ſnaw,
Honour and liberty eggs him up to draw
A hero's ſword, or an heroic quill,
The monſt'rous faes of right and wit to kill.

Well may ye further in your leal deſign
To thwart the gowks, and gar the brethren tine
The wrang opinion which they lang have had,
That a' which mounts the ſtage is ſurely bad.
Stupidly dull!—but fools ay fools will be,
And nane 's ſae blind as them that winna ſee.
Where 's vice and virtue ſet in juſter light?
Where can a glancing genius ſhine mair bright?
Where can we human life review mair plain,
Than in the happy plot and curious ſcene?

If in themſells ſic fair deſigns were ill,
We ne'er had priev'd the ſweet dramatic ſkill,
Of Congreve, Addiſon, Steele, Rowe, and Hill;
Hill, wha the higheſt road to fame doth chuſe,
And has ſome upper ſeraph for his muſe;

It

It maun be ſae, elſe how could he diſplay,
With ſo juſt ſtrength, the great tremendous day?

Sic patterns, Joſeph, always keep in view,
Ne'er faſh if ye can pleaſe the thinking few,
Then, ſpite of malice, worth ſhall have its due.

TO ROBERT YARDE OF DEVONSHIRE.

FRAE northern mountains clad with ſnaw,
Where whiſtling winds inceſſant blaw,
In time now when the curling-ſtane
Slides murm'ring o'er the icy plain,
What ſprightly tale in verſe can Yarde
Expect frae a cauld Scottiſh bard,
With broſe and bannocks poorly fed,
In hoden grey right haſhly clad,
Skelping o'er frozen hags with pingle,
Picking up peets to beet his ingle,
While ſleet that freezes as it fa's,
Thecks as with glaſs the divot waws
Of a laigh hut, where ſax the gither
Ly heads and thraws on craps of heather?

Thus, Sir, of us the ſtory gaes,
By our mair dull and ſcornfu' faes:
But let them tauk, and gowks believe,
While we laugh at them in our ſleeve:
For we, nor barbarous nor rude,
Ne'er want good wine to warm our blood;
Have tables crown'd, and heartſome beils,
And can in Cumin's, Don's, or Steil's,

Be

Be ſerv'd as plenteouſly and civil
As you in London at the Devil.
You, Sir, yourſelf, wha came and ſaw,
Own'd that we wanted nought at a',
To make us as content a nation
As any is in the creation.

This point premis'd, my canty muſe
Cocks up her creſt without excuſe,
And ſcorns to ſcreen her natural flaws
With ifs, and buts, and dull becauſe;
She pukes her pens, and aims a flight
Thro' regions of internal light,
Frae fancy's field theſe truths to bring,
That you ſhould hear, and ſhe ſhould ſing.

Langſyne, when love and innocence
Were human nature's beſt defence,
Ere party jars made lawtith leſs,
By cleathing 't in a monkiſh dreſs;
Then poets ſhaw'd theſe evenly roads
That lead to dwellings of the gods.
In theſe dear days, well kend of fame,
Divini vates was their name:
It was, and is, and ſhall be ay,
While they move in fair virtue's way;
Tho' rarely we to ſtipends reach,
Yet nane dare hinder us to preach.

Believe

Believe me, Sir, the neareſt way
To happineſs is to be gay;
For ſpleen indulg'd will baniſh reſt
Far frae the boſoms of the beſt;
Thouſands a year 's no worth a prin,
Whene'er this faſhious queſt gets in:
But a fair competent eſtate
Can keep a man frae looking blate;
Say eithly it lays to his hand
What his juſt appetites demand.
Wha has, and can enjoy, O wow!
How ſmoothly may his minutes flow!
A youth thus bleſt with manly frame,
Enliven'd with a lively flame,
Will ne'er with ſordid pinch control
The ſatisfaction of his ſoul.
Poor is that mind, ay diſcontent,
That canna uſe what God has lent,
But envious girns at a' he ſees,
That are a crown richer than he 's;
Which gars him pitifully hane,
And hell's aſe-middins rake for gain;
Yet never kens a blythſome hour,
Is ever wanting, ever ſour.

Yet ae extreme ſhou'd never make
A man the gowden mean forſake,
It ſhaws as much a ſhallow mind,
And ane extravagantly blind,

If careleſs of his future fate,
He daftly waſtes a good eſtate,
And never thinks till thoughts are vain,
And can afford him nought but pain.
Thus will a joiner's ſhavings' bleeze
Their low will for ſome ſeconds pleaſe,
But ſoon the glaring leam is paſt,
And cauldrife darkneſs follows faſt;
While ſlaw the faggots large expire,
And warm us with a laſting fire.
Then neither, as I ken ye will,
With idle fears your pleaſures ſpill;
Nor with neglecting prudent care,
Do ſkaith to your ſucceeding heir:
Thus ſteering cannily thro' life,
Your joys ſhall laſting be and rife.
Give a' your paſſions room to reel,
As lang as reaſon guides the wheel:
Deſires, tho' ardent, are nae crime,
When they harmonioufly keep time;
But when they ſpang o'er reaſon's fence,
We ſmart for 't at our ain expence.
To recreate us we 're allow'd,
But gaming deep boils up the blood,
And gars ane at groom-porter's, ban
The Being that made him a man,
When his fair gardens, houſe, and lands,
Are fa'n amongſt the ſharpers' hands.

A cheerfu'

A cheerfu' bottle ſooths the mind,
Gars carles grow canty, free, and kind,
Defeats our care, and heals our ſtrife,
And brawly oils the wheels of life;
But when juſt quantums we tranſgreſs,
Our bleſſing turns the quite reverſe.

To love the bonny ſmiling fair,
Nane can their paſſions better ware;
Yet love is kittle and unruly,
And ſhou'd move tently and hooly;
For if it get o'er meikle head,
'Tis fair to gallop ane to dead:
O'er ilka hedge it wildly bounds,
And grazes on forbidden grounds,
Where conſtantly like furies range
Poortith, diſeaſes, death, revenge:
To toom anes poutch to dunty clever,
Or have wrang'd huſband probe ane's liver,
Or void ane's ſaul out thro' a ſhanker,
In faith 't wad any mortal canker.

Then wale a virgin worthy you,
Worthy your love and nuptial vow;
Syne frankly range o'er a' her charms,
Drink deep of joy within her arms;
Be ſtill delighted with her breaſt,
And on her love with rapture feaſt.

May ſhe be blooming, ſaft, and young,
With graces melting from her tongue ;
Prudent and yielding to maintain
Your love, as well as you her ain.

Thus with your leave, Sir, I 've made free
To give advice to ane can gi'e
As good again :—but as maſs John
Said, when the ſand tald time was done,
" Ha'e patience, my dear friends, a wee,
" And take ae ither glaſs frae me ;
" And if ye think there 's doublets due,
" I ſhanna bauk the like frae you."

AN EPISTLE FROM MR. WILLIAM STARRAT.

Ae windy day laſt owk, I 'll ne'er forget,
I think I hear the hail-ſtanes rattling yet;
On Crochan-buſs my hirdſell took the lee,
As ane wad wiſh, juſt a' beneath my ee:
I in the bield of yon auld birk-tree ſide,
Poor cauldrife Coly whing'd aneath my plaid.
Right cozylie was ſet to eaſe my ſtumps,
Well hap'd with bountith hoſe and twa-ſol'd pumps;
Syne on my four-hours luncheon chew'd my cood,
Sic kilter pat me in a merry mood;
My whiſtle frae my blanket nook I drew,
And lilted owre thir twa three lines to you.

Blaw up my heart-ſtrings, ye Pierian quines,
That gae the Grecian bards their bonny rhymes,
And learn'd the Latin lowns ſic ſprings to play,
As gars the world gang dancing to this day.

In vain I ſeek your help;—'tis bootleſs toil
With ſic dead aſe to muck a moorland ſoil;
Give me the muſe that calls paſt ages back,
And ſhaws proud ſouthern ſangſters their miſtak,
That frae their Thames can fetch the laurel north,
And big Parnaſſus on the firth of Forth.

Thy breaſt alane this gladſome gueſt does fill
With ſtrains that warm our hearts like cannel gill,
And learns thee, in thy umquhile gutcher's tongue,
The blytheſt lilts that e'er my lugs heard ſung.
Ramſay! for ever live; for wha like you,
In deathleſs ſang, ſic life-like pictures drew?
Not he wha whilome with his harp cou'd ca'
The dancing ſtanes to big the Theban wa';
Nor he (ſhame fa's fool head!) as ſtories tell,
Cou'd whiſtle back an auld dead wife frae hell;
Nor e'en the loyal brooker of bell trees,
Wha ſang with hungry wame his want of fees;
Nor Habby's drone, cou'd with thy wind-pipe
pleaſe:
When, in his well-ken'd clink, thou manes the
death
Of Lucky Wood and Spence, (a matchleſs ſkaith
To Canigate,) ſae gaſh thy gab-trees gang,
The carlines live for ever in thy ſang.

Or when thy country bridal thou purſues,
To red the regal tulzie ſets thy muſe,
Thy ſoothing ſangs bring canker'd carles to eaſe,
Some loups to Lutter's pipe, ſome birls babies.

But gin to graver notes thou tunes thy breath,
And ſings poor Sandy's grief for Adie's death,
Or Matthew's loſs, the lambs in concert mae,
And laneſome Ringwood yowls upon the brae.

Good

Good God! what tuneleſs heart-ſtrings wadna
twang,
When love and beauty animate the ſang?
Skies echo back, when thou blaws up thy reed
In Burchet's praiſe for clapping of thy head:
And when thou bids the paughty Czar ſtand yon,
The wandought ſeems beneath thee on his throne.
Now, be my ſaul, and I have nought behin,
And well I wat fauſe ſwearing is a ſin,
I 'd rather have thy pipe and twa three ſheep,
Than a' the gowd the monarch's coffers keep.

Coly, look out, the few we have 's gane wrang,
This ſe'enteen owks I have not play'd ſae lang;
Ha! Crummy, ha! trowth I man quat my ſang;
But, lad, neiſt mirk we 'll to the haining drive,
When in freſh lizar they get ſpleet and rive:
The royts will reſt, and gin ye like my play,
I 'll whiſtle to thee all the live-lang day.

TO MR. WILLIAM STARRAT,

ON RECEIVING THE FOREGOING.

FRAE fertile fields where nae curs'd ethers creep,
To ſtang the herds that in raſh buſſes ſleep;
Frae where Saint Patrick's bleſſings freed the bogs
Frae taids, and aſks, and ugly creeping frogs;
Welcome to me the ſound of Starrat's pipe,
Welcome as weſtlen winds or berries ripe,
When ſpeeling up the hill, the dog-days' heat
Gars a young thirſty ſhepherd pant and ſweat:
Thus while I climb the muſes' mount with care,
Sic friendly praiſes give refreſhing air.
O! may the laſſes loo thee for thy pains,
And may thou lang breathe healſome o'er the plains:
Lang mayſt thou teach, with round and nooked lines,
Subſtantial ſkill, that 's worth rich ſiller mines;
To ſhaw how wheels can gang with greateſt eaſe,
And what kind barks ſail ſmootheſt o'er the ſeas;
How wind-mills ſhould be made; and how they work
The thumper that tells hours upon the kirk;

How

How wedges rive the aik; how pulliſees
Can lift on higheſt roofs the greateſt trees,
Rug frae its roots the craig of Edinburgh caſtle,
As eaſily as I cou'd break my whiſtle;
What pleugh fits a wet ſoil, and whilk the dry;
And mony a thouſand uſeful things forby.

I own 'tis cauld encouragement to ſing,
When round ane's lugs the blatran hail-ſtanes ring;
But feckfu' folks can front the baldeſt wind,
And ſlunk thro' moors, and never faſh their mind.
Aft have I wid thro' glens with chorking feet,
When neither plaid nor kelt cou'd fend the weet;
Yet blythly wald I bang out o'er the brae,
And ſtend o'er burns as light as ony rae,
Hoping the morn might prove a better day.
Then let 's to lairds and ladies leave the ſpleen,
While we can dance and whiſtle o'er the green.
Mankind's account of good and ill 's a jeſt,
Fancy 's the rudder, and content 's a feaſt.

Dear friend of mine! ye but o'er meikle reeſe
The lawly mints of my poor moorland muſe,
Wha looks but blate, when even'd to ither twa,
That lull'd the deel, or bigg'd the Theban wa';
But trowth 'tis natural for us a' to wink
At our ain fauts, and praiſes frankly drink:

Fair

Fair fa' ye then, and may your flocks grow rife,
And may nae elf twin crummy of her life.

The ſun ſhines ſweetly, a' the lift looks blue,
O'er glens hing hov'ring clouds of riſing dew
Maggy, the bonnieſt laſs of a' our town,
Brent is her brow, her hair a curly brown,
I have a tryſt with her, and man away,
Then ye 'll excuſe me till anither day,
When I 've mair time; for ſhortly I 'm to ſing
Some dainty ſangs, that ſall round Crochan ring.

TO MR. GAY,

ON HEARING THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBURY COMMEND SOME OF HIS POEMS *.

DEAR lad, wha linkan o'er the lee,
Sang Blowzalind and Bowzybee,
And, like the lavrock, merrily
Wak'd up the morn,
When thou didſt tune, with heartſome glee,
Thy bog-teed horn.

To thee frae edge of Pentland height,
Where fawns and fairies take delight,
And revel a' the live-lang night
O'er glens and braes,
A bard that has the ſecond ſight,
Thy fortune ſpaes.

Now

* Gay was a great admirer of the poems of Ramſay, particularly of his "Gentle Shepherd;" and they afterwards became perſonally acquainted, when Gay viſited Scotland with the duke and ducheſs of Queenſbury.

Now lend thy lug, and tent me, Gay,
Thy fate appears like flow'rs in May,
Freſh, flouriſhing, and laſting ay,
Firm as the aik,
Which envious winds, when critics bray,
Shall never ſhake.

Come, ſhaw your loof;—ay, there 's the line
Foretells thy verſe ſhall ever ſhine,
Dawted whilſt living by the nine,
And a' the beſt,
And be, when paſt the mortal line,
Of fame poſſeſt.

Immortal Pope, and ſkilfu' John *,
The learned Leach frae Callidon,
With mony a witty dame and don,
O'er lang to name,
Are of your roundels very fon,
And found your fame.

And ſae do I, wha reeſe but few,
Which nae ſma' favour is to you;
For to my friends I ſtand right true,
With ſhanks a-ſpar;
And my good word (ne'er gi'en but due)
Gangs unko far.

Here

* Dr. John Arbuthnot.

Here mettled men my muſe maintain,
And ilka beauty is my friend ;
Which keeps me canty, briſk, and bein,
Ilk wheeling hour,
And a ſworn fae to hatefu' ſpleen,
And a' that 's ſour.

But bide ye, boy, the main 's to ſay ;
Clarinda, bright as riſing day,
Divinely bonny, great and gay,
Of thinking even,
Whaſe words, and looks, and ſmiles, diſplay
Full views of heaven :

To rummage nature for what 's braw,
Like lilies, roſes, gems, and ſnaw,
Compar'd with hers, their luſtre fa',
And bauchly tell
Her beauties, ſhe excels them a',
And 's like herſell :

As fair a form as e'er was bleſt
To have an angel for a gueſt ;
Happy the prince who is poſſeſt
Of ſic a prize,
Whoſe virtues place her with the beſt
Beneath the ſkies :

O ſonſy

O ſonſy Gay! this heavenly born,
Whom ev'ry grace ſtrives to adorn,
Looks not upon thy lays with ſcorn;
Then bend thy knees,
And bleſs the day that ye was born
With arts to pleaſe.

She ſays thy ſonnet ſmoothly ſings,
Sae ye may craw and clap your wings,
And ſmile at ethercapit ſtings,
With careleſs pride,
When ſae much wit and beauty brings
Strength to your ſide.

Lilt up your pipes, and riſe aboon
Your Trivia, and your Moorland tune,
And ſing Clarinda late and ſoon,
In towring ſtrains,
Till gratefu' gods cry out, "Well done,"
And praiſe thy pains.

Exalt thy voice, that all around
May echo back the lovely ſound,
Frae Dover cliffs with ſamphire crown'd,
To Thule's ſhore,
Where northward no more Britain 's found,
But ſeas that rore.

Thus

Thus ſing;—whilſt I frae Arthur's height,
O'er Chiviot glowr with tired ſight,
And langing wiſh, like raving wight,
To be ſet down,
Frae coach and ſax baith trim and tight,
In London town.

But lang I 'll gove and bleer my ee,
Before, alake! that ſight I ſee;
Then (beſt relief) I 'll ſtrive to be
Quiet and content,
And ſtreek my limbs down eaſylie
Upon the bent.

There ſing the gowans, broom, and trees,
The cryſtal burn and weſtlin breeze,
The bleeting flocks and biſy bees,
And blythſome ſwains,
Wha rant and dance, with kiltit dees,
O'er moſſy plains.

Farewell;—but ere we part, let 's pray,
God ſave Clarinda night and day,
And grant her a' ſhe 'd wiſh to ha'e,
Withoutten end.—
Nae mair at preſent I 've to ſay,
But am your friend.

AN EPISTLE TO JOSIAH BURCHET,

ON HIS BEING CHOSEN MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

My Burchet's name well pleas'd I ſaw
Amang the choſen leet,
Wha are to give Britannia law,
And keep her rights complete.

O may the reſt wha fill the houſe
Be of a mind with thee,
And Britiſh liberty eſpouſe;
We glorious days may ſee.

The name of patriot is mair great
Than heaps of ill-won gear;
What boots an opulent eſtate,
Without a conſcience clear?

While ſneaking ſauls for caſh wad trock
Their country, God, and king,
With pleaſure we the villain mock,
And hate the worthleſs thing.

With

With a' your pith, the like of you,
Superior to what 's mean,
Shou'd gar the trockling rogues look blue,
And cow them laigh and clean.

Down with them,—down with a' that dare
Oppoſe the nation's right;
Sae may your fame, like a fair ſtar,
Throu' future times ſhine bright.

Sae may kind heaven propitious prove,
And grant whate'er ye crave;
And him a corner in your love,
Wha is your humble ſlave.

TO MR. DAVID MALLOCH,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM SCOTLAND.

Since fate, with honour, bids thee leave
Thy country for a while,
It is nae friendly part to grieve,
When powers propitious ſmile.

The taſk aſſign'd thee 's great and good,
To cultivate two Grahams,
Wha from bauld heroes draw their blood,
Of brave immortal names.

Like wax, the dawning genius takes
Impreſſions thraw'n or even;
Then he wha fair the moulding makes,
Does journey-work for heaven.

The four weak pedants ſpoil the mind
Of thoſe beneath their care,
Who think inſtruction is confin'd
To poor grammatic ware.

But

But better kens my friend, and can
Far nobler plans deſign,
To lead the boy up to a man
That 's fit in courts to ſhine.

Frae Grampian heights (ſome may object)
Can you ſic knowledge bring ?
But thoſe laigh tinkers ne'er reflect,
Some fauls ken ilka thing,

With vaſter eaſe, at the firſt glance,
Than miſty minds that plod
And threſh for thought, but ne'er advance
Their ſtawk aboon their clod.

But he that could, in tender ſtrains,
Raiſe Margaret's plaining ſhade *,
And paint diſtreſs that chills the veins,
While William's crimes are red ;

Shaws to the world, cou'd they obſerve,
A clear deſerving flame :—
Thus I can reeſe without reſerve,
When truth ſupports my theme.

Gae,

* " William and Margaret," a ballad, in imitation of the old manner, wherein the ſtrength of thought and paſſion is more obſerved than a rant of unmeaning words.

Gae, lad, and win a nation's love,
By making thoſe in truſt,
Like Wallace's Achates *, prove
Wiſe, generous, brave, and juſt.

Sae may his Grace th' illuſtrious ſire
With joy paternal ſee
Their riſing blaze of manly fire,
And pay his thanks to thee.

---

* The heroic Sir John Graham, the glory of his name, the deareſt friend of the renowned Sir William Wallace, and the anceſtor of his Grace the duke of Montroſe.

1728.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILLE OF WARWICKSHIRE.

Sir, I have read, and much admire
Your muſe's gay and eaſy flow,
Warm'd with that true Idalian fire,
That gives the bright and cheerful glow.

I con'd each line with joyous care,
As I can ſuch from ſun to ſun;
And, like the glutton o'er his fare,
Delicious, thought them too ſoon done.

The witty ſmile, nature, and art,
In all your numbers ſo combine,
As to complete their juſt deſert,
And grace them with uncommon ſhine.

Delighted we your muſe regard,
When ſhe, like Pindar's, ſpreads her wings,
And virtue being its own reward,
Expreſſes by "The Siſter Springs."

Emotions tender crowd the mind,
When with the royal bard you go,
To ſigh in notes divinely kind,
" The Mighty fall'n on mount Gilbo."

Much ſurely was the virgin's joy,
Who with the Iliad had your lays;
For, ere and ſince the ſiege of Troy,
We all delight in love and praiſe.

Theſe heaven-born paſſions, ſuch deſire,
I never yet cou'd think a crime;
But firſt-rate virtues, which inſpire
The ſoul to reach at the ſublime.

But often men miſtake the way,
And pump for fame by empty boaſt,
Like your " Gilt Aſs," who ſtood to bray,
Till in a flame his tail he loſt.

Him th' incurious bencher hits,
With his own tale, ſo tight and clean,
That while I read, ſtreams guſh by fits
Of hearty laughter from my een.

Old Chaucer, bard of vaſt ingine;
Fontaine and Prior, who have ſung
Blyth tales the beſt; had they heard thine
On Lob, they 'd own themſelves out-done.

The

The plot 's purſu'd with ſo much glee,
The too officious dog and prieſt,
The ſquire oppreſs'd, I own for me
I never heard a better jeſt.

Pope well deſcrib'd an ombre game,
And king revenging captive queen;
He merits, but had won more fame,
If author of your "Bowling-green."

You paint your parties, play each bowl,
So natural, juſt, and with ſuch eaſe,
That while I read, upon my ſoul,
I wonder how I chance to pleaſe.

Yet I have pleas'd, and pleaſe the beſt;
And ſure to me laurels belong,
Since Britiſh fair, and 'mong the beſt,
Somervile's conſort likes my ſong.

Raviſh'd I heard th' harmonious fair
Sing, like a dweller of the ſky,
My verſes with a Scotian air;
Then ſaints were not ſo bleſt as I.

In her the valu'd charms unite,
She really is what all wou'd ſeem,
Gracefully handſome, wiſe, and ſweet;
'Tis merit to have her eſteem.

Your noble kinſman, her lov'd mate,
Whoſe worth claims all the world's reſpect,
Met in her love a ſmiling fate,
Which has, and muſt have good effect.

You both from one great lineage ſpring,
Both from de Somervile, who came
With William, England's conquering king,
To win fair plains and laſting fame:

Whichnour, he left to 's eldeſt ſon,
That firſt-born chief you repreſent;
His ſecond came to Caledon,
From whom our Somer'le takes deſcent.

On him and you may fate beſtow
Sweet balmy health and cheerful fire,
As long 's ye 'd wiſh to live below,
Still bleſt with all you wou'd deſire.

O Sir! oblige the world, and ſpread
In print * thoſe and your other lays;
This ſhall be better'd while they read,
And after-ages ſound your praiſe.

I cou'd

* Since the writing of this ode, Mr. Somerville's poems are printed by Mr. Lintot in an 8vo. volume.—Somerville died, in 1742. This *ſuperior* to Pope is allowed by Johnſon "to write "well, for a gentleman."

I cou'd enlarge ;—but if I ſhou'd
On what you 've wrote, my ode wou'd run
Too great a length ; your thoughts ſo crowd,
To note them all I 'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a muſe,
Who on her Pictland hills ne'er tires ;
Nor ſhou'd, when worth invites, refuſe
To ſing the perſon ſhe admires.

AN EPISTLE FROM MR. SOMERVILLE.

NEAR fair Avona's ſilver tide,
Whoſe waves in ſoft meanders glide,
I read to the delighted ſwains
Your jocund ſongs and rural ſtrains.
Smooth as her ſtreams your numbers flow,
Your thoughts in vary'd beauties ſhow,
Like flow'rs that on her borders grow.
While I ſurvey, with raviſh'd eyes,
This friendly gift *, my valu'd prize,
Where ſiſter arts, with charms divine,
In their full bloom and beauty ſhine,
Alternately my ſoul is bleſt:
Now I behold my welcome gueſt,
That graceful, that engaging air,
So dear to all the brave and fair:
Nor has th' ingenious artiſt ſhown
His outward lineaments alone,

But

* Lord Somerville was pleaſed to ſend me his own picture, and Mr. Ramſay's Works. In 1730, Somerville concluded a bargain with James Lord Somerville, for the reverſion of his eſtate at his death. His connection with Lord Somerville, probably occaſioned his poetical correſpondence with Ramſay, who was patronized by that nobleman.

But in th' expreſſive draught deſign'd
The nobler beauties of his mind;
True friendſhip, love, benevolence,
Unſtudied wit, and manly ſenſe.
Then as your book I wander o'er,
And feaſt on the delicious ſtore,
(Like the laborious buſy bee,
Pleas'd with the ſweet variety,)
With equal wonder and ſurpriſe,
I ſee reſembling portraits riſe.
Brave archers march in bright array,
In troops the vulgar line the way:
Here the droll figures ſlily ſneer,
Or coxcombs at full length appear:
There woods and lawns, a rural ſcene,
And ſwains that gambol on the green.
Your pen can act the pencil's part,
With greater genius, fire, and art.

Believe me, bard, no hunted hind
That pants againſt the ſouthern wind,
And ſeeks the ſtreams thro' unknown ways;
No matron in her teeming days,
E'er felt ſuch longings, ſuch deſires,
As I to view thoſe lofty ſpires,
Thoſe domes where fair Edina ſhrouds
Her tow'ring head amid the clouds.

But

But oh! what dangers interpoſe!
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with ſnows,
Proud winter-floods, with rapid force,
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe.
But ſure we bards, whoſe purer clay
Nature has mixt with leſs allay,
Might ſoon find out an eaſier way.
Do not ſage matrons mount on high,
And ſwitch their broom-ſticks thro' the ſky;
Ride poſt o'er hills, and woods, and ſeas,
From Thule to the Heſperides * ?
And yet the men of Greſham own,
That this and ſtranger feats are done
By a warm fancy's power alone.
This granted, why can't you and I
Stretch forth our wings and cleave the ſky?
Since our poetic brains, you know,
Than theirs muſt more intenſely glow.
Did not the Theban ſwan take wing,
Sublimely ſoar, and ſweetly ſing?
And do not we, of humbler vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier ſtrain,

Mount

* The Scilly iſlands were ſo called by the ancients, as Mr. Camden obſerves.

Mount ſheer out of the reader's ſight,
Obſcurely loſt in clouds and night?

Then climb your Pegaſus with ſpeed,
I 'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed;
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To ſwell the flood with crimſon gore;
Like the Cadmean murd'ring brood,
Each thirſting for his brother's blood;
For now all hoſtile rage ſhall ceaſe,
Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,
Our honeſt hands and hearts ſhall join
O'er jovial banquets, ſparkling wine.
Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,
And I ſhall bring my bonny Kate.
But hold:—oh! take a ſpecial care
T' admit no prying kirkman there;
I dread the penitential chair.
What a ſtrange figure ſhould I make,
A poor abandon'd Engliſh rake;
A ſquire well born, and ſix foot high,
Perch'd in that ſacred pillory!
Let ſpleen and zeal be baniſh'd thence,
And troubleſome impertinence,
That tells his ſtory o'er again;
Ill-manners and his ſaucy train,
And ſelf-conceit, and ſtiff-rumpt pride,
That grin at all the world beſide;

Foul

Foul ſcandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies,
Fame's buſy hawker, light as air,
That feeds on frailties of the fair:
Envy, hypocriſy, deceit,
Fierce party rage, and warm debate;
And all the hell-hounds that are foes
To friendſhip and the world's repoſe.
But mirth inſtead, and dimpling ſmiles,
And wit, that gloomy care beguiles;
And joke, and pun, and merry tale,
And toaſts, that round the table fail;
While laughter, burſting thro' the crowd
In vollies, tells our joys aloud.
Hark! the ſhrill piper mounts on high,
The woods, the ſtreams, the rocks reply
To his far-ſounding melody.
Behold each lab'ring ſqueeze prepare
Supplies of modulated air:
Obſerve Croudero's active bow,
His head ſtill nodding to and fro,
His eyes, his cheeks with raptures glow:
See, ſee the baſhful nymphs advance,
To lead the regulated dance.
Flying ſtill, the ſwains purſuing,
Yet with backward glances wooing.
This, this ſhall be the joyous ſcene;
Nor wanton elves that ſkim the green,

Shall

Shall be ſo bleſt, ſo blyth, ſo gay,
Or leſs regard what dotards ſay.
My roſe ſhall then your thiſtle greet,
The union ſhall be more complete;
And in a bottle and a friend,
Each national diſpute ſhall end.

AN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

Sir, I had yours, and own my pleaſure,
On the receipt, exceeded meaſure.
You write with ſo much ſp'rit and glee,
Sae ſmooth, ſae ſtrong, correct, and free,
That any he (by you allow'd
To have ſome merit) may be proud.
If that 's my fault, bear you the blame,
Wha 've lent me ſic a lift to fame.
Your ain tow'rs high, and widens far,
Bright glancing like a firſt-rate ſtar,
And all the world beſtow due praiſe
On the Collection of your lays;
Where various arts and turns combine,
Which even in parts firſt poets ſhine:
Like Matt and Swift ye ſing with eaſe,
And can be Waller when you pleaſe.
Continue, Sir, and ſhame the crew
That 's plagu'd with having nought to do;
Whom fortune in a merry mood
Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,
But has deny'd a genius fit
For action or aſpiring wit;

Such

Such kenna how t' employ their time,
And think activity a crime.
Ought they to either do or ſay,
Or walk, or write, or read, or pray,
When money, their factotum's able
To furniſh them a numerous rabble,
Who will, for daily drink and wages,
Be chairmen, chaplains, clerks, and pages?
Could they, like you, employ their hours
In planting theſe delightful flowers,
Which carpet the poetic fields,
And laſting funds of pleaſure yields;
Nae mair they'd gaunt and gove away,
Or ſleep or loiter out the day,
Or waſte the night, damning their ſauls,
In deep debauch and bawdy brawls;
Whence pox and poverty proceed,
An early eild, and ſpirits dead.
Reverſe of you, and him you love,
Whoſe brighter ſpirit tow'rs above
The mob of thoughtleſs lords and beaux,
Who in his ilka action ſhows
" True friendſhip, love, benevolence,
" Unſtudy'd wit, and manly ſenſe."
Allow here what you 've ſaid yourſell,
Nought can b' expreſt ſo juſt and well.

To him and her, worthy his love,
And every bleſſing from above,
A ſon is given, God ſave the boy,
For theirs and every Som'ril's joy.
Ye wardens! round him take your place,
And raiſe him with each manly grace;
Make his meridian virtues ſhine,
To add freſh luſtres to his line:
And many may the mother ſee
Of ſuch a lovely progeny.

Now, Sir, when Boreas nae mair thuds
Hail, ſnaw, and ſleet, frae blacken'd clouds;
While Caledonian hills are green,
And a' her ſtraths delight the een;
While ilka flower with fragrance blows,
And a' the year its beauty ſhows;
Before again the winter lour,
What hinders then your northern tour?
Be ſure of welcome; nor believe
Theſe wha an ill report would give
To Ed'nburgh and the land of cakes,
That nought what 's neceſſary lacks.
Here plenty's goddeſs frae her horn
Pours fiſh and cattle, claith and corn,
In blyth abundance; and yet mair,
Our men are brave, our ladies fair:

Nor

Nor will North Britain yield for fouth
Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,
To ony but her ſiſter South.

True, rugged roads are curſed dreigh,
And ſpeats aft roar frae mountains heigh:
The body tires, (poor tottering clay!)
And likes with eaſe at hame to ſtay;
While ſauls ſtride warlds at ilka ſtend,
And can their widening views extend.
Mine ſees you, while you cheerfu' roam
On ſweet Avona's flow'ry howm,
There recollecting, with full view,
Theſe follies which mankind purſue;
While, conſcious of ſuperior merit,
You riſe with a correcting ſpirit,
And as an agent of the gods,
Laſh them with ſharp ſatyric rods:
Labour divine!—Next, for a change,
O'er hill and dale I ſee you range
After the fox or whidding hare,
Confirming health in pureſt air;
While joy frae heights and dales reſounds,
Rais'd by the holla, horn, and hounds:
Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chace out run,
I ſee the friend, and ſetting ſun,
Invite you to the temp'rate bicker,
Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.

The clock ſtrikes twelve, to reſt you bound,
To ſave your health by ſleeping ſound.
Thus with cool head and healſome breaſt,
You ſee new day ſtream frae the eaſt;
Then all the muſes round you ſhine,
Inſpiring ev'ry thought divine:
Be long their aid:—your years and bliſſes,
Your ſervant Allan Ramſay wiſhes.

1729.

AN EPISTLE FROM W. SOMERVILLE TO ALLAN RAMSAY,

ON PUBLISHING HIS SECOND VOLUME OF POEMS.

HAIL! Caledonian bard! whoſe rural ſtrains
Delight the liſt'ning hills, and cheer the plains;
Already poliſh'd by ſome hand divine,
Thy purer ore what furnace can refine?
Careleſs of cenſure, like the ſun ſhine forth
In native luſtre and intrinſic worth.
To follow nature is by rules to write,
She led the way and taught the Stagyrite:
From her the critic's taſte, the poet's fire,
Both drudge in vain till ſhe from heav'n inſpire.
By the ſame guide inſtructed how to ſoar,
Allan is now what Homer was before.

Ye choſen youths wha dare like him aſpire,
And touch with bolder hand the golden lyre,
Keep nature ſtill in view; on her intent,
Climb by her aid the dang'rous ſteep aſcent

To laſting fame.—Perhaps a little art
Is needful to plane o'er ſome rugged part;
But the moſt labour'd elegance and care
T' arrive at full perfection muſt deſpair;
Alter, blot out, and write all o'er again,
Alas! ſome venial ſins will yet remain.
Indulgence is to human frailty due,
E'en Pope has faults, and Addiſon a few;
But thoſe, like miſts that cloud the morning ray,
Are loſt and vaniſh in the blaze of day.
Tho' ſome intruding pimple find a place
Amid the glories of Clarinda's face,
We ſtill love on, with equal zeal adore,
Nor think her leſs a goddeſs than before.
Slight wounds in no diſgraceful ſcars ſhall end,
Heal'd by the balm of ſome good-natur'd friend.
In vain ſhall canker'd Zoilus aſſail,
While Spence * preſides, and Candor holds the ſcale:
His gen'rous breaſt nor envy ſow'rs, nor ſpite;
Taught by his founder's motto † how to write,
Good

---

* Mr. Spence, poetry profeſſor in Oxford, and fellow of New College.

† William of Wickham, founder of New College in Oxford, and of Wincheſter College. His motto is, "Manners maketh "man."

Good manners guides his pen; learn'd without pride;
In dubious points not forward to decide:
If here and there uncommon beauties riſe,
From flow'r to flow'r he roves with glad ſurprize:
In failings no malignant pleaſure takes,
Nor rudely triumphs over ſmall miſtakes;
No nauſeous praiſe, no biting taunts offend,
W' expect a cenſor, and we find a friend.
Poets improv'd by his correcting care,
Shall face their foes with more undaunted air,
Strip'd of their rags, ſhall like Ulyſſes ſhine *,
With more heroic port and grace divine.
No pomp of learning, and no fund of ſenſe,
Can e'er atone for loſt benevolence.
May Wickham's ſons, who in each art excel,
And rival ancient bards in writing well,
While from their bright examples taught, they ſing,
And emulate their flights with bolder wing,
From their own frailties learn the humbler part,
Mildly to judge in gentleneſs of heart.

Such critics, Ramſay, jealous for our fame,
Will not with malice inſolently blame,
But lur'd by praiſe, the haggard muſe reclaim.

Retouch

* Vide Hom. Od. lib. xxiv.

Retouch each line till all is juſt and neat,
A whole of proper parts, a work almoſt complete.

So when ſome beauteous dame, a reigning toaſt,
The flow'r of Forth, and proud Edina's boaſt,
Stands at her toilet in her tartan plaid,
And all her richeſt head-gear trimly clad;
The curious handmaid, with obſervant eye,
Corrects the ſwelling hoop that hangs awry;
Thro' ev'ry plait her buſy fingers rove,
And now ſhe plys below, and then above;
With pleaſing tattle entertains the fair,
Each ribbon ſmooths, adjuſts each rambling hair,
Till the gay nymph in her full luſtre ſhine,
And Homer's Juno was not half ſo fine *.

* Vide Hom. Il. lib. xiv.

1729.

RAMSAY'S ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

Again, like the return of day,
From Avon's banks the cheering lay
Warms up a muſe was well nigh loſt
In depths of ſnow and chilling froſt;
But generous praiſe the ſoul inſpires,
More than rich wines and blazing fires.

Tho' on the Grampians I were chain'd,
And all the winter on me rain'd;
Altho' half ſtarv'd, my ſp'rit would ſpring
Up to new life to hear you ſing.

I take even criticiſm kind,
That ſparkles from ſo clear a mind:
Friends ought and may point out a ſpot,
But enemies make all a blot.
Friends ſip the honey from the flow'r;
All 's verjuice to the waſpiſh ſour.

With

With more of nature than of art,
From ſtated rules I often ſtart,
Rules never ſtudied yet by me;
My muſe is Britiſh, bold and free,
And loves at large to friſk and bound
Unmankl'd o'er poetic ground.

I love the garden wild and wide,
Where oaks have plumb-trees by their ſide;
Where woodbines and the twiſting vine
Clip round the pear-tree and the pine;
Where mixt jonckeels and gowans grow,
And roſes 'midſt rank clover blow,
Upon a bank of a clear ſtrand,
Its wimplings led by nature's hand;
Tho' docks and bramble here and there,
May ſometimes cheat the gardner's care,
Yet this to me 's a paradiſe,
Compar'd with prime cut plots and nice,
Where nature has to art reſign'd,
Till all looks mean, ſtiff, and confin'd.

May ſtill my notes of ruſtic turn
Gain more of your reſpect than ſcorn;
I 'll hug my fate, and tell four fools,
I 'm more oblig'd to heav'n than ſchools.
Heaven Homer taught: the critic draws
Only from him, and ſuch, their laws:

The

The native bards firſt plunge the deep,
Before the artful dare to leap.
I 've ſeen myſelf right many a time
Copy'd in diction, mode, and rhyme.

Now, Sir, again let me expreſs
My wiſhing thoughts in fond addreſs;
That for your health, and love you bear
To two of my chief patrons * here,
You 'd, when the lavrocks rouſe the day,
When beams and dews make blythſome May,
When blooming fragrance glads our iſle,
And hills with purple heather ſmile,
Drop fancy'd ails, with courage ſtout,
Ward off the ſpleen, the ſtone, and gout.
May ne'er ſuch foes diſturb your nights,
Or elbow out your day delights.
Here you will meet the jovial train,
Whoſe clangors eccho o'er the plain,
While hounds with gowls both loud and clear,
Well tun'd, delight the hunter's ear,
As they on courſers fleet as wind,
Purſue the fox, hart, hare, or hind:
Delightful game! where friendly ties
Are cloſer drawn, and health the prize.

We

* Lord and Lady Somervile.

We long for, and we wiſh you here,
Where friends are kind, and claret clear:
The lovely hope of Som'ril's race,
Who ſmiles with a ſeraphic grace,
And the fair ſiſters of the boy,
Will have, and add much to your joy.

Give warning to your noble friend;
Your humble ſervant ſhall attend,
A willing Sancho and your ſlave,
With the beſt humour that I have,
To meet you on that river's ſhore,
That Britons now divides no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO DONALD M'EWEN, JEWELLER, AT ST. PETERSBURG.

How far frae hame my friend ſeeks fame!
And yet I canna wyte ye,
T' employ your fire, and ſtill aſpire
By virtues that delyte ye.

Shou'd fortune lour, 'tis in your power,
If heaven grant balmy health,
T' enjoy ilk hour a ſaul unſow'r;
Content 's nae bairn of wealth.

It is the mind that 's not confin'd
To paſſions mean and vile,
That 's never pin'd, while thoughts refin'd
Can gloomy cares beguile.

Then Donald may be e'en as gay
On Ruſſia's diſtant ſhore,
As on the Tay, where uſquebae
He us'd to drink before.

But howſoe'er, haſte gather gear,
And ſyne pack up your treaſure;
Then to Auld Reekie come and beek ye,
And cloſe your days with pleaſure.

TO THE SAME,

ON RECEIVING A PRESENT OF A GOLD SEAL, WITH HOMER'S HEAD.

THANKS to my frank ingenious friend:
Your preſent 's moſt genteel and kind,
Baith rich and ſhining as your mind:
And that immortal laurell'd pow,
Upon the gem ſae well deſign'd
And execute, ſets me on low.

The heavenly fire inflames my breaſt,
Whilſt I unweary'd am in queſt
Of fame, and hope that ages nieſt
Will do their Highland bard the grace,
Upon their ſeals to cut his creſt,
And blytheſt ſtrakes of his ſhort face.

Far leſs great Homer ever thought
(When he, harmonious beggar! ſought
His bread thro' Greece) he ſhould be brought
Frae Ruſſia's ſhore by captain Hugh *,
To Pictland plains, ſae finely wrought
On precious ſtone, and ſet by you.

---

* Captain Hugh Eccles, maſter of a fine merchant-ſhip, which he loſt in the unhappy fire at St. Peterſburg.

1728.

TO HIS FRIENDS IN IRELAND,

WHO, ON A REPORT OF HIS DEATH, MADE AND PUBLISHED SEVERAL ELEGIES, &c.

SIGHING ſhepherds of Hibernia,
Thank ye for your kind concern a',
When a fauſe report beguiling,
Prov'd a draw-back on your ſmiling:
Dight your een, and ceaſe your grieving,
Allan's hale, and well, and living,
Singing, laughing, ſleeping ſoundly,
Cowing beef, and drinking roundly;
Drinking roundly rum and claret,
Ale and uſquæ, bumpers fair out,
Supernaculum but ſpilling,
The leaſt diamond * drawing, filling;
Sowſing ſonnets on the laſſes,
Hounding ſatires at the aſſes,
Smiling at the ſurly critics,
And the pack-horſe of politics;

Painting

* See the note ‡ on p. 216, vol. i.

Painting meadows, ſhaws, and mountains,
Crooking burns, and flowing fountains;
Flowing fountains, where ilk gowan
Grows about the borders glowan,
Swelling ſweetly, and inviting
Poets' lays, and lovers meeting;
Meeting kind to niffer kiſſes,
Bargaining for better bliſſes.

Hills in dreary dumps now lying,
And ye zephyrs ſwiftly flying,
And ye rivers gently turning,
And ye Philomelas mourning,
And ye double ſighing echoes,
Ceaſe your ſobbing, tears, and hey-ho's!
Baniſh a' your care and grieving,
Allan 's hale, and well, and living;
Early up on mornings ſhining,
Ilka fancy warm refining;
Giving ilka verſe a burniſh,
That man ſecond volume furniſh,
To bring in frae lord and lady
Meikle fame, and part of ready;
Splendid thing of conſtant motion,
Fiſh'd for in the ſouthern ocean;
Prop of gentry, nerve of battles,
Prize for which the gameſter rattles;
Belzie's banes, deceitfu', kittle,
Riſking a' to gain a little.

Pleaſing

Pleaſing Philip's tunefu' tickle,
Philomel, and kind Arbuckle;
Singers ſweet, baith lads and laſſes,
Tuning pipes on hill Parnaſſus,
Allan kindly to you wiſhes
Laſting life and rowth of bliſſes;
And that he may, when ye ſurrender
Sauls to heaven, in numbers tender
Give a' your fames a happy heezy,
And gratefully immortalize ye.

AN EPISTLE FROM A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY TO HIS FRIEND IN EDINBURGH.

O FRIEND! to ſmoke and din confin'd,
Which fouls your claiths and frets your mind,
And makes you ruſty look and crabbed,
As if you were bep—'d or ſcabbed,
Or had been going thro' a doſe
Of mercury to ſave your noſe;
Let me adviſe you, out of pity,
To leave the chatt'ring, ſtinking city,
Where pride and emptineſs take place
Of plain integrity and grace;
Where hideous ſcreams wad kill a cat,
Of wha buys this? or wha buys that?
And thro' the day, frae break o' morning,
The buz of bills, proteſts, and horning;
Beſides the everlaſting ſquabble
Among the great and little rabble,
Wha tear their lungs, and deave your ears,
With all their party hopes and fears;
While rattling o'er their ſilly cant,
Learn'd frae the Mercury and Courant,

About

About the aid that comes frae Ruſſia,
And the neutrality of Pruſſia;
Of France's tyranny and ſlavery,
Their faithleſs ficklenefs and knavery;
Of Spain, the beſt beloved ſon
Of the old whore of Babylon,
The warden of her whips and faggots,
And all her ſuperſtitious maggots;
Of all our gambols on the green,
To aid the bauld Imperial Queen,
When the Moſt Chriſtian ſhoars to ſtrike,
And faſheous Frederic gars her ſike;
Of Genoa, and the reſiſtance
Of Corſica without aſſiſtance;
Of wading var-freging Savona,
And breaking fiddles at Cremona;
What jaws of blood and gore it coſt,
Before a town is won or loſt;
How much the allied armies have been a'
Propp'd by the monarch of Sardinia;
Of popes, ſtatholders, faith's defenders,
Generals, marſhals, and pretenders;
Of treaties, miniſters, and kings,
And of a thouſand other things;
Of all which their conceptions dull
Suits with the thickneſs of the ſcull.
Yet with ſuch ſtuff ane man be worried,
That 's thro your city's gauntlet hurried.

But ah! (ye cry) ridotts and dances,
With laſſes trig that pleaſe your fancies,
For five or ſix gay hours complete,
In circles of th' aſſembly ſweet;
Wha can forſake ſo fair a field,
Where all to conquering beauty yield?
No doubt, while in this am'rous fit,
Your next plea 's boxes and the pit;
Where wit and humour of the age
Flow entertaining from the ſtage;
Where, if the drama 's right conducted,
Ane 's baith diverted and inſtructed.—
Well, I ſhall grant it 'grees wi' reaſon;
Theſe have their charms in proper ſeaſon,
But muſt not be indulg'd too much,
Leſt they the ſaften'd ſaul bewitch,
And faculties in fetters bind,
That are for greater ends deſign'd.
Then rouze ye frae theſe dozing dreams,
And view with me the golden beams
Which Phœbus ilka morning pours
Upon our plains adorn'd with flow'rs;
With me thro' howms and meadows ſtray,
Where wimpling waters make their way;
Here, frae the aiks and elms around,
You 'll hear the ſaft melodious ſound
Of a' the quiriſters on high,
Whaſe notes re-echo thro' the ſky,

Better

Better than concerts in your town,
Yet do not coſt you half a crown :
Here blackbirds, maviſes, and linnets,
Excel your fiddles, flutes, and ſpinnets ;
Our jetty rooks e'en far excels
Your ſtrim-ſtrams and your jingling bells,
As do the cloven-footed tribes,
And ruſtics whiſtling o'er the glybes.
Here we with little labour gain
Firm health, with all its joyful train ;
Silent repoſe, the cheerful ſmile
Which can intruding cares beguile :
Here fragrant flow'rs of tinctures bright,
Regale the ſmell and pleaſe the ſight,
And make the ſprings of life to flow
Through every vein with kindly glow,
Giving the cheek a roſy tint
Excelling all the arts of paint.
If cauld or rain keep us within,
We 've rooms neat, warm, and free from din ;
Where, in the well-digeſted pages,
We can converſe with by-paſt ages ;
And oft, to ſet our dumps adrift,
We ſmile with Prior, Gay, and Swift ;
Or with great Newton take a flight
Amongſt the rolling orbs of light ;
With Milton, Pope, and all the reſt
Who ſmoothly copy nature beſt :

From thoſe inſpir'd, we often find
What brightens and improves the mind,
And carry men a pitch beyond
Thoſe views of which low ſouls are fond.
This hinders not the jocund ſmile
With mirth to mix the moral ſtile;
In converſation this being right,
As is in painting ſhade and light.

This is the life poets have ſung,
Wiſh'd for, my friend, by auld and young;
By all who would heaven's favour ſhare:
Where leaſt ambition, leaſt of care
Diſturbs the mind; where virtuous eaſe
And temperance never fail to pleaſe.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

PENNYCUICK,
May 1748.

AN EPISTLE TO JAMES CLERK, ESQ. OF PENNYCUICK.

Blyth may he be wha o'er the haugh,
All free of care, may ſing and laugh;
Whaſe owſen lunges o'er a plain
Of wide extent, that 's a' his ain.
No humdrum fears need break his reſt,
Wha 's not with debts and duns oppreſt;
Wha has enough, even tho' it 's little,
If it can ward frae dangers kittle,
That chiels, fated to ſkelp vile dubs thro',
For living are oblig'd to rub thro',
To fend by troaking, buying, ſelling,
The profit 's aft no worth the telling.
When aft'er, in ane honeſt way,
We 've gained by them that timely pay,
In comes a cuſtomer, looks big,
Looks generous, and ſcorns to prig,
Buys heartily, bids mark it down,
He 'll clear before he leaves the town;

Which, tho' they ſay 't, they ne'er intend it;
We 're bitten fair, but canna mend it.
A year wheels round, we hing about;
He 's ſleeping, or he 's juſt gane out:
If catch'd, he glooms like ony devil,
Swears braid, and calls us damn'd uncivil:
Or aft our doited lugs abuſes,
With a ratrime of cant excuſes;
And promiſes they ſtoutly ban to,
Whilk they have ne'er a mind to ſtand to.
As lang 's their credit hads the feet o't,
They hound it round to ſeek the meat o't,
Till jointly we begin to gaud them,
And Edinburgh grows o'er het to had them;
Then aff they to the country ſcowp,
And reave us baith of caſh and hope.
Syne we, the lovers of fair dealing,
Wha deem ill payment next to ſtealing,
Rin wood with care how we ſhall pay
Our bills againſt the deſtin'd day;
For lame excuſe the banker ſcorns,
And terrifies with caps and horns;
Nae trader ſtands of trader awe,
But nolens volens gars him draw.

'Tis hard to be laigh poortith's ſlave,
And like a man of worth behave;

Wha

Wha creeps beneath a laid of care,
When intereſt points he 's gleg and gare,
And will at naithing ſtap or ſtand,
That reeks him out a helping hand.

But here, dear Sir, do not miſtake me,
As if grace did ſae far forſake me,
As to allege that all poor fellows,
Unbleſt with wealth, deſerv'd the gallows.
Na, God forbid that I ſhould ſpell
Sae vile a fortune to myſell,
Tho' born to not ae inch of ground,
I keep my conſcience white and ſound;
And tho' I ne'er was a rich heaper,
To make that up I live the cheaper;
By this ae knack I 've made a ſhift
To drive ambitious care a-drift;
And now in years and ſenſe grown auld,
In eaſe I like my limbs to fauld.
Debts I abhor, and plan to be
Frae ſhochling trade and danger free,
That I may, loos'd frae care and ſtrife,
With calmneſs view the edge of life;
And when a full ripe age ſhall crave,
Slide eaſily into my grave.
Now ſeventy years are o'er my head,
And thirty mae may lay me dead;

Should

Should dreary care then ſtunt my muſe,
And gar me aft her jogg refuſe?
Sir, I have ſung, and yet may ſing,
Sonnets that o'er the dales may ring,
And in gaſh glee couch moral ſaw,
Reeſe virtue and keep vice in awe;
Make villainy look black and blue,
And give diſtinguiſh'd worth its due;
Fix its immortal fame in verſe,
That men till doomſday ſhall rehearſe.

I have it even within my pow'r,
The very kirk itſelf to ſcow'r,
And that you 'll ſay 's a brag right bauld;
But did not Lindſay this of auld?
Sir David's ſatyres help'd our nation
To carry on the Reformation,
And gave the ſcarlet whore a box
Mair ſnell than all the pelts of Knox.

Thus far, Sir, with no mean deſign,
To you I 've poured out my mind,
And ſketch'd you forth the toil and pain
Of them that have their bread to gain
With cares laborious, that you may,
In your bleſt ſphere be ever gay,

Enjoying

Enjoying life with all that ſpirit
That your good ſenſe and virtues merit.
Adieu, and ma' ye as happy be
As ever ſhall be wiſh'd by me,

Your ever obliged,
humble ſervant,

PENNYCUICK,
May 9, 1755.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

1728.

TO A. R. ON THE POVERTY OF THE POETS.

DEAR Allan, with your leave, allow me
To aſk you but one queſtion civil;
Why thou 'rt a poet pray thee ſhow me,
And not as poor as any devil?

I own your verſes make me gay,
But as right poet ſtill I doubt ye;
For we hear tell benorth the Tay,
That nothing looks like want about ye.

In anſwer then, attempt ſolution,
Why poverty torments your gang?
And by what fortitude and caution
Thou guards thee from its meagre fang?

Yours, &c.

W. L.

THE ANSWER.

SIR,

THAT mony a thriftleſs poet 's poor,
Is what they very well deſerve,
'Cauſe aft their muſe turns common whore,
And flatters fools that let them ſtarve.

Ne'er minding buſineſs, they lye,
Indulging ſloth, in garret couches,
And gape like gorblins to the ſky,
With hungry wames and empty pouches.

Dear billies, tak advice for anes,
If ye 'd hope honour by the muſe,
Rather to maſons carry ſtanes,
Than for your patrons blockheads chuſe:

For there 's in nature's ſecret laws
Of ſympath and antipathy,
Which is, and will be ſtill the cauſe,
Why fools and wits can ne'er agree.

A wee thing ſerves a cheerfu' mind
That is diſpos'd to be contented,
But he nae happineſs can find
That is with pride and ſloth tormented.

Still

Still cautious to prevent a dun,
With caps and horns on bills and bands;
The ſweets of life I quietly cun,
And anſwer nature's ſmall demands.

Lucky for me, I never ſang
Fauſe praiſes to a worthleſs wight,
And ſtill took pleaſure in the thrang
Of them wha in good ſenſe delight.

To ſuch I owe what gave the riſe
To ought thou in my verſe eſteems,
And, Phœbe like, in darker ſkies,
I but reflect their brighter beams.

FABLES AND TALES.

1722—1730.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Some of the following are taken from Meſſieurs la Fontaine and la Motte, whom I have endeavoured to make ſpeak Scots with as much eaſe as I can; at the ſame time aiming at the ſpirit of theſe eminent authors, without being too ſervile a tranſlator. If my manner of expreſſing a deſign already invented have any particularity that is agreeable, good judges will allow ſuch imitations to be originals formed upon the idea of another. Others, who drudge at the dull verbatim, are like timorous attendants, who dare not move one pace without their maſter's leave, and are never from their back but when they are not able to come up with them.

Thoſe amongſt them which are my own invention, with reſpect to the plot as well as the numbers, I leave the reader to find out; or if he think it worth his while to aſk me, I ſhall tell him.

If this Collection prove acceptable, as I hope it will, I know not how far the love I have for this manner of writing may engage me to be divertingly uſeful. Inſtruction in ſuch a dreſs is fitted for every palate, and ſtrongly imprints a good moral upon the mind. When I think on the "Clock and "the Dial," I am never upon the bluſh, although I ſhould ſit in company ten minutes without ſpeaking. The thoughts of the "Fox and Rat" has hindered me ſometimes from diſobliging a perſon I did not much value. "The Wife "Lizard" makes me content with low life. "The Judg-

" ment of Minos " gives me a diſguſt at avarice; and " Ju-
" piter's Lottery " helps to keep me humble, though I own it has e'en enough ado wi't, &c.

A man who has his mind furniſhed with ſuch a ſtock of good ſenſe as may be had from thoſe excellent Fables, which has been approved of by ages, is proof againſt the inſults of all thoſe miſtaken notions which ſo much haraſs human life: and what is life without ſerenity of mind?

How much of a philoſopher is this ſame moral muſe like to make of me!—" But," ſays one, " ay, ay, you're a canny lad, " ye want to make the other penny by her."—Poſitively I dare not altogether deny this, no more than if I were a clergyman or phyſician; and although all of us love to be ſerviceable to the world, even for the ſake of bare naked virtue, yet approbation and encouragement make our diligence ſtill more delightful.

Important truths ſtill let your Fables hold,
And moral myſteries with art unfold:
As veils tranſparent cover, but not hide;
Such metaphors appear, when right apply'd.

LD. LANSDOWNE.

AN EPISTLE TO DUNCAN FORBES, LORD ADVOCATE.

SHUT in a cloſet ſix foot ſquare,
No faſh'd with meikle wealth or care,
I paſs the live-lang day;
Yet ſome ambitious thoughts I have,
Which will attend me to my grave,
Sic buſked baits they lay.

Theſe keep my fancy on the wing,
Something that 's blyth and ſnack to ſing,
And ſmooth the runkled brow:
Thus care I happily beguile,
Hoping a plaudit and a ſmile
Frae beſt of men, like you.

You wha in kittle caſts of ſtate,
When property demands debate,
Can right what is done wrang;
Yet blythly can, when ye think fit,
Enjoy your friend, and judge the wit
And ſlidneſs of a ſang.

How mony, your reverſe, unbleſt,
Whaſe minds gae wand'ring thro' a miſt,
Proud as the thief in hell,
Pretend, forſooth, they 're gentle-fowk,
'Cauſe chance gi'es them of gear the yowk,
And better chiels the ſhell!

I 've ſeen a wean aft vex itſell,
And greet becauſe it was not tall:
Heez'd on a board, O! than,
Rejoicing in the artfu' height,
How ſmirky look'd the little wight,
And thought itſell a man!

Sic

Sic bairns are ſome, blawn up a wee
With ſplendor, wealth, and quality,
Upon theſe ſtilts grown vain,
They o'er the pows of poor fowk ſtride,
And neither are to had nor bide,
Thinking this height their ain.

Now ſhou'd ane ſpeer at ſic a puff,
What gars thee look ſae big and bluff?
Is 't an attending menzie?
Or fifty diſhes on your table?
Or fifty horſes in your ſtable?
Or heaps of glancing cunzie?

Are theſe the things thou ca's thyſell?
Come, vain gigantic ſhadow, tell;
If thou ſayeſt yes, I 'll ſhaw
Thy picture; mean 's thy ſilly mind,
Thy wit 's a croil, thy judgment blind,
And love worth nought ava.

Accept our praiſe, ye nobly born,
Whom heaven takes pleaſure to adorn
With ilka manly gift;
In courts or camps to ſerve your nation,
Warm'd with that generous emulation
Which your forbears did lift.

In duty, with delight, to you
Th' inferior world do juſtly bow,
While you 're the maiſt deny'd;
Yet ſhall your worth be ever priz'd,
When ſtrutting nathings are deſpis'd,
With a' their ſtinking pride.

This to ſet aff as I am able,
I 'll frae a Frenchman thigg a fable,
And buſk it in a plaid;
And tho' it be a bairn of Motte's *,
When I have taught it to ſpeak Scots,
I am its ſecond dad.

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* Monſ. la Motte, who has written lately a curious Collection of Fables, from which the following is imitated.

FABLE I.

THE TWA BOOKS.

Twa books, near neighbours in a ſhop,
The tane a gilded Turky fop;
The tither's face was weather-beaten,
And cauf-ſkin jacket fair worm-eaten.
The corky, proud of his braw ſuit,
Curl'd up his noſe, and thus cry'd out:
" Ah! place me on ſome freſher binks;
" Figh! how this mouldy creature ſtinks!
" How can a gentle book like me
" Endure ſic ſcoundrel company!
" What may fowk ſay to ſee me cling
" Sae cloſe to this auld ugly thing,
" But that I 'm of a ſimple ſpirit,
" And diſregard my proper merit!"—
Quoth grey-baird, " Whiſht, Sir, with your din;
" For a' your meritorious ſkin,
" I doubt if you be worth within:
" For as auld-faſhion'd as I look,
" May be I am the better book."—
" O heavens! I canna thole the claſh
" Of this impertinent auld haſh;

" I winna ſtay ae moment langer."—
" My lord, pleaſe to command your anger;
" Pray only let me tell you that——"
" What wad this inſolent be at?
" Rot out your tongue! pray, maſter Symmer,
" Remove me frae this dinſome rhymer;
" If you regard your reputation,
" And us of a diſtinguiſh'd ſtation,
" Hence frae this beaſt let me be hurried,
" For with his ſtour and ſtink I'm worried."

Scarce had he ſhook his paughty crap,
When in a cuſtomer did pap;
He up douſe Stanza lifts, and eyes him,
Turns o'er his leaves, admires, and buys him:
" This book," ſaid he, " is good and ſcarce,
" The ſaul of ſenſe in ſweeteſt verſe."
But reading title of gilt cleathing,
Cries, " Gods! wha buys this bonny naithing?
" Nought duller e'er was put in print:
" Wow! what a deal of Turky's tint!"

Now, Sir, t' apply what we 've invented:
You are the buyer repreſented;
And may your ſervant hope
My lays ſhall merit your regard,
I 'll thank the gods for my reward,
And ſmile at ilka fop.

FABLE II.

THE CLOCK AND THE DIAL.

Ae day a Clock wad brag a Dial,
And put his qualities to trial;
Spake to him thus: "My neighbour, pray
"Can'ſt tell me what 's the time of day?"
The Dial ſaid, "I dinna ken."—
"Alake! what ſtand ye there for then?"—
"I wait here till the ſun ſhines bright,
"For nought I ken but by his light."—
"Wait on," quoth Clock, "I ſcorn his help;
"Baith night and day my lane I ſkelp:
"Wind up my weights but anes a week,
"Without him I can gang and ſpeak;
"Nor like an uſeleſs ſumph I ſtand,
"But conſtantly wheel round my hand:
"Hark, hark! I ſtrike juſt now the hour,
"And I am right—ane, twa, three, four."

While thus the Clock was boaſting loud,
The bleezing ſun brak thro' a cloud:
The Dial, faithfu' to his guide,
Spake truth, and laid the thumper's pride:

"Ye

" Ye ſee," ſaid he, " I 've dung you fair,
" 'Tis four hours and three quarters mair.
" My friend," he added, " count again,
" And learn a wee to be leſs vain ;
" Ne'er brag of conſtant clavering cant,
" And that you anſwers never want ;
" For you 're not ay to be believ'd,
" Wha truſt to you may be deceiv'd.
" Be counſell'd to behave like me ;
" For when I dinna clearly ſee,
" I always own I dinna ken,
" And that 's the way of wiſeſt men."

FABLE III.

THE RAM AND THE BUCK.

A RAM, the father of a flock,
Wha 'd mony winters ſtood the ſhock
Of northern winds and driving ſnaw,
Leading his family in a raw,
Through wreaths that clad the laigher field,
And drave them frae the lowner bield,
To crop contented frozen fare,
With honeſty on hills blown bare:
This Ram, of upright hardy ſpirit,
Was really a horn'd head of merit.
Unlike him was a neighbouring Goat,
A mean-ſaul'd, cheating, thieving ſot,
That tho' poſſeſt of rocks the prime,
Crown'd with freſh herbs and rowth of thyme,
Yet, ſlave to pilfering, his delight
Was to break gardens ilka night,
And round him ſteal, and aft deſtroy
Even things he never could enjoy;
The pleaſure of a dirty mind,
That is ſae viciouſly inclin'd.

Upon

Upon a barrowing day, when ſleet
Made twinters and hog-wedders bleet,
And quake with cauld; behind a ruck
Met honeſt Toop and ſneaking Buck;
Frae chin to tail clad with thick hair,
He bad defiance to thin air;
But truſty Toop his fleece had riven,
When he amang the birns was driven:
Half naked the brave leader ſtood,
His look compos'd, unmov'd his mood:
When thus the Goat, that had tint a'
His credit baith with great and ſma',
Shun'd by them as a peſt, wad fain
New friendſhip with this worthy gain:
" Ram, ſay, ſhall I give you a part
" Of mine? I 'll do 't with all my heart:
" 'Tis yet a lang cauld month to Beltan,
" And ye 've a very ragged kelt on;
" Accept, I pray, what I can ſpare,
" To clout your doublet with my hair."

" No," ſays the Ram, " tho' my coat 's
" torn,
" Yet ken, thou worthleſs, that I ſcorn
" To be oblig'd at any price
" To ſic as you, whoſe friendſhip 's vice:
" I 'd

" I 'd have leſs favour frae the beſt,
" Clad in a hatefu' hairy veſt
" Beſtow'd by thee, than as I now
" Stand but ill dreſt in native woo'.
" Boons frae the generous make ane ſmile;
" From miſcreants, make receivers vile."

FABLE IV.

THE LOVELY LASS AND THE MIRROR.

A NYMPH with ilka beauty grac'd,
Ae morning by her toilet plac'd,
Where the leal-hearted Looking-glaſs
With truths addreſt the lovely Laſs.
" To do ye juſtice, heavenly fair,
" Amaiſt in charms ye may compare
" With Venus' ſell; but mind amaiſt,
" For tho' you 're happily poſſeſt
" Of ilka grace which claims reſpect,
" Yet I ſee faults you ſhould correct;
" I own they only trifles are,
" Yet of importance to the fair:
" What ſignifies that patch o'er braid,
" With which your roſy cheek 's o'erlaid?
" Your natural beauties you beguile,
" By that too much affected ſmile;
" Saften that look; move ay with eaſe,
" And you can never fail to pleaſe."

Thoſe

Thoſe kind advices ſhe approv'd,
And mair her monitor ſhe lov'd,
Till in came viſitants a threave;
To entertain them ſhe man leave
Her Looking-glaſs.—They fleetching praiſe
Her looks, her dreſs, and a' ſhe ſays,
Be 't right or wrang; ſhe 's hale complete,
And fails in naithing fair or ſweet.
Sae much was ſaid, the bonny Laſs
Forgat her faithfu' Looking-glaſs.

Clarinda, this dear beautie 's you,
The mirror is ane good and wiſe,
Wha, by his counſels juſt, can ſhew
How nobles may to greatneſs riſe.
God bleſs the wark!—If you 're oppreſt
By paraſites with fauſe deſign,
Then will ſic faithfu' mirrors beſt
Theſe under-plotters countermine.

FABLE V.

JUPITER'S LOTTERY.

Anes Jove, by ae great act of grace,
Wad gratify his human race,
And order'd Hermes, in his name,
With tout of trumpet to proclaim
A royal lott'ry frae the ſkies,
Where ilka ticket was a prize.
Nor was there need for ten per cent.
To pay advance for money lent;
Nor brokers nor ſtock-jobbers here
Were thol'd to cheat fowk of their gear:
The firſt-rate benefits were health,
Pleaſures, honours, empire, and wealth;
But happy he to whom wad fa'
Wiſdom, the higheſt prize of a'.
Hopes of attaining things the beſt,
Made up the maiſt feck of the reſt.
Now ilka ticket ſald with eaſe,
At altars, for a ſacrifice:
Jove a' receiv'd, ky, gaits, and ews,
Moor-cocks, lambs, dows, or bawbee-rows;

Nor

Nor wad debar e'en a poor droll,
Wha nought cou'd gi'e but his parol.
Sae kind was he no to exclude
Poor wights for want of wealth or blood;
Even whiles the gods, as record tells,
Bought ſeveral tickets for themſells.
When ſou, and lots put in the wheel,
Aft were they turn'd to mix them weel;
Blind Chance to draw Jove order'd ſyne,
That nane with reaſon might repine.
He drew, and Mercury was clark,
The number, prize, and name to mark.
Now hopes by millions faſt came forth,
But ſeldom prizes of mair worth,
Sic as dominion, wealth, and ſtate,
True friends, and lovers fortunate.
Wiſdom at laſt, the greateſt prize,
Comes up:—aloud clark Hermes cries,
" Number ten thouſand; come, let 's ſee
" The perſon bleſt."—Quoth Pallas, " Me."
Then a' the gods for blythneſs ſang,
Thro' heaven glad acclamations rang;
While mankind, grumbling, laid the wyte
On them, and ca'd the hale a byte.
" Yes," cry'd ilk ane, with ſobbing heart,
" Kind Jove has play'd a parent's part,
" Wha did this prize to Pallas ſend,
" While we 're ſneg'd off at the wob's end."

Soon to their clamours Jove took tent,
To puniſh which to wark he went:
He ſtraight with follies fill'd the wheel;
In wiſdom's place they did as weel,
For ilka ane wha folly drew,
In their conceit a' ſages grew:
Sae, thus contented, a' retir'd,
And ilka fool himſelf admir'd.

FABLE VI.

THE MISER AND MINOS.

Short ſyne there was a wretched miſer,
With pinching had ſcrap'd up a treaſure;
Yet frae his hoords he doughtna take
As much wou'd buy a mutton ſtake,
Or take a glaſs to comfort nature,
But ſcrimply fed on crumbs and water:
In ſhort, he famiſh'd 'midſt his plenty;
Which made ſurviving kindred canty,
Wha ſcarcely for him pat on black,
And only in his loof a plack,
Which even they grudg'd: ſic is the way
Of them wha fa' upon the prey;
They 'll ſcarce row up the wretch's feet,
Sae ſcrimp they make his winding-ſheet,
Tho' he ſhou'd leave a vaſt eſtate,
And heaps of gowd like Arthur's Seat.

Well, down the ſtarving ghaiſt did ſink,
Till it fell on the Stygian brink;

Where auld Van Charon ſtood and raught
His wither'd loof out for his fraught;
But them that wanted wherewitha',
He dang them back to ſtand and blaw.
The Miſer lang being us'd to ſave,
Fand this, and wadna paſſage crave;
But ſhaw'd the ferryman a knack,
Jumpt in, ſwam o'er, and hain'd his plack.
Charon might damn, and ſink, and roar;
But a' in vain, he gain'd the ſhore.
Arriv'd, the three-pow'd dog of hell
Gowl'd terrible a triple yell;
Which rous'd the ſnaky ſiſters three,
Wha furious on this wight did flee,
Wha 'd play'd the ſmuggler on their coaſt,
By which Pluto his dues had loſt;
Then brought him for this trick ſae hainous
Afore the bench of juſtice Minos.

The caſe was new, and very kittle,
Which puzzl'd a' the court na little;
Thought after thought with unco' ſpeed
Flew round within the judge's head,
To find what puniſhment was due
For ſic a daring crime, and new.
Shou'd he the plague of Tantal. feel?
Or ſtented be on Ixion's wheel?

Or

Or ſtung wi' bauld Prometheus' pain?
Or help Syſiph. to row his ſtane?
Or ſent amang the wicked rout,
To fill the tub that ay rins out?—
" No, no," continues Minos," no;
" Weak are our puniſhments below
" For ſic a crime; he man be hurl'd
" Straight back again into the world:
" I ſentence him to ſee and hear
" What uſe his friends make of his gear."

FABLE VII.

THE APE AND THE LEOPARD.

The Ape and Leopard, beaſts for ſhow,
The firſt a wit, the laſt a beau,
To make a penny at a fair,
Advertis'd a' their parts ſae rare.
The tane gae out with meikle wind,
His beauty 'boon the brutal kind:
Said he, "I 'm kend baith far and near,
"Even kings are pleas'd when I appear;
"And when I yield my vital puff,
"Queens of my ſkin will make a muff;
"My fur ſae delicate and fine,
"With various ſpots does ſleekly ſhine."

Now lads and laſſes faſt did rin
To ſee the beaſt with bonny ſkin:
His keeper ſhaw'd him round about;
They ſaw him ſoon, and ſoon came out.

But maſter Monkey, with an air,
Hapt out, and thus harangu'd the fair:
"Come,

" Come, gentlemen, and ladies bonny,
" I 'll give ye paſtime for your money:
" I can perform, to raiſe your wonder,
" Of pawky tricks mae than a hunder.
" My couſin Spotty, true he 's braw,
" He has a curious ſuit to ſhaw,
" And naithing mair.—But frae my mind
" Ye ſhall blyth ſatisfaction find:
" Sometimes I 'll act a chiel that 's dull,
" Look thoughtfu', grave, and wag my ſcull;
" Then mimic a light-headed rake,
" When on a tow my houghs I ſhake;
" Sometime, like modern monks, I 'll ſeem
" To make a ſpeech, and naithing mean.
" But come away, ye needna ſpeer
" What ye 're to pay, I'ſe no be dear;
" And if ye grudge for want of ſport,
" I 'll give it back t' ye at the port."
The Ape ſucceeded; in fowk went;
Stay'd long, and came out well content.
Sae much will wit and ſpirit pleaſe,
Beyond our ſhape, and braweſt claiths.
How mony, ah! of our fine gallants
Are only Leopards in their talents!

FABLE VIII.

THE ASS AND THE BROCK.

Upon a time a ſolemn Aſs
Was dand'ring thro' a narrow paſs,
Where he forgather'd with a Brock,
Wha him ſaluted frae a rock;
Speer'd how he did? how markets gade?
What 's a' ye'r news? and how is trade?
How does Jock Stot and Lucky Yad,
Tam Tup, and Bucky, honeſt lad?—
Reply'd the Aſs, and made a heel,
" E'en a' the better that ye 're weel:
" But Jackanapes and ſnarling Fitty
" Are grown ſae wicked, (ſome ca's 't witty,)
" That we wha ſolid are and grave,
" Nae peace on our ain howms can have;
" While we are biſy gathering gear,
" Upon a brae they 'll ſit and ſneer.
" If ane ſhou'd chance to breathe behin',
" Or ha'e ſome ſlaver at his chin,
" Or 'gainſt a tree ſhou'd rub his arſe,
" That 's ſubject for a winſome farce.

" There

" There draw they me, as void of thinking;
" And you, my dear, famous for ſtinking;
" And the bauld birſy bair, your frien',
" A glutton, dirty to the een:
" By laughing dogs and apes abus'd,
" Wha is 't can thole to be ſae us'd!"

" Dear me! heh! wow! and ſay ye ſae?"
Return'd the Brock:—" I 'm unko wae,
" To ſee this flood of wit break in:
" O ſcour about, and ca't a ſin;
" Stout are your lungs, your voice is loud,
" And ought will paſs upon the crowd."

The Aſs thought this advice was right,
And bang'd away with a' his might:
Stood on a know among the cattle,
And furiouſly 'gainſt wit did rattle:
Pour'd out a deluge of dull phraſes;
While dogs and apes leugh, and made faces.
Thus a' the angry Aſs held forth
Serv'd only to augment their mirth.

FABLE IX.

THE FOX AND THE RAT.

The lion and the tyger lang maintain'd
A bloody weir: at laſt the lion gain'd.
The royal victor ſtrak the earth with awe,
And the four-footed world obey'd his law.
Frae ilka ſpecies deputies were ſent,
To pay their homage due, and compliment
Their ſov'reign liege, wha 'd gart the rebels cour
And own his royal right and princely power.
After diſpute, the monieſt votes agree
That Reynard ſhould addreſs his majeſty,
Ulyſſes-like, in name of a' the lave;
Wha thus went on:—" O prince! allow thy ſlave
" To reeſe thy brave atchievements and renown;
" Nane but thy daring front ſhou'd wear the
" crown,
" Wha art like Jove, whaſe thunderbolt can make
" The heavens be huſh, and a' the earth to ſhake;
" Whaſe very gloom, if he but angry nods,
" Commands a peace, and flegs th' inferior gods.
" Thus thou, great king, haſt by thy conqu'ring
" paw
" Gi'en earth a ſhog, and made thy will a law:
" Thee

" Thee a' the animals with fear adore,
" And tremble if thou with diſpleaſure roar;
" O'er a' thou canſt us eith thy ſceptre ſway,
" As badrans can with cheeping rottans play."

This ſentence vex'd the envoy rottan ſair;
He threw his gab, and girn'd; but durſt nae mair.
The monarch pleas'd with Lowry, wha durſt gloom?
A warrant 's ordered for a good round ſum,
Which dragon, lord chief treaſurer, muſt pay
To fly-tongu'd Fleechy on a certain day;
Which ſecretary ape in form wrote down,
Sign'd, Lion, and a wee beneath, Baboon.—
'Tis given the Fox.—Now Bobtail, tap o' kin,
Made rich at anes, is nor to had nor bin:
He dreams of nought but pleaſure, joy, and peace,
Now bleſt with wealth to purchaſe hens and geeſe.
Yet in his loof he hadna tell'd the gowd,
And yet the Rottan's breaſt with anger glow'd.
He vow'd revenge, and watch'd it night and day;
He took the tid when Lowry was away,
And thro' a hole into his cloſet ſlips,
There chews the warrant a' in little nips.
Thus what the Fox had for his flatt'ry gotten,
E'en frae a Lion, was made nought by an offended Rottan.

FABLE X.

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE ANT.

A PENSY Ant, right trig and clean,
Came ae day whidding o'er the green;
Where, to advance her pride, ſhe ſaw
A Caterpillar moving ſlaw.
" Good ev'n t' ye, miſtreſs Ant," ſaid he;
" How 's a' at hame? I 'm blyth to s' ye."
The ſaucy Ant view'd him with ſcorn,
Nor wad civilities return;
But gecking up her head, quoth ſhe,
" Poor animal! I pity thee;
" Wha ſcarce can claim to be a creature,
" But ſome experiment of nature,
" Whaſe filly ſhape diſpleas'd her eye,
" And thus unfiniſh'd was flung bye.
" For me, I 'm made with better grace,
" With active limbs, and lively face;
" And cleverly can move with eaſe
" Frae place to place where'er I pleaſe;
" Can foot a minuet or a jig,
" And ſnoov 't like ony whirly-gig;

" Which

" Which gars my jo aft grip my hand,
" Till his heart pitty-pattys, and——
" But laigh my qualities I bring,
" To ſtand up claſhing with a thing,
" A creeping thing the like of thee,
" Not worthy of a farewell t' ye."
The airy ant ſyne turn'd awa,
And left him with a proud gaffa.
The Caterpillar was ſtruck dumb,
And never anſwer'd her a mum:
The humble reptile fand ſome pain,
Thus to be banter'd with diſdain.

But tent neiſt time the Ant came by,
The worm was grown a Butterfly:
Tranſparent were his wings and fair,
Which bare him flight'ring thro' the air.
Upon a flower he ſtapt his flight,
And thinking on his former ſlight,
Thus to the Ant himſelf addreſt:
" Pray, Madam, will ye pleaſe to reſt?
" And notice what I now adviſe:
" Inferiors ne'er too much deſpiſe,
" For fortune may gi'e ſic a turn,
" To raiſe aboon ye what ye ſcorn:
" For inſtance, now I ſpread my wing
" In air, while you 're a creeping thing."

FABLE XI.

THE TWA CATS AND THE CHEESE.

Twa Cats anes on a cheeſe did light,
To which baith had an equal right;
But diſputes, ſic as aft ariſe,
Fell out a ſharing of the prize.
" Fair play," ſaid ane, " ye bite o'er thick,
" Thae teeth of yours gang wonder quick!
" Let 's part it, elſe lang or the moon
" Be chang'd, the kebuck will be doon."
But wha 's to do 't? they 're parties baith,
And ane may do the other ſkaith:
Sae with conſent away they trudge,
And laid the cheeſe before a judge:
A monkey with a campſho face,
Clerk to a juſtice of the peace.
A judge he ſeem'd in juſtice ſkill'd,
When he his maſter's chair had fill'd:
Now umpire choſen for diviſion,
Baith ſware to ſtand by his deciſion.

Demure

Demure he looks; the cheeſe he pales;
He prives, it 's good; ca's for the ſcales;
His knife whops throw 't, in twa it fell;
He puts ilk haff in either ſhell.
Said he, " We 'll truly weigh the caſe,
" And ſtricteſt juſtice ſhall have place."
Then lifting up the ſcales, he fand
The tane bang up, the other ſtand:
Syne out he took the heavieſt haff,
And eat a knooſt o't quickly aff;
And try'd it ſyne :—it now prov'd light :—
" Friend Cats," ſaid he, we 'll do ye right."
Then to the ither haff he fell,
And laid till 't teughly tooth and nail;
Till weigh'd again, it lighteſt prov'd.
The judge, wha this ſweet proceſs lov'd,
Still weigh'd the caſe, and ſtill ate on,
Till clients baith were weary grown;
And tenting how the matter went,
Cry'd, " Come, come, Sir, we 're baith con-
" tent."—
" Ye fools !" quoth he, " and juſtice too
" Man be content as well as you."
Thus grumbled they, thus he went on,
Till baith the haves were near-hand done.
Poor Pouſies now the daffin ſaw,
Of gawn for nignyes to the law;

And

And bill'd the judge, that he wad pleaſe
To give them the remaining cheeſe.
To which his worſhip grave reply'd;
" The dues of court man firſt be paid.—
" Now juſtice pleas'd, what 's to the fore
" Will but right ſcrimply clear your ſcore;
" That 's our decreet:—gae hame and ſleep,
" And thank us ye 're win aff ſae cheap."

FABLE XII.

THE CAMELEON.

'Twa travellers, as they were wa'king,
'Bout the Cameleon fell a ta'king;
Sic think it ſhaws them mettled men,
To ſay I 've ſeen, and ought to ken.
Says ane, " It 's a ſtrange beaſt indeed!
" Four-footed, with a fiſh's head;
" A little bowk, with a lang tail,
" And moves far ſlawer than a ſnail;
" Of colour like a blawart blue—"
Reply'd his nibour, " That 's no true;
" For well I wat his colour 's green,
" If ane may true his ain twa een;
" For I in ſun-ſhine ſaw him fair,
" When he was dining on the air."—
" Excuſe me," ſays the ither blade,
" I ſaw him better in the ſhade,
" And he is blue."—" He 's green, I 'm
" ſure."—
" Ye lied."—" And ye 're the ſon of a whore."

Frae words there had been cuff and kick,
Had not a third come in the nick,
Wha tenting them in this rough mood,
Cry'd, " Gentlemen, what, are ye wood?
" What 's ye'r quarrel, and 't may be
" ſpeer'd ?"—
" Truth," ſays the tane ; " Sir, ye ſhall
hear 't :
" The Cameleon, I ſay he 's blue ;
" He threaps, he 's green : now what ſay
" you ?"—
" Ne'er faſh ye'rſells about the matter,"
Says the ſagacious arbitrator,
" He 's black ; ſae nane of you are right ;
" I view'd him well with candle-light ;
" And have it in my pocket here,
" Row'd in my napkin hale and feer."—
" Fy !" ſaid ae cangler, " what d' ye mean ?
" I 'll lay my lugs on 't that he 's green."
Said th' ither, " Were I gawn to death,
" I 'd ſwear he 's blue, with my laſt breath."—
" He 's black," the judge maintain'd ay ſtout ;
And to convince them, whop'd him out :
But to ſurprize to ane and a',
The animal was white as ſnaw ;
And thus reprov'd them : " Shallow boys !
" Away, away, make nae mair noiſe :
" Ye 're

" Ye 're a' three wrang, and a' three right;
" But learn to own your nibours' ſight
" As good as yours: your judgment ſpeak,
" But never be ſae daftly weak,
" T' imagine ithers will by force
" Submit their ſentiments to yours;
" As things in various lights ye ſee,
" They 'll ilka ane reſemble me."

FABLE XIII.

THE TWA LIZARDS.

Beneath a tree, ae ſhining day,
On a burn bank twa Lizards lay,
Beeking themſells now in the beams,
Then drinking of the cauller ſtreams.
" Waes me!" ſays ane of them to th' ither,
" How mean and ſilly live we, brither!
" Beneath the moon is ought ſae poor,
" Regarded leſs, or mair obſcure?
" We breathe indeed, and that 's juſt a';
" But, forc'd by deſtiny's hard law,
" On earth like worms to creep and ſprawl;
" Curſt fate to ane that has a ſaul!
" Forby, gin we may trow report,
" In Nilus giant Lizards ſport,
" Ca'd crocodiles: ah! had I been
" Of ſic a ſize, upon the green
" Then might I had my ſkair of fame,
" Honour, reſpect, and a great name;
" And man with gaping jaws have ſhor'd,
" Syne like a pagod been ador'd."

" Ah,

" Ah, friend !" replies the ither Lizard,
" What makes this grumbling in thy gizzard ?
" What cauſe have ye to be uneaſy ?
" Cannot the ſweets of freedom pleaſe ye ?
" We, free frae trouble, toil, or care,
" Enjoy the ſun, the earth, and air,
" The cryſtal ſpring, and greenwood ſhaw,
" And beildy holes when tempeſts blaw.
" Why ſhould we fret, look blae or wan,
" Tho' we 're contemn'd by paughty man ?
" If ſae, let 's in return be wiſe,
" And that proud animal deſpiſe."

" O fy !" returns th' ambitious beaſt,
" How weak a fire now warms thy breaſt !
" It breaks my heart to live ſae mean ;
" I 'd like t' attract the gazer's een,
" And be admir'd. What ſtately horns
" The deer's majeſtic brow adorns !
" He claims our wonder and our dread,
" Where'er he heaves his haughty head.
" What envy a' my ſpirit fires,
" When he in cleareſt pools admires
" His various beauties with delyte ;
" I 'm like to drown myſelf with ſpite."

Thus he held forth ; when ſtraight a pack
Of hounds, and hunters at their back,

Ran down a deer before their face,
Breathleſs and wearied with the chace:
The dogs upon the victim ſeize,
And beugles ſound his obſequies.
But neither men nor dogs took tent
Of our wee Lizards on the bent;
While hungry Bawty, Buff, and Tray,
Devour'd the paunches of the prey.

Soon as the bloody deed was paſt,
The Lizard wife the proud addreſt:
" Dear couſin, now pray let me hear
" How wad ye like to be a deer?"

" Ohon!" quoth he, convinc'd and wae,
" Wha wad have thought it anes a-day?
" Well, be a private life my fate,
" I 'll never envy mair the great:
" That we are little fowk, that 's true;
" But ſae 's our cares and dangers too."

FABLE XIV.

MERCURY IN QUEST OF PEACE.

THE gods cooſt out, as ſtory gaes,
Some being friends, ſome being faes,
To men in a beſieged city:
Thus ſome frae ſpite, and ſome frae pity,
Stood to their point with canker'd ſtrictneſs,
And leftna ither in dog's likeneſs.
Juno ca'd Venus whore and bawd,
Venus ca'd Juno ſcaulding Jad:
E'en cripple Vulcan blew the low,
Apollo ran to bend his bow,
Dis ſhook his fork, Pallas her ſhield,
Neptune his grape began to wield.
" What plague!" cries Jupiter, " hey hoy!
" Man this town prove anither Troy?
" What, will you ever be at odds,
" Till mankind think us fooliſh gods?
" Hey! miſtreſs Peace, make haſte, appear."
But madam was nae there to hear.
" Come, Hermes, wing thy heels and head,
" And find her out with a' thy ſpeed:
" Trowth, this is bonny wark indeed!"

Hermes obeys, and ſtaptna ſhort,
But flies directly to the court;
For ſure (thought he) ſhe will be found
On that fair complimenting ground,
Where praiſes and embraces ran,
Like current coin, 'tween man and man.
But ſoon, alake! he was beguil'd;
And fand that courtiers only ſmil'd,
And with a formal flatt'ry treat ye,
That they mair ſickerly might cheat ye.
Peace was na there, nor e'er could dwell
Where hidden envy makes a hell.

Nieſt to the ha', where juſtice ſtands
With ſword and balance in her hands,
He flew; no that he thought to find her
Between the accuſer and defender;
But ſure he thought to find the wench
Amang the fowk that fill the bench,
Sae muckle gravity and grace
Appear'd in ilka judge's face:
Even here he was deceiv'd again,
For ilka judge ſtack to his ain
Interpretation of the law,
And vex'd themſells with had and draw.

Frae thence he flew ſtraight to the kirk:
In this he prov'd as daft a ſtirk,

To

To look for Peace, where never three
In ev'ry point cou'd e'er agree:
Ane his ain gait explain'd a text
Quite contrair to his neighbour next,
And teughly toolied day and night
To gar believers trow them right.

Then ſair he ſigh'd: "Where can ſhe be?—
"Well thought—the univerſity:
"Science is ane, theſe man agree."
There did he bend his ſtrides right clever,
But is as far miſtane as ever;
For here contention and ill-nature
Had runkled ilka learn'd feature:
Ae party ſtood for ancient rules,
Anither ca'd the ancients fools;
Here ane wad ſet his ſhanks aſpar,
And reeſe the man that ſang Troy war;
Anither ca's him Robin Kar.

Well, ſhe 's no here.—Away he flies
To ſeek her amangſt families:
Tout! what ſhou'd ſhe do there, I wonder?
Dwells ſhe with matrimonial thunder,
Where mates, ſome greedy, ſome deep drinkers,
Contend with thriftleſs mates or jinkers?
This ſays 'tis black; and that, wi' ſpite,
Stifly maintains and threaps 'tis white.

Weary'd

Weary'd at laſt, quoth he, " Let 's ſee
" How branches with their ſtocks agree."
But here he fand ſtill his miſtake;
Some parents cruel were, ſome weak;
While bairns ungratefu' did behave,
And wiſh'd their parents in the grave.

" Has Jove then ſent me 'mang thir fowk,"
Cry'd Hermes, " here to hunt the gowk?
" Well I have made a waly round,
" To ſeek what is not to be found."
Juſt on the wing—towards a burn,
A wee piece aff, his looks did turn;
There miſtreſs Peace he chanc'd to ſee
Sitting beneath a willow tree.
" And have I found ye at the laſt?"
He cry'd aloud, and held her faſt.
" Here I reſide," quoth ſhe, and ſmil'd,
" With an auld hermit in this wild."—
" Well, Madam," ſaid he, " I perceive
" That ane may long your preſence crave,
" And miſs ye ſtill; but this ſeems plain,
" To have ye, ane man be alane."

FABLE XV.

THE SPRING AND THE SYKE.

Fed by a living Spring, a rill
Flow'd eaſily a-down a hill;
A thouſand flowers upon its bank
Flouriſh'd fu' fair, and grew right rank.
Near to its courſe a Syke did lye,
Whilk was in ſummer aften dry,
And ne'er recover'd life again,
But after ſoaking ſhowers of rain;
Then wad he ſwell, look big and ſpruſh,
And o'er his margin proudly guſh.
Ae day, after great waughts of wet,
He with the cryſtal current met,
And ran him down with unco' din.
Said he, "How poorly does thou rin!
"See with what ſtate I daſh the brae,
"Whilſt thou canſt hardly make thy way."

The Spring, with a ſuperior air,
Said, "Sir, your brag gives me nae care,
"For ſoon 's ye want your foreign aid,
"Your paughty cracks will ſoon be laid:
"Frae my ain head I have ſupply,
"But you muſt borrow, elſe rin dry."

FABLE XVI.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE OWL.

PHOENIX the firſt, th' Arabian lord,
And chief of all the feather'd kind,
A hundred ages had ador'd
The ſun, with ſanctity of mind.

Yet, mortal, ye man yield to fate;
He heard the ſummons with a ſmile,
And, unalarm'd, without regret,
He form'd himſell a fun'ral pile.

A Howlet, bird of mean degree,
Poor, doſen'd, lame, and doited auld,
Lay lurking in a neighb'ring tree,
Curſing the ſun loot him be cauld.

Said Phœnix, "Brother, why ſo griev'd,
"To ban the Being gives thee breath?
"Learn to die better than thou 'ſt liv'd;
"Believe me, there 's nae ill in death."

"Believe

" Believe ye that ?" the Owl reply'd :
" Preach as ye will, death is an ill :
" When young I ilka pleaſure try'd,
" But now I die againſt my will.

" For you, a ſpecies by yourſell,
" Near eeldins with the ſun your god,
" Nae ferly 'tis to hear you tell
" Ye 're tir'd, and inclin'd to nod.

" It ſhou'd be ſae ; for had I been
" As lang upon the warld as ye,
" Nae tears ſhou'd e'er drap frae my een,
" For tinſel of my hollow tree."

" And what," return'd th' Arabian ſage,
" Have ye t' obſerve ye have not ſeen ?
" Ae day 's the picture of an age,
" 'Tis ay the ſame thing o'er again.

" Come, let us baith together die :
" Bow to the ſun that gave thee life,
" Repent thou frae his beams did flee,
" And end thy poortith pain, and ſtrife.

" Thou wha in darkneſs took delight,
" Frae pangs of guilt could'ſt ne'er be free :
" What won thou by thy ſhunning light ?—
" But time flies on, I haſte to die."

" Ye'r

" Ye'r ſervant, Sir," reply'd the Owl,
" I likena in the dark to lowp :
" The byword ca's that chiel a fool,
" That ſlips a certainty for hope."

Then ſtraight the zealous feather'd king
To 's aromatic neſt retir'd
Collected ſun-beams with his wing,
And in a ſpicy flame expir'd.

Meantime there blew a weſtlin gale,
Which to the Howlet bore a coal;
The ſaint departed on his pile,
But the blaſphemer in his hole:

He died for ever.—Fair and bright
The Phœnix frae his aſhes ſprang.
Thus wicked men ſink down to night,
While juſt men join the glorious thrang.

FABLE XVII.

THE BOY AND THE PIG.

DEEP in a narrow craiged Pig
Lay mony a dainty nut and fig.
A greedy Callan, half a ſot,
Shot his wee nive into the pot,
And thought to bring as mony out
As a' his fangs cou'd gang about;
But the ſtrait neck o't wadna ſuffer
The hand of this young fooliſh truffer,
Sae ſtruted, to return again,
Which gae the gowkie nae ſma' pain.
He gowls to be ſae diſappointed,
And drugs till he has 'maiſt disjointed
His ſhekelbane.—Anither lad
Stood by, wha ſome mair judgment had;
Said, "Billy, dinna grip at a',
"And you with eaſe a part may draw."
This ſame advice to men I 'd lend;
Ne'er for o'er much at anes contend,
But take the cannyeſt gate to eaſe,
And pike out joys by twas and threes.

FABLE XVIII.

THE MAN WITH THE TWA WIVES.

In ancient tales, there is a ſtory,
Of ane had twa Wives, whig and tory.
The Carlie's head was now attir'd
With hair, in equal mixture lyart.
His Wives (faith ane might well ſuffic'd)
Alternately was ay ill pleas'd:
They being reverſe to ane another
In age and faith, made a curs'd pother
Whilk of the twa ſhou'd bear the bell,
And make their man maiſt like themſell.
Auld Meg the tory took great care
To weed out ilka ſable hair,
Plucking out all that look'd like youth,
Frae crown of head to weeks of mouth;
Saying, that baith in head and face,
Antiquity was mark of grace.
But Beſs the whig, a raving rump,
Took figmaliries, and wald jump,
With ſword and piſtol by her ſide,
And cock a-ſtride a rowing ride

On

On the hag-ridden ſumph, and grapple
Him hard and faſt about the thrapple;
And with her furious fingers whirle
Frae youthfu' black ilk ſilver curle.
Thus was he ſerv'd between the twa,
Till no ae hair he had ava.

MORAL.

THE moral of this fable 's eaſy,
But I ſall ſpeak it out to pleaſe ye.
'Tis an auld ſaying and a trow,
" Between twa ſtools the arſe fa's throw."
Thus Britain's morals are much plucked,
While by two oppoſites inſtructed;
Who ſtill contending, have the trick
The ſtrongeſt truths to contradict;
Tho' orthodox, they 'll error make it,
If party oppoſite has ſpake it.
Thus are we keytch'd between the twa,
Like to turn deiſts ane and a'.

FABLE XIX.

THE FABLE OF THE CONDEMNED ASS.

A DREADFUL plague, the like was ſindle ſeen,
Caſt mony a beaſt wame upwards on the green:
By thouſands down to Acheron they ſank,
To dander ages on the dowie bank,
Becauſe they lay unburied on the ſward,
The ſick ſurvivors cou'dna give them eard.
The wowf and tod with ſighing ſpent the day,
Their ſickly ſtamacks ſcunner'd at the prey;
Fowls droop the wing, the bull neglects his love;
Scarce crawl the ſheep, and weakly horſes move:
The bauldeſt brutes that haunt Numidian glens,
Ly panting out their lives in dreary dens.
Thick lay the dead, and thick the pain'd and weak,
The proſpect gart the awfu' Lion quake.

He ca's a council.—"Ah! my friends," ſaid he,
"'Tis for ſome horrid faut ſae mony die;
"Sae heaven permits.—Then let us a' confeſs,
"With open breaſt, our crimes baith mair and leſs,
"That

" That the revengefu' gods may be appeas'd,
" When the maiſt guilty wight is ſacrific'd.
" Fa't on the feyeſt: I ſhall firſt begin,
" And awn whate'er my conſcience ca's a ſin.
" The ſheep and deer I 've worried, now, alace!
" Crying for vengeance, glowr me i' the face;
" Forby their herd, poor man! to croun my
" treat,
" Limb after limb, with bloody jaws I ate:
" Ah, glutton me! what murders have I done!—
" Now ſay about, confeſs ilk ane as ſoon
" And frank as I."—" Sire," ſays the pawky
" Tod,
" Your tenderneſs beſpeaks you haf a god!
" Worthy to be the monarch of the grove,
" Worthy your friends' and a' your ſubjects' love.
" Your ſcruples are too nice: what 's harts or
" ſheep?
" An idiot crowd, which for your board ye keep;
" And where 's the ſin for ane to take his ain?
" Faith 'tis their honour when by you they 're
" ſlain.
" Neiſt, what 's their herd?—a man, our deadly
" fae!
" Wha o'er us beaſts pretends a fancy'd ſway;
" And ne'er makes banes o't, when 'tis in his
" power,
" With guns and bows our nation to devour."

He ſaid; and round the courtiers all and each
Applauded Lawrie for his winſome ſpeech.

The tyger, bair, and ev'ry powerfu' fur,
Down to the wilcat and the ſnarling cur,
Confeſt their crimes:—but wha durſt ca' them crimes,
Except themſells?

The Aſs, dull thing! neiſt in his turn confeſt,
That being with hunger very ſair oppreſt,
In o'er a dike he ſhot his head ae day,
And rugg'd three mouthfu's aff a ruck of hay:
"But ſpeering leave," ſaid he, "ſome wicked "de'il
"Did tempt me frae the pariſh prieſt to ſteal."
He ſaid; and all at ains the powerfu' croud,
With open throats, cry'd haſtily and loud,
"This gypſie Aſs deſerves ten deaths to die,
"Whaſe horrid guilt brings on our miſery!"
A gaping wowf, in office, ſtraight demands
To have him burnt, or tear him where he ſtands:
Hanging, he ſaid, was an o'er eaſy death;
He ſhould in tortures yield his lateſt breath.
What, break a biſhop's yard! ah crying guilt!
Which nought can expiate till his blood be ſpilt.

The

The Lion ſigns his ſentence, " hang and draw :"
Sae poor lang lugs man pay the kane for a'.

Hence we may ken, how power has eith the knack
To whiten red, and gar the blew ſeem black :
They 'll ſtart at winleſtraes, yet never crook,
When Intereſt bids, to lowp out o'er a ſtowk.

FABLE XX.

THE GODS OF EGYPT.

LANGSYNE in Egypt beaſts were gods;
Sae mony, that the men turn'd beaſts;
Vermin and brutes but houſe or hald,
Had offerings, temples, and their prieſts.

Ae day a Rattan, white as milk,
At a cat's ſhrine was ſacrific'd,
And pompous on the altar bled:
The victim much god Badrans pleas'd.

The neiſt day was god Rattan's tour;
And that he might propitious ſmile,
A Cat is to his temple brought,
Prieſts ſinging round him a' the while

Odes, anthems, hymns, in verſe and proſe,
With inſtruments of ſolemn ſound,
Praying the lang-tail'd deity
To bleſs their faulds and furrow'd ground.

" O! plague

" O! plague us not with cats," they cry'd,
" For this we cut ane's throat to thee."—
" A bonny god indeed!" quoth Puſs;
" Can ye believe ſae great a lie?

" What am I then that eat your god?
" And yeſterday to me ye bow'd;
" This day I 'm to that vermin offer'd:
" God ſave us! ye 're a ſenſeleſs crowd."

The cloſe reflection gart them glowr,
And ſhook their thoughts haf out of joint;
But rather than be faſh'd with thought,
They gart the ax decide the point.

Thus we 're Egyptians ane and a';
Our paſſions gods, that gar us ſwither;
Which, juſt as the occaſion ſerves,
We ſacrifice to ane anither.

FABLE XXI.

THE SPECTACLES.

Ae day when Jove, the high director,
Was merry o'er a bowl of nectar,
Reſolv'd a preſent to beſtow
On the inhabitants below.
Momus, wha likes his joke and wine,
Was ſent frae heaven with the propine.
Faſt thro' the æther fields he whirl'd
His rapid car, and reach'd the warld:
Conven'd mankind, and tald them Jove
Had ſent a token of his love;
Conſidering that they were ſhort-ſighted,
That faut ſhou'd preſently be righted.
Syne loos'd his wallet frae the pillions,
And toſs'd out ſpectacles by millions.
There were enow, and ilk ane choſe
His pair, and cock'd them on his noſe;
And thankfully their knees they bended
To heaven, that thus their ſight had mended.
Streight Momus hameward took his flight,
Laughing fou' loud, as well he might.

For

For ye man ken, 'tis but o'er true,
The glaſſes were ſome red, ſome blue,
Some black, ſome white, ſome brown, ſome green,
Which made the ſame thing different ſeem.
Now all was wrong, and all was right,
For ilk believ'd his aided ſight,
And did the joys of truth partake,
In the abſurdeſt groſs miſtake.

FABLE XXII.

THE FOX TURNED PREACHER.

A LEARNED Fox grown ſtiff with eild,
Unable now in open field,
By ſpeed of foot and clever ſtends,
To ſeize and worry lambs and hens;
But Lowry never wants a ſhift
To help him out at a dead lift.
He cleath'd himſell in reverend dreſs,
And turn'd a preacher, naething leſs!
Held forth wi' birr 'gainſt wier unjuſt,
'Gainſt theft and gormandizing luſt.
Clear was his voice, his tone was ſweet,
In zeal and mien he ſeem'd complete;
Sae grave and humble was his air,
His character ſhin'd wide and fair.
'Tis ſaid the Lion had a mind
To hear him; but Meſs Fox declin'd
That honour: reaſons on his ſide
Said that might ſnare him into pride:

But

But ſheep and powtry, geeſe and ducks,
Came to his meeting-hole in flocks;
Of being his prey they had nae fear,
His text the contrary made clear.

" Curſt be that animal voracious,"
Cry'd he, " ſae cruel and ungracious,
" That chuſes fleſh to be his food,
" And takes delight in waughting blood!—
" What, live by murder!—horrid deed!
" While we have trees, and ilka mead,
" Finely enrich'd with herbs and fruits,
" To ſerve and pleaſe the niceſt brutes.
" We ſhou'd reſpect, dearly belov'd,
" Whate'er by breath of life is mov'd.
" Firſt, 'tis unjuſt; and, ſecondly,
" 'Tis cruel, and a cruelty
" By which we are expos'd (O ſad!)
" To eat perhaps our lucky dad:
" For ken, my friend, the ſaul ne'er dies,
" But frae the failing body flies;
" Leaves it to rot, and ſeeks anither;
" Thus young Miſs Gooſe may be my mither;
" The bloody wowf, ſeeking his prey,
" His father in a ſheep may ſlay;
" And I, in worrying lambs or cocks,
" Might choak my grandſire Doctor Fox.
" Ah! heaven protect me frae ſic crimes!
" I 'd rather die a thouſand times."

Thus

Thus our bob-tail'd Pythagoras preach'd,
And with loud cant his lungs out-ſtretch'd.
His ſermon ſounded o'er the dale,
While thus he moraliz'd with zeal.
His glaſs ſpun out, he ceaſt, admir'd
By all who joyfully retir'd.

But after a' the lave was gane,
Some geeſe, twa chickens, and a hen,
Thought fit to ſtay a little ſpace,
To tawk about ſome kittle caſe.
The doctor hem'd, and in he drew them,
Then quiet and decently he ſlew them;
On whom he fed the good auld way.
Thoſe who wan aff, thrice happy they.

FABLE XXIII.

THE BEE AND THE FLY.

Before her hive, a paughty Bee
Obſerv'd a humble midding flie,
And proudly ſpeer'd, what brought her there,
And with what front ſhe durſt repair
Amang the regents of the air.
" It ſets ye well," the Flie reply'd,
" To quarrel with ſic ſaucy pride!
" They 're daft indeed has ought to do
" With thrawin contentious fowk like you."—
" Why, ſcoundrel, you!" return'd the Bee,
" What nation is ſae wiſe as we?
" Beſt laws and policy is ours,
" And our repaſt the fragrant flow'rs:
" No ſordid naſty trade we drive,
" But with ſweet honey fill the hive;
" Honey maiſt gratefu' to the taſte,
" On which the gods themſells may feaſt.
" Out of my ſight, vile wretch! whoſe tongue
" Is daily ſlacking throw the dung;

" Vile

" Vile ſpirits, filthily content
" To feed on ſtinking excrement!"
The Fly replied in ſober way,
" Faith we man live as well 's we may:
" Glad poverty was ne'er a vice,
" But ſure ill-natur'd paſſion is.
" Your honey 's ſweet; but then how tart
" And bitter 's your malicious heart!
" In making laws you copy heaven,
" But in your conduct how uneven!
" To faſh at ony time a fae,
" Ye 'll never ſtick ye'rſells to ſlae,
" And ſkaith ye'rſell mair ſickerly
" Than e'er ye can your enemy.
" At that rate, ane had better have
" Leſs talents, if they can behave
" Diſcreet, and leſs their paſſions' ſlave."

FABLE XXIV.

THE HORSE'S COMPLAINT,

" Ah! what a wretch'd unlucky corſe
" Am I!" cries a poor hireling horſe:
" Toil'd a' the day quite aff my feet,
" With little time or ought to eat:
" By break of day, up frae my bed
" Of dirt I 'm rais'd to draw the ſled,
" Or cart, as haps to my wanluck,
" To ca' in coals, or out the muck;
" Or dreſt in ſaddle, howſe, and bridle,
" To gallop with ſome gamphrel idle,
" That for his hiring pint and ſhilling,
" Obliges me, tho' maiſt unwilling,
" With whip, and ſpur ſunk in my ſide,
" O'er heights and hows all day to ride;
" While he neglects my hungry wame,
" Till aft I fa' and make him lame;
" Who curſes me ſhou'd ban himſell,
" He ſtarv'd me, I with faintneſs fell.

" How

" How happy lives our baron's ape!
" That 's good for nought but girn and gape,
" Or round about the laſſes flee,
" And lift their coats aboon their knee;
" To friſk and jump frae ſtool to ſtool,
" Turn up his bum, and play the fool;
" Aft rives a mutch, or ſteals a ſpoon,
" And burns the bairns' hoſe and ſhoon:
" Yet while I 'm ſtarving in the ſtable,
" This villain 's cock'd upon the table,
" There fed and rees'd by all around him,
" By fooliſh chiels, the pox confound them!"

" My friend," ſays a dowſe-headed ox,
" Our knight is e'en like other folks:
" For 'tis not them who labour maiſt
" That commonly are paid the beſt:
" Then ne'er caſt up what ye deſerve,
" Since better 'tis to pleaſe than ſerve."

TIT FOR TAT.

Be-south our channel, where 'tis common
To be prieſt-ridden, man and woman;
A father anes, in grave proceſſion,
Went to receive a wight's confeſſion,
Whaſe ſins, lang gather'd, now began
To burden ſair his inner man.
But happy they that can with eaſe
Fling aff ſic loads whene'er they pleaſe!
Lug out your ſins, and eke your purſes,
And ſoon your kind ſpiritual nurſes
Will eaſe you of theſe heavy turſes.

Cries Hodge, and ſighs, "Ah! father ghoſtly,
"I lang'd anes for ſome jewels coſtly,
"And ſtaw them frae a ſneaking miſer,
"Wha was a wicked cheating ſqueezer,
"And much had me and others wrang'd,
"For which I aften wiſh'd him hang'd."—
The father ſays, "I own, my ſon,
"To rob or pilfer is ill done;

" But I can eith forgive the faut,
" Since it is only tit for tat."

The ſighing penitent gade furder,
And own'd his anes deſigning murder;
That he had lent ane's guts a ſkreed,
Wha had gi'en him a broken head.
Replies the prieſt, " My ſon, 'tis plain
" That 's only tit for tat again."

But ſtill the ſinner ſighs and ſobs,
And cries, " Ah! theſe are venial jobs,
" To the black crime that yet behind
" Lies like auld nick upon my mind:
" I dare na name 't; I 'd lure be ſtrung
" Up by the neck, or by the tongue,
" As ſpeak it out to you: believe me,
" The faut you never wad forgive me."
The haly man, with pious care,
Intreated, pray'd, and ſpake him fair;
Conjur'd him, as he hop'd for heaven,
To tell his crime, and be forgiven.

" Well then," ſays Hodge, " if it man be,
" Prepare to hear a tale frae me,
" That when 'tis tald, I 'm unko feard,
" Ye 'll wiſh it never had been heard:

" Ah

" Ah me! your reverence's ſiſter,
" Ten times I carnally have—kiſt her."
" All 's fair," returns the reverend brother,
" I 've done the ſamen with your mother
" Three times as aft; and ſae for that
" We 're on a level, tit for tat."

THE PARROT.

An honeſt man had tint his wife,
And, wearied of a dowy life,
Thought a parroquet bade maiſt fair,
With tatling to divert his care:
For the good woman fair he griev'd;
He 'ad needed nane if ſhe had liv'd!

Streight to a bird-man's ſhop he hies,
Who, ſtock'd with a' that wing the ſkies,
And give delight with feathers fair,
Or pleaſe with a melodious air;
Larks, gowdſpinks, maviſes, and linties,
Baith hame bred, and frae foreign countries;
Of parrots he had curious choice,
Carefully bred to make a noiſe;
The very warſt had learn'd his tale,
To aſk a cup of ſack or ale;
Cry weſtlin herrings, or freſh ſalmons,
White ſand, or Norway nuts like almonds.
Delighted with their various claver,
While wealth made all his wits to waver,

" He

" He caſt his look beneath the board,
Where ſtood ane that ſpake ne'er a word:
" Pray what art thou ſtands ſpeechleſs there?"
Reply'd the bird, " I think the mair."
The buyer ſays, " Thy anſwer 's wiſe,
" And thee I 'll have at any price.
" What muſt you have?"—" Five pounds."—
" 'Tis thine
" The money, and the bird is mine."

Now in his room this feather'd ſage
Is hung up in a gilded cage,
The maſter's expectations fully
Poſſeſt to hear him tauk like Tully:
But a hale month is paſt and gane,
He never hears a rhyme but ane;
Still in his lugs he hears it rair,
" The leſs I ſpeak I think the mair."—
" Confound ye for a ſilly ſot,
" What a dull idiot have I got!
" As dull myſell, on ſhort acquaintance,
" To judge of ane by a ſingle ſentence!"

THE ECLIPSE.

Upon his guilded chariot, led by hours,
With radiant glories darting throw the air,
The Sun, high ſprung in his diurnal courſe,
Shed down a day ſerenely ſweet and fair.
The earth mair beautiful and fertile grew;
The flow'ry fields in rich array,
Smil'd lovely on the beamy day,
Delightful for the eye to view;
Ceres, with her golden hair,
Diſplaying treaſure ilka where,
While uſeful plenty made her ſtalks to bow.

A thouſand little ſuns glanc'd on the wave;
Nature appear'd to claim the Sun's reſpect,
All did ſae blyth and beauteouſly behave.
" Ah!" cry'd the Moon, " too much for him
" ye deck;
" My aking een cannot this glory bear;
" This ſun pretends nane in the ſky
" Can ſhine but him, then where am I?
" Soon

" Soon I the contrary ſhall clear :
" By ae bauld ſtrake,
" With him I 'll make
" My equal empire in the heaven appear.

" 'Tis I that gives a luſtre to the night,
" Then ſhould not I my proper right diſplay,
" And now, even now dart down my ſilver light ?
" I give enough, this Sun gives too much day.'
The project fram'd, pale Cynthia now to ſhaw
Her ſhining power, right daftly run
Directly 'tween the earth and Sun.
Unwiſe deſign ! the warld then ſaw
Inſtead of light, the Moon
Brought darkneſs in at noon,
And without borrowing, had no light at a'.

Thus many empty and imprudent men,
Wha to their ain infirmities are blind,
Rax yont their reach, and this way let us ken
A jealous, weak, and inſufficient mind.

THE MONK AND THE MILLER'S WIFE.

Now lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
Wha ken the benefit of wine;
And you wha laughing ſcud brown ale,
Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

An honeſt miller won'd in Fife,
That had a young and wanton wife,
Wha ſometimes thol'd the pariſh prieſt
To mak' her man a twa-horn'd beaſt.
He paid right mony viſits till her,
And to keep in with Hab the miller,
He endeavour'd aft to mak' him happy,
Where'er he ken'd the ale was nappy.
Sic condeſcenſion in a paſtor,
Knit Halbert's love to him the faſter;
And by his converſe, troth 'tis true,
Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.
Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,
The wife well ſerv'd, the man well eas'd.
This ground his corns, and that did cheriſh
Himſelf with dining round the pariſh.

Beſs,

Beſs, the good wife, thought it nae ſkaith,
Since ſhe was fit to ſerve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,
And Ceres gives the ſchools the play,
A youth ſprung frae a gentler pater,
Bred at Saint Andrew's alma mater,
Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,
And him benighted by the gate.
To lye without, pit-mirk, did ſhore him,
He cou'dna ſee his thumb before him;
But clack, clack, clack, he heard a mill,
Whilk led him by the lugs theretill.
To tak' the threed of tale alang,
This mill to Halbert did belang;
Not leſs this note your notice claims,
The ſcholar's name was Maſter James.

Now, ſmiling muſe, the prelude paſt,
Smoothly relate a tale ſhall laſt
As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,
As lang as wind or water mills.

In enter'd James, Hab ſaw and ken'd him,
And offer'd kindly to befriend him
With ſic good cheer as he cou'd make,
Baith for his ain and father's ſake.

The

The ſcholar thought himſelf right ſped,
And gave him thanks in terms well bred.
Quoth Hab, " I canna leave my mill
" As yet; but ſtep ye weſt the kill
" A bow-ſhot, and ye 'll find my hame;
" Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,
" Till I ſet aff the mill, ſyne we
" Shall tak' what Beſſy has to gi'e."
James, in return, what 's handſome ſaid,
O'er lang to tell, and aff he gade.
Out of the houſe ſome light did ſhine,
Which led him till 't as with a line:
" Arriv'd, he knock'd, for doors were ſteekit;
Straight throw a window Beſſy keekit,
And cries, " Wha 's that gi'es fowk a fright
" At ſic untimous time of night?"
James, with good humour, maiſt diſcreetly
Tald her his circumſtance completely.
" I dinna ken ye," quoth the wife,
" And up and down the thieves are rife;
" Within my lane, I 'm but a woman,
" Sae I 'll unbar my door to nae man:
" But ſince 'tis very like, my dow,
" That all ye 're telling may be true,
" Hae, there 's a key, gang in your way
" At the neiſt door, there 's braw ait ſtrae;
" Streek down upon 't, my lad, and learn
" They 're no ill lodg'd that get a barn."

Thus,

Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,
James fand he cou'dna mend the matter ;
And ſince it might na better be,
With reſignation took the key ;
Unlockt the barn, clam up the mow,
Where was an opening near the hou,
Throw whilk he ſaw a glent of light,
That gave diverſion to his ſight :
By this he quickly cou'd diſcern,
A thin wa' ſep'rate houſe and barn ;
And throw this rive was in the wa',
All done within the houſe he ſaw :
He ſaw what ought not to be ſeen,
And ſcarce gave credit to his een,
The pariſh prieſt, of reverend fame,
In active courtſhip with the dame !
To lengthen out deſcription here
Wou'd but offend the modeſt ear,
And beet the lewder youthfu' flame
That we by ſatire ſtrive to tame.
Suppoſe the wicked action o'er,
And James continuing ſtill to glowr ;
Wha ſaw the wife as faſt as able
Spread a clean ſervite on the table,
And ſyne, frae the ha' ingle, bring ben
A piping het young roaſted hen,
And twa good bottles ſtout and clear,
Ane of ſtrong ale, and ane of beer.

But,

But, wicked luck! juſt as the prieſt
Shot in his fork in chucky's breaſt,
Th' unwelcome miller ga'e a roar,
Cry'd, "Beſſy, haſte ye ope the door."
With that the haly letcher fled,
And darn'd himſell behind a bed;
While Beſſy huddl'd a' things by,
That nought the cuckold might eſpy;
Syne loot him in; but, out of tune,
Speer'd why he left the mill ſae ſoon?
"I come," ſaid he, "as manners claims,
"To crack and wait on Maſter James,
"Whilk I ſhou'd do tho' ne'er ſae biſſy;
"I ſent him here, good wife, where is he?"—
"Ye ſent him here!" quoth Beſſy, grumbling;
"Ken'd I this James? a chiel came rumbling,
"But how was I aſſur'd, when dark,
"That he had been nae thieviſh ſpark,
"Or ſome rude wencher gotten a doſe,
"That a weak wife cou'd ill oppoſe?"—
"And what came of him? ſpeak nae langer;"
Cries Halbert, in a Highland anger.
"I ſent him to the barn," quoth ſhe:
"Gae quickly bring him in," quoth he.

James was brought in; the wife was bawked;
The prieſt ſtood cloſe; the miller cracked:
Then

Then aſk'd his ſunkan gloomy ſpouſe,
What ſupper had ſhe in the houſe,
That might be ſuitable to gi'e
Ane of their lodger's qualitie?
Quoth ſhe, " Ye may well ken, goodman,
" Your feaſt comes frae the pottage-pan;
" The ſtov'd or roaſted we afford
" Are aft great ſtrangers on our board."—
" Pottage," quoth Hab, " ye ſenſeleſs tawpie!
" Think ye this youth 's a gilly-gawpy;
" And that his gentle ſtamock 's maſter,
" To worry up a pint of plaiſter,
" Like our mill-knaves that lift the lading,
" Whaſe kytes can ſtreek out like raw plaid-
" ing?
" Swith roaſt a hen, or fry ſome chickens,
" And ſend for ale frae Maggy Picken's."—
" Hout I," quoth ſhe, " ye may well ken,
" 'Tis ill brought but that 's no there ben;
" When but laſt owk, nae farder gane,
" The laird got a' to pay his kain."

Then James, wha had as good a gueſs
Of what was in the houſe as Beſs,
With pawky ſmile, this plea to end,
To pleaſe himſell, and eaſe his friend,
Firſt open'd, with a ſlee oration,
His wond'rous ſkill in conjuration:

Said

Said he, " By this fell art I 'm able
" To whop aff any great man's table
" Whate'er I like to make a meal of,
" Either in part, or yet the hail of;
" And, if ye pleaſe, I 'll ſhaw my art."
Cries Halbert, " Faith, with all my heart."
Beſs ſain'd herſelf, cry'd, " Lord, be here!"
And near-hand fell a-ſwoon for fear.
James leugh, and bade her naithing dread;
Syne to his conjuring went with ſpeed:
And firſt he draws a circle round,
Then utters mony a magic ſound
Of words, part Latin, Greek, and Dutch,
Enow to fright a very witch.
That done, he ſays, " Now, now, 'tis come,
" And in the boal beſide the lum:
" Now ſet the board, good wife, gae ben,
" Bring frae yon boal a roaſted hen."
She wadna gang, but Haby ventur'd;
And ſoon as he the ambrie enter'd,
It ſmell'd ſae well he ſhort time ſought it,
And, wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it.
He view'd it round, and thrice he ſmell'd it,
Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.
Thus ilka ſenſe he did conveen,
Leſt glamour had beguil'd his een:
They all in an united body,
Declar'd it a fine fat how towdy.

" Nae

" Nae mair about it," quoth the miller,
" The fowl looks well, and we 'll fa' till her."
" Sae be 't," fays James;" and, in a doup,
They fnapt her up baith ftoup and roup.

" Neift, O!" cries Halbert, " cou'd your fkill
" But help us to a waught of ale,
" I 'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,
" And offer to the deel my wife,
" To fee if he 'll difcreeter mak' her,
" But that I 'm fleed he winna tak' her."
Said James, " Ye offer very fair;
" The bargain 's hadden, fae nae mair."

Then thrice he fhook a willow wand,
With kittle words thrice gave command;
That done, with look baith learn'd and grave,
Said, " Now ye 'll get what ye wad have:
" Twa bottles of as nappy liquer
" As ever ream'd in horn or bicquer,
" Behind the ark that hads your meal
" Ye 'll find twa ftanding corkit well."
He faid, and faft the miller flew,
And frae their neft the bottles drew;
Then firft the fcholar's health he toafted,
Whafe art had gart him feed on roafted;
His father's neift, and a' the reft
Of his good friends that wifh'd him beft,

Which

Which were o'er langſome at the time
In a ſhort tale to put in rhyme.

Thus while the miller and the youth
Were blythly flocking of their drowth,
Beſs fretting, ſcarcely held frae greeting,
The prieſt inclos'd ſtood vex'd and ſweating.

" O wow!" ſaid Hab, " if ane might ſpeer,
" Dear Maſter James, wha brought our cheer
" Sic laits appear to us ſae awfu',
" We hardly think your learning lawfu'."

" To bring your doubts to a concluſion,"
Says James, " ken I 'm a Roſicrucian,
" Ane of the ſet that never carries
" On traffic with black deels or fairies;
" There 's mony a ſpirit that 's no deel
" That conſtantly around us wheel.
" There was a ſage call'd Albumazor,
" Whaſe wit was gleg as ony razor;
" Frae this great man we learn'd the ſkill
" To bring theſe gentry to our will;
" And they appear, when we 've a mind,
" In ony ſhape of human kind:
" Now if you 'll drap your fooliſh fear,
" I 'll gar my Pacolet appear."

Hab

Hab fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,
Baith fear'd and fond a ſp'rit to view:
At laſt his courage wan the day,
He to the ſcholar's will gave way.

Beſſy by this began to ſmell
A rat, but kept her mind to 'rſell:
She pray'd like howdy in her drink,
But mean time tipt young James a wink.
James frae his e'e an anſwer ſent,
Which made the wife right well content;
Then turn'd to Hab, and thus advis'd:
" Whate'er you ſee, be nought ſurpriz'd;
" But for your ſaul move not your tongue;
" And ready ſtand with a great rung,
" Syne as the ſp'rit gangs marching out,
" Be ſure to lend him a ſound rout:
" I bidna this by way of mocking,
" For nought delytes him mair than knocking."

Hab got a kent, ſtood by the hallan,
And ſtraight the wild miſchievous callan
Cries, " Rhadamanthus huſky mingo,
" Monk, horner, hipock, jinko, jingo,
" Appear in likeneſs of a prieſt;
" No like a deel, in ſhape of beaſt,
" With gaping ſhafts to fleg us a';
" Wauk forth, the door ſtands to the wa'."

Then, frae the hole where he was pent,
The prieſt approach'd, right well content;
With ſilent pace ſtrade o'er the floor,
Till he was drawing near the door,
Then, to eſcape the cudgel, ran;
But was not miſs'd by the good-man,
Wha lent him on his neck a lounder,
That gart him o'er the threſhold founder.
Darkneſs ſoon hid him frae their ſight;
Ben flew the miller in a fright;
" I trow," quoth he, " I laid well on;
" But, wow! he 's like our ain Meſs John."

THE DAFT BARGAIN

At market anes, I watna how,
Twa herds between them coft a cow:
Driving her hame, the needfu' hacky,
But ceremony, chanc'd to k—y.
Quoth Rab right ravingly to Raff,
" Gin ye 'll eat that digeſted draff
" Of Crummy, I ſhall quat my part."—
" A bargain be 't with a' my heart,"
Raff ſoon reply'd, and lick'd his thumb,
To gorble 't up without a gloom:
Syne till 't he fell, and ſeem'd right yap
His mealtith quickly up to gawp.
Haff done, his heart began to ſcunner,
But lootna on till Rab ſtrak under;
Wha fearing ſkair of cow to tine,
At his daft bargain did repine.
" Well, well," quoth Raff, " tho' ye was raſh,
" I 'll ſcorn to wrang ye, ſenſeleſs haſh!
" Come, fa' to wark as I ha'e done,
" And eat the ither haff as ſoon,

" Ye 's ſave ye'r part."—" Content," quoth Rab,
And ſlerg'd the reſt o't in his gab.
Now what was tint, or what was won,
Is eithly ſeen ; my ſtory 's done:
Yet frae this tale confed'rate ſtates may learn
To ſave their cow, and yet no eat her ſharn.

THE TWA CUT-PURSES.

In borrows-town there was a fair,
And mony a landart coof was there;
Baith lads and laſſes buſked brawly,
To glowr at ilka bonny waly,
And lay out ony ora-bodles
On ſma' gimcracks that pleas'd their noddles,
Sic as a jocktaleg, or ſheers,
Confeckit ginger, plumbs, or pears.

Theſe gaping gowks twa rogues ſurvey,
And on their caſh this plot they lay:
The tane, leſs like a knave than fool,
Unbidden clam the high cookſtool,
And pat his head and baith his hands
Throw holes where the ill-doer ſtands.
Now a' the crowd with mouth and een
Cry'd out, "What does this ideot mean?"
They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,
And never thought upon a trick,
Till he beneath had done his job,
By tooming poutches of the mob;

Wha now poſſeſt of rowth of gear,
Scour'd aff as lang 's the coaſt was clear.

But, wow! the ferly quickly chang'd,
When throw their empty fobs they rang'd:
Some girn'd, and ſome look'd blae wi' grief;
While ſome cry'd out, "Fy! had the thief."
But ne'er a thief or thief was there,
Or cou'd be found in a' the fair.
The jip, wha ſtood aboon them a',
His innocence began to ſhaw;
Said he, "My friends, I 'm very ſorry
"To hear your melancholy ſtory;
"But ſure where'er your tinſel be,
"Ye canna lay the wyte on me."

THE LURE.

The ſun juſt o'er the hills was peeping,
The hynds ariſing, gentry ſleeping,
The dogs were barking, cocks were crawing,
Night-drinking ſots counting their lawin;
Clean were the roads, and clear the day,
When forth a falconer took his way,
Nane with him but his ſhe knight-errant,
That acts in air the bloody tyrant;
While with quick wing, fierce beak, and claws,
She breaks divine and human laws;
Ne'er pleas'd but with the hearts and livers
Of peartricks, teals, moor-powts, and plivers:
Yet is ſhe much eſteem'd and dandl'd,
Clean lodg'd, well fed, and ſaftly handl'd.
Reaſon for this need be nae wonder,
Her paraſites ſhare in the plunder.

Thus ſneaking rooks about a court,
That make oppreſſion but their ſport,
Will praiſe a paughty bloody king,
And hire mean hackney poets to ſing
His glories; while the deel be licket
He e'er attempt but what he ſtictet.

So, Sir, as I was gawn to ſay,
This falconer had tane his way
O'er Calder-moor; and gawn the moſs up,
He there forgather'd with a goſſip:
And wha was 't, trow ye, but the de'el
That had diſguis'd himſell ſae weel
In human ſhape, ſae ſnug and wylie,
Jude took him for a burlie-bailie:
His cloven cloots were hid with ſhoon,
A bonnet coor'd his horns aboon:
Nor ſpat he fire, or brimſtone rifted,
Nor awſome glowr'd; but cawmly lifted
His een and voice, and thus began:
" Good morning t' ye, honeſt man;
" Ye 're early out; how far gae ye
" This gate?—I 'm blyth of company.
" What fowl is that, may ane demand,
" That ſtands ſae trigly on your hand?"—
" Wow! man," quoth Juden, " where won ye?
" The like was never ſpeer'd at me!

" Man

" Man, 'tis a hawk, and e'en as good
" As ever flew, or wore a hood."—
" Friend, I 'm a ſtranger," quoth auld Symmie,
" I hope ye 'll no be angry wi' me;
" The ignorant man ay be ſpeering
" Queſtions, till they come to a clearing.
" Then tell me mair: what do ye wi't?
" Is 't good to ſing, or good to eat?"
" For neither," anſwer'd ſimple Juden;
" But helps to bring my lord his food in:
" When fowls ſtart up that I wad hae,
" Straight frae my hand I let her gae;
" Her hood tane aff, ſhe is not langſome
" In taking captives, which I ranſome
" With a dow's wing, or chicken's leg."—
" Trowth," quoth the de'el, " that 's nice, I beg
" Ye 'll be ſae kind as let me ſee
" How this ſame bird of yours can flee."—
" T' oblige ye, friend, I winna ſtand."
Syne loos'd the falcon frae his hand.
Unhooded, up ſhe ſprang with birr,
While baith ſtood ſtaring after her.
" But how d' ye get her back?" ſaid Nick.
" For that," quoth Jude, " I have a trick:
" Ye ſee this Lure, it ſhall command
" Her upon ſight down to my hand."

Syne

Syne twirl'd it thrice, with whieu, whieu, whieu,
And ſtraight upon 't the falcon flew.
" As I 'm a ſinner," cries the de'el,
" I like this paſtime wonder weel ;
" And ſince ye 've been ſae kindly free
" To let her at my bidding flee,
" I 'll entertain ye in my gate."
Meantime it was the will of fate,
A hooded friar (ane of that clan
Ye have deſcriv'd by Father Gawin *,
In " Maſter-Keys ") came up, good ſaul !
Him Satan cleek'd up by the ſpaul,
Whip'd aff his hood, and without mair,
Ga'e him a toſs up in the air :
High flew the ſon of Saint Loyola,
While ſtartled Juden gave a hola !
Bombaz'd with wonder, ſtill he ſtood,
The ferly had maiſt crudled his blood,
To ſee a monk mount like a facon !
He 'gan to doubt if he was wakin :

Thrice

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* The Reverend Anthony Gawin, formerly a Spaniſh Roman Catholic prieſt, now an Iriſh Proteſtant miniſter ; who hath lately wrote three volumes on the tricks and whoredoms of the prieſts and nuns ; which book he names " Maſter-" Keys to Popery."

Thrice did he rub his een to clear,
And having maſter'd part o's fear,
" His preſence be about us a' !"
He cries, " the like I never ſaw :
" See, ſee ! he like a lavrock tours ;
" He 'll reach the ſtarns in twa 'r three
" hours !
" Is 't poſſible to bring him back ?"—
" For that," quoth Nick, " I have a knack :
" To train my birds I want na Lures,
" Can manage them as ye do yours :
" And there 's ane coming hie gate hither,
" Shall ſoon bring down the haly brither."

This was a freſh young landart laſs,
With cheeks like cherries, een like glaſs ;
Few coats ſhe wore, and they were kilted,
And " John come kiſs me now " ſhe lilted,
As ſhe ſkift o'er the benty knows,
Gawn to the bught to milk the ews :
Her in his hand ſlee Belzie hint up,
As eith as ye wad do a pint-ſtoup,
Inverted, wav'd her round his head ;
Whieu, whieu, he whiſtled, and with ſpeed,
Down, quick as ſhooting ſtarns, the prieſt
Came ſouſe upon the laſs's breaſt.

The

The moral of this tale ſhews plainly,
That carnal minds attempt but vainly
Aboon this laigher warld to mount,
While ſlaves to Satan.——

THE THREE BONNETS:

A TALE.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

1722.

THE PERSONS.

DUNIWHISTLE, father to Joukum, Briſtle, and Bawſy.
JOUKUM, in love with Roſie.
BRISTLE, a man of reſolution.
BAWSY, a weaker brother.
BARD, a narrator.
BEEF, porter to Roſie.
GHAIST, the ghoſt of Duniwhiſtle.
ROSIE, an heireſs.

CANTO I.

BARD.

WHEN men o' mettle thought it nonſenſe
To heed that clepping thing ca'd conſcience,
And by free thinking had the knack
O' jeering ilka word it ſpak',
And, as a learned author ſpeaks,
Employ'd it like a pair o' breeks,
To hide their lewd and naſty fluices,
Whilk eith ſlipt down for baith theſe uſes:
Then Duniwhiſtle, worn wi' years,
And gawn the gate o' his forbears,
Commanded his three ſons to come,
And wait upon him in his room:
Bade Briſtle ſteek the door; an' ſyne
He thus began:—

DUNIWHISTLE.

Dear bairns o' mine,
I quickly man ſubmit to fate,
And leave you three a good eſtate,

Which

Which has been honourably won,
An' handed down frae ſire to ſon,
But clag or claim, for ages paſt:
Now, that I mayna prove the laſt,
Here 's three permiſſion bonnets for ye,
Which your great gutchers wore before ye;
An' if ye 'd hae nae man betray ye,
Let naething ever wile them frae ye;
But keep the bonnets on your heads,
An' hands frae ſigning fooliſh deeds,
An' ye ſhall never want ſic things,
Shall gar ye be made o' by kings:
But if ye ever wi' them part,
Fu' ſair ye 'll for your folly ſmart:
Bare-headed then ye 'll look like ſnools,
And dwindle down to ſilly tools.
Haud up your hands now, ſwear an' ſay,
As ye ſhall anſwer on a day,
Ye 'll faithfully obſerve my will,
An' a' its premiſes fulfil.

BRISTLE.

My worthy father, I ſhall ſtrive
To keep your name an' fame alive,
An' never ſhaw a ſaul that 's daſtard,
To gar fowk tak' me for a baſtard:
If e'er by me ye 're diſobey'd,
May witches nightly on me ride.

JOUKUM.

JOUKUM.

Whae'er ſhall dare, by force or guile,
This bonnet aff my head to wile,
For ſic a bauld attempt ſhall rue,
And ken I was begot by you:
Elſe may I like a gipſy wander,
Or for my daily bread turn pander.

BAWSY.

May I be jyb'd by great an' ſma',
And kytch'd like ony tennis-ba,
Be the diſgrace o' a' my kin,
If e'er I wi' my bonnet twin.

BARD.

Now, ſoon as each had gi'en his aith,
The auld man yielded up his breath;
Was row'd in linen white as ſnaw,
And to his fathers borne awa'.
But ſcarcely he in moſs was rotten,
Before his teſt'ment was forgotten,
As ye ſhall hear frae future ſonnet,
How Joukum ſinder'd wi' his bonnet;
And bought frae ſenſeleſs billy Bawſy,
His, to propine a giglet laſſie;

While worthy Briſtle, not ſae donner'd,
Preſerves his bonnet, and is honour'd.
Thus Charactacus did behave,
Tho' by the fate o' war a ſlave;
His body only, for his mind
No Roman pow'r cou'd break or bind:
Wi' bannet on he bauldly ſpak';
His greatneſs gart his fetters crack:
The victor did his friendſhip claim,
And ſent him wi' new glories hame.

But leave we Briſs and ſimile,
And to our tale wi' ardour flee.

Beyond the hills, where lang the billies
Had bred up queys, and kids, and fillies,
And foughten mony a bloody battle
Wi' thieves that came to lift their cattle;
There liv'd a laſs kept rary ſhows
And fidlers ay about her houſe;
Wha at her table fed and ranted,
Wi' the ſtout ale ſhe never wanted:
She was a winſome wench and waly,
And cou'd put on her claes fu' brawly;
Rumble to ilka market-town,
And drink and fight like a dragoon:
Juſt ſic like her wha far aff wander'd,
To get herſell weil Alexander'd.

Roſie had word o' meikle ſiller,
Whilk brought a hantle o' wooers till her.
Amang the reſt, young maſter Jouk
She conquer'd ae day wi' a look.
Frae that time forth he ne'er cou'd ſtay
At hame to mind his corn or hay,
But grew a beau, and did adorn
Himſell wi' fifty bows o' corn;
Forby what he took on to rig
Him out wi' linen, ſhoon, and wig,
Snuff-boxes, ſword-knots, canes, and waſhes,
And ſweeties to beſtow on laſſes;
Cou'd neweſt aiths genteelly ſwear,
And had a courſe o' flaws perquire:
He drank, and danc'd, and ſigh'd to move
Fair Roſie to accept his love.
After dumb ſigns, he thus began,
And ſpak' his mind to 'er like a man.

JOUKUM.

O tak' me, Roſie, to your arms,
And let me revel o'er your charms;
If ye ſay na, I needna care
For raips or tethers made o' hair,
Penknives or pools I winna need;
That minute ye ſay na, I 'm dead.

O let me lie within your breaſt,
And at your dainty teazle feaſt;
Weil do I like your goud to finger,
And fit to her your ſt—— ſinger.
While on this ſun ſide o' the brae
Belangs to you, my limbs I 'll lay.

ROSIE.

I own, ſweet Sir, ye woo me frankly,
But a' your courtſhip ſars ſae rankly
O' ſelfiſh intereſt, that I 'm flead
My perſon leaſt employs your head.

JOUKUM.

What a diſtinction 's this your making,
When your poor lover's heart is breaking!
Wi' little logic I can ſhew
That every thing you ha'e is you:
Beſides the beauties o' your perſon,
Theſe beds o' flowers you ſet your a—e on,
Your claiths, your lands, and lying pelf,
Are every ane your very ſelf,
And add freſh luſtre to theſe graces
Wi' which adorn'd your ſaul and face is.

ROSIE.

Ye ſeem to ha'e a loving flame
For me, and hate your native hame;
That gars me ergh to truſt you meikle,
For fear you ſhou'd prove falſe and fickle.

JOUKUM.

In troth my rugged billy Briſtle
About his gentrie mak's ſic fiſtle,
That if a body contradict him,
He 's ready wi' a durk to ſtick him;
That wearies me o' hame, I vow,
And fain would live and die wi' you.

BARD.

Obſerving Jouk a wee tate tipſy,
Smirking reply'd the pawky gipſy.

ROSIE.

I wad be very wae to ſee
My lover tak' the pet and die;
Wherefore I am inclin'd to eaſe ye,
And do what in me lies to pleaſe ye;

But firſt, ere we conclude the paction,
You muſt perform ſome gallant action,
To prove the truth o' what you 've ſaid,
Elſe, for you, I ſhall die a maid.

JOUKUM.

My deareſt jewel, gi'e 't a name,
That I may win baith you and fame:
Shall I gae fight wi' foreſt bulls?
Or cleave down troops wi' thicker ſculls?
Or ſhall I douk the deepeſt ſea,
And coral pou for beads to thee?
Penty the pope upon the noſe?
Or p— upon a hundred beaus?

ROSIE.

In troth, dear lad, I wad be laith
To riſk your life, or do you ſkaith;
Only employ your canny ſkill
To gain and rive your father's will,
Wi' the conſent o' Briſs and Bawſy,
And I ſhall in my boſom hawſe ye,
Soon as the fatal bonnets three
Are ta'en frae them and gi'en to me.

JOUKUM.

JOUKUM.

Which to preſerve I gied my aith.
But now the cauſe is life and death :
I muſt, or wi' the bonnet part,
Or twin wi' you and break my heart :
Sae tho' the aith we took was awfu',
To keep it now appears unlawfu' :
Then, love, I 'll anſwer thy demands,
And flee to fetch them to your hands.

BARD.

The famous jilt o' Paleſtine
Thus drew the hoods o'er Sampſon's een,
And gart him tell where lay his ſtrength,
O' which ſhe twinn'd him at the length ;
Then gied him up in chains to rave,
And labour like a galley ſlave :
But, Roſie, mind, when growing hair
His loſs of pith 'gan to repair,
He made of thouſands an example,
By cruſhing them beneath their temple.

CANTO II.

BARD.

The ſupper ſowin-cogs and bannocks
Stood cooling on the ſole o' winnocks,
And, cracking at the weſtlin gavels,
The wives ſat beeking o' their navels,
When Jouk his brither Briſtle found,
Fetching his ev'ning wauk around
A ſcore o' ploughmen o' his ain,
Wha blythly whiſtled on the plain.
Jouk three times congee'd, Briſtle anes,
Then ſhook his hand, and thus begins:

BRISTLE.

Wow! brither Jouk, where ha'e ye been?
I ſcarce can trow my looking een,
Ye 're grown ſae braw: now weirds defend me!
Gin that I had nae maiſt miſkend ye.
And where gat ye that braw blue ſtringing,
That 's at your houghs and ſhuthers hinging?

Ye

Ye look as ſpruſh as ane that 's wooing;
I ferly, lad, what ye 've been doing.

JOUKUM.

My very much reſpected brither,
Should we hide ought frae ane anither,
And not, when warm'd wi' the ſame blood,
Conſult ilk ane anither's good?
And be it ken'd t' ye, my deſign
Will profit prove to me and mine.

BRISTLE.

And, brither, troth it much commends
Your virtue, thus to love your friends;
It makes me blyth, for aft I ſaid,
Ye were a clever mettl'd lad.

JOUKUM.

And ſae, I hope, will ever prove,
Gif ye befriend me in my love:
For Roſie, bonny, rich, and gay,
And ſweet as flow'rs in June or May,
Her gear I 'll get, her ſweets I 'll rifle,
Gif ye 'll but yield me up a trifle;
Promiſe to do 't, and ye'ſe be free
Wi' ony thing pertains to me.

BRISTLE.

BRISTLE.

I lang to anſwer your demand,
And never ſhall for trifles ſtand.

JOUKUM.

Then ſhe deſires, as a propine,
Theſe bonnets, Bawſy's, your's, and mine;
And well I wat that 's nae great matter,
Gif I ſae eaſily can get her.

BRISTLE.

Ha, ha! ye Judas, are ye there?
The d— then nor ſhe ne'er get mair.
Is that the trifle that ye ſpoke o'?
Wha think ye, Sir, ye mak' a mock o'?
Ye ſilly manſworn, ſcant o' grace!
Swith let me never ſee your face.
Seek my auld bonnet aff my head!
Faith that 's a bonny ane indeed!
Require a thing I 'll part wi' never!
She 's get as ſoon a lap o' my liver:
Vile whore and jade! the woody hang her.

BARD.

BARD.

Thus ſaid, he ſaid nae mair for anger,
But curs'd and ban'd, and was nae far
Frae treading Jouk amang the glar.
While Jouk, wi' language glibe as oolie,
Right pawkily kept aff a toolie.
Weil maſked wi' a wedder's ſkin,
Although he was a tod within,
He hum'd and ha'd, and wi' a cant,
Held forth as he had been a ſaint,
And quoted texts to prove we 'd better
Part wi' a ſma' thing for a greater.

JOUKUM.

Ah! brither, may the furies rack me
Gif I mean ill! but ye miſtak' me:
But gin your bonnet 's ſic a jewel,
Pray gi'e 't or keep 't, Sir, as you will;
Since your auld-faſhion'd fancy rather
Inclines till 't than a hat and feather:
But I 'll go try my brither Bawſy,
Poor man, he 's nae ſae daft and ſawcy,
Wi' empty pride to crook his mou',
And hinder his ain gude, like you.
Gif he and I agree, ne'er doubt ye,
We 'll mak' the bargain up without ye;

Syne

Syne your braw bonnet and your noddle
Will hardly baith be worth a bodle.

BARD.

At this bauld Briſtle's colour chang'd,
He ſwore on Roſe to be reveng'd;
For he began now to be flied,
She 'd wile the honours frae his head;
Syne wi' a ſtern and canker'd look,
He thus reprov'd his brither Jouk.

BRISTLE.

Thou vile diſgrace o' our forbeairs!
Wha lang wi' valiant dint o' weirs,
Maintain'd their right 'gainſt a' intruſions
O' our auld faes the Roſycrucians,
Doſt thou deſign at laſt to catch
Us in a girn wi' this baſe match,
And for the hauding up thy pride,
Upo' thy brithers' riggins ride?
I 'll ſee you hang'd, and her thegither,
As high as Haman, in a tether,
Ere I wi' my ain bonnet quat,
For ony borrow'd beaver hat,
Whilk I, as Roſie taks the fykes,
Man wear or no juſt as ſhe likes.

Then

Then let me hear nae mair about her,
For if ye dare again to mutter
Sic vile propoſals in my hearing,
Ye needna truſt to my forbearing;
For ſoon my beard will tak' a low,
And I ſhall crack your crazy pow.

BARD.

This ſaid, brave Briſtle ſaid nae mair,
But cock'd his bonnet wi' an air,
Wheel'd round wi' gloomy brows and muddy,
And left his brither in a ſtudy.

CANTO III.

BARD.

Now Sol wi' his lang whip gae cracks
Upon his neighering courſers' backs,
To gar them tak' th' Olympian brae,
Wi' a cart lade o' bleezing day;
The country hind ceaſes to ſnore,
Bangs frae his bed, unlocks the dore,
His bladder tooms, and gi'es a rift,
Then tentily ſurveys the lift;
And weary o' his wife and flaes,
To their embrace prefers his claes.
Scarce had the lark forſook her neſt,
Whan Jouk, wha had got little reſt,
For thinking o' his plot and laſſie,
Got up to gang and deal wi' Bawſie.
Awa faſt o'er the bent he gade,
And fand him dozing on his bed,
His blankets creiſhy, foul his ſark,
His curtains trim'd wi' ſpider's wark;

Soot-

Soot-draps hang frae his roof and kipples,
His floor was a' tobacco ſpittles:
Yet on the antlers o' a deer
Hang mony an auld claymore and ſpear,
Wi' coat o' iron and target truſty,
Inch thick o' dirt, and unco ruſty:
Enough appear'd to ſhaw his billy,
That he was lazy, poor, and ſilly,
And wadna mak' ſo great a buſtle
About his bonnet as did Briſtle.
Jouk three times rugged at his ſhoulder,
Cried three times laigh, and three times louder:
At langrun Bawſy raik'd his een,
And cries, "What 's that? what d' ye mean?"
Then looking up, he ſees his brither.

BAWSY.

Good morrow, Jouk, what brings you hither?
You 're early up, as I 'm a ſinner
I ſeenly riſe before my dinner.
Weil, what 's ye'r news, and how gaes a'?
Ye 've been an unco time awa'.

JOUKUM.

Bawſy, I 'm blyth to ſee you weil,
For me, thank God, I keep my heal:

Get

Get up, get up, ye lazy mart,
I ha'e a ſecret to impart,
O' which when I gi'e you an inkling,
It will ſet baith your lugs a tinkling.

BARD.

Straight Bawſy riſes, quickly dreſſes,
While haſte his youky mind expreſſes:
Now rigg'd, and morning drink brought in,
Thus did ſlee-gabbet Jouk begin.

JOUKUM.

My worthy brither, weil I wate
O'er feckleſs is your wee eſtate
For ſic a meikle ſaul as yours,
That to things greater higher tow'rs;
But ye lie loitering here at hame,
Neglectfu' baith o' wealth and fame,
Tho', as I ſaid, ye ha'e a mind
That is for higher things deſign'd.

BAWSY.

That 's very true, thanks to the ſkies,
But how to get them, there it lies.

JOUKUM.

JOUKUM.

I 'll tell ye, Baws, I 've laid a plot,
That only wants your caſting vote,
And if you 'll gi'e 't, your bread is baken;
But firſt accept o' this love-taiken:
Here tak' this gowd, and never want
Enough to gar you drink and rant;
And this is but an arle-penny
To what I afterward deſign ye;
And in return, I 'm ſure that I
Shall naething ſeek that ye 'll deny.

BAWSY.

And trouth now, Jouk, and neither will I,
Or after never ca' me billy;
If I refuſe, wae light upo' me.
This gowd, O wow! 'tis wonder bonny.

JOUKUM.

Ay, that it is; 'tis e'en the a'
That gars the plough o' living draw:
'Tis gowd gars ſogers fight the fiercer;
Without it preaching wad be ſcarcer;

'Tis gowd that maks ſome great men witty;
And puggy laſſes fair and pretty;
Without it ladies nice wad dwindle
Down to a wife that ſnooves a ſpindle.—
But to the point, and wave digreſſion:
I mak' a free and plain confeſſion,
That I 'm in love; and, as I ſaid,
Demand frae you a little aid
To gain a bride, that eithly can
Mak' me fu' bleſt, and you a man:
Gi'e me your bonnet to preſent
My miſtreſs wi', and your conſent
To rive the daft auld-faſhion'd deed
That bids ye wear it on your head.

BAWSY.

O goſh! O goſh! then, Jouk, ha'e at her;
If that be a', 'tis nae great matter.

JOUKUM.

Theſe granted, ſhe demands nae mair,
To let us in her riches ſkair;
Nor ſhall our hirds, as heretofore,
Rin aff wi' ane anither's ſtore,
Nor ding out ane anither's harns,
When they forgather 'mang the kairns;

But

But freely may drive up and down,
And ſell in ilka market-town
Belangs to her, which ſoon ye 'll ſee,
If ye be wiſe, belang to me:
And when that happy day ſhall come,
My honeſt Bawſy, there 's my thumb,
That while I breathe I 'll ne'er beguile ye,
Ye'ſe baith get gowd, and be a bailly.

BAWSY.

Faith, Jouk, I ſee but little ſkaith
In breaking o' a ſenſeleſs aith,
That is impoſed by doited dads,
To pleaſe their whims, on thoughtleſs lads.
My bonnet! welcome to my bonnet,
And meikle good may ye mak' on it.
Our father's will, I'ſe mak' nae din,
Tho' Roſie ſhould apply 't behin'.
But ſay, does billy Briſtle ken
This your deſign to mak' us men?

JOUKUM.

Ay, that he does; but the ſtiff aſs
Bears a hard hatred at the laſs,

And rattles out a hantla ſtories
O' blood, and dirt, and ancient glories;
Meaning foul feuds that us'd to be
Between ours and her family:
Bans like a blockhead that he 'll ne'er
Twin wi' his bonnet for a' her gear;
But you and I conjoin'd can ding him,
And, by a vote, to reaſon bring him:
If we ſtand cloſs, 'tis unco eith
To rive the teſt'ment ſpite o's teeth,
And gar him ply, for a' his clavers,
To lift his bonnet to our beavers.

BAWSY.

Then let the doof delight in drudging;
What cauſe ha'e we to tent his grudging,
Tho' Roſie's flocks feed on his fells,
If you and I be weil ourſells?

BARD.

Thus Jouk and Bawſy were agreed,
And Briſs man yield, it was decreed.—
Thus far I 've ſung, in Highland ſtrains,
O' Jouk's amours, and pawky pains,
To gain his ends wi' ilka brither,
Sae oppoſite to ane anither;

O' Briſtle's

O' Briſtle's hardy reſolutions,
And hatred to the Roſicrucians;
O' Bawſy put in ſlav'ry neck-faſt,
Selling his bonnet for a breakfaſt.
What follows on 't, o' gain or ſkaith,
I'ſe tell when we ha'e ta'en our breath.

CANTO IV.

BARD.

Now ſoon as e'er the will was torn,
Jouk, wi' twa bonnets, on the morn,
Frae Fairyland faſt bang'd away,
The prize at Roſie's feet to lay;
Wha, ſleely, when he did appear,
About his ſucceſs 'gan to ſpeer.

JOUKUM.

Here, bonny laſs, your humble ſlave
Preſents you wi' the things you crave,
The riven will and bonnets twa,
Which maks the third worth nought ava:
Our pow'r gi'en up, now I demand
Your promis'd love, and eke your hand.

BARD.

BARD.

Roſe ſmil'd to ſee the lad outwitted,
And bonnets to the flames committed.
Immediately an awfu' ſound,
As ane wad thought, raiſe frae the ground;
And ſyne appear'd a ſtalwart ghaiſt,
Whaſe ſtern and angry looks amaiſt
Unhool'd their ſauls:—ſhaking, they ſaw
Him frae the fire the bonnets draw:
Then came to Jouk, and wi' twa rugs
Increas'd the length o' baith his lugs;
And ſaid—

GHAIST.

Be a' thy days an aſs,
An hackney to this cunning laſs;
But, for theſe bonnets, I 'll preſerve them
For bairns unborn that will deſerve them.

BARD.

Wi' that he vaniſh'd frae their een,
And left poor Jouk wi' breeks not clean:
He ſhakes, while Roſie rants and capers,
And ca's the viſion nought but vapours;

Rubs o'er his cheeks and gab wi' ream,
Till he believes 't to be a dream:
Syne to her cloſet leads the way,
To ſoup him up wi' uſquebæ.

ROSIE.

Now, bonny lad, ye may be free
To handle ought pertains to me;
And ere the ſun, tho' he be dry,
Has driven down the weſtlin ſky,
To drink his wamefu' o' the ſea,
There's be but ane o' you and me.
In marriage ye ſall ha'e my hand;
But I man ha'e the ſole command
In Fairyland to ſaw and plant,
And to ſend there for ought I want.

BARD.

Ay, ay, cries Jouk, a' in a fire,
And ſtiffening into ſtrong deſire.

JOUKUM.

Come, haſte thee, let us ſign and ſeal;
And let my billies gang to the d—.

BARD.

BARD.

Here it wad mak' o'er lang a tale,
To tell how meikle cakes and ale,
And beef, and broe, and gryce, and geeſe,
And pies a' rinning o'er wi' creeſh,
Was ſerv'd upon the wedding-table,
To mak' the lads and laſſes able
To do, ye ken, what we think ſhame
(Tho' ilk ane does 't) to gi'e 't a name.
But true it is they ſoon were buckled,
And ſoon ſhe made poor Jouk a cuckold,
And play'd her bawdy ſports before him,
Wi' chiels that car'd na tippence for him;
Beſide a Roſicrucian trick
She had o' dealing wi' Auld Nick;
And whene'er Jouk began to grumble,
Auld Nick in the nieſt room wad rumble.
She drank, and fought, and ſpent her gear
Wi' dice, and ſelling o' the mear.
Thus living like a Belzie's get,
She ran herſell ſae deep in debt,
By borrowing money at a' hands,
That yearly income o' her lands
Scarce paid the intereſt o' her bands.
Jouk, ay ca'd wife behind the hand,
The daffin o' his doings fand:

O'er

O'er late he now began to ſee
The ruin o' his family:
But paſt relief lar'd in a midding,
He 's now oblig'd to do her bidding.
Awa wi' ſtrict command he 's ſent
To Fairyland to lift the rent,
And wi' him mony a caterpillar,
To rug frae Briſs and Bawſy ſiller;
For her braid table man be ſerv'd,
Tho' Fairy fowk ſhou'd a' be ſtarv'd.
Jouk thus ſurrounded wi' his guards,
Now plunders hay-ſtacks, barns, and yards;
They drive the nowt frae Briſtle's fauld,
While he can nought but ban and ſcald.

BRISTLE.

Vile ſlave to a huſſy ill-begotten,
By mony dads, wi' claps haf rotten,!
Were 't no for honour o' my mither,
I ſhou'd na think ye were my brither.

JOUKUM.

Dear brither, why this rude reflection?
Learn to be gratefu' for protection;
The Peterenians, bloody beaſts!
That gar fowk lick the dowps o' prieſts,

Elſe

Elſe on a brander, like a haddock,
Be broolied, ſprowling like a paddock:
Theſe monſters, lang ere now, had come
Wi' faggots, taz, and tuck o' drum,
And twin'd you o' your wealth and lives,
Syne, without ſpeering, kiſs'd your wives,
Had not the Roſicrucians ſtood
The bulwarks o' your rights and blood;
And yet, forſooth, ye girn and grumble,
And, wi' a gab unthankfu', mumble
Out mony a black unworthy curſe,
When Roſie bids ye draw your purſe;
When ſhe 's ſae gen'rouſly content
With not aboon thirty per cent.

BRISTLE.

Damn you and her! tho' now I 'm blae,
I 'm hopefu' yet to ſee the day,
I 'll gar ye baith repent that e'er
Ye reav'd by force awa my gear,
Without or thanks, or making price,
Or ever ſpeering my advice.

JOUKUM.

Peace, gowk! we naithing do at a'
But by the letter o' the law:

Then

Then nae mair wi' your din torment us,
Gowling like ane non compos mentis,
Elſe Roſie iſſue may a writ,
To tie you up baith hand and fit,
And dungeon ye but meat or drink,
Till ye be ſtarv'd and die in ſtink.

BARD.

Thus Jouk and Briſtle, when they met,
Wi' ſic braw language ither tret.
Juſt fury glows in Briſtle's veins,
And tho' his bonnet he retains,
Yet on his creſt he mayna cock it,
But in a coffer cloſs man lock it.
Bareheaded thus he e'en knocks under,
And lets them drive awa the plunder.
Sae have I ſeen, beſide a tow'r,
The king of brutes oblig'd to cour,
And on his royal paunches thole
A dwarf to prog him wi' a pole;
While he wad ſhaw his fangs, and rage
Wi' bootleſs wrangling in his cage.—
Now follows that we tak' a peep
O' Bawſy, looking like a ſheep,
By Briſtle hated and deſpiſed,
By Jouk and Roſie little priz'd.

Soon

Soon as the horſe had heard his brither
Joukum and Roſe were prick'd thegither,
Awa he ſcours o'er hight and how,
Fu' fidgin fain whate'er he dow,
Counting what things he now did miſter,
That wad be gi'en him by his ſiſter.
Like ſhallow bards, wha think they flee,
Becauſe they live ſax ſtories high,
To ſome poor lifeleſs lucubration
Prefixes fleeching dedication,
And blythly dream they 'll be reſtor'd
To alehouſe credit by my Lord.
Thus Bawſy's mind in plenty row'd,
While he thought on his promis'd gowd
And baillyſhip, which he wi' fines
Wad mak' like the Weſt India mines;
Arrives, wi' future greatneſs dizzy,
Ca's, where 's Meſs Jouk?

BEEF.

Meſs Jouk is biſy.

BAWSY.

My Lady Roſe, is ſhe at leiſure?

BEEF.

BEEF.

No, Sir, my Lady 's at her pleaſure.

BAWSY.

I wait for her or him, go ſhew.

BEEF.

And pray you, maſter, wha are you?

BAWSY.

Upo' my ſaul this porter 's ſaucy!
Sirrah, go tell my name is Bawſy,
Their brither wha made up the marriage.

BEEF.

And ſae I thought by your daft carriage.
Between your houghs gae clap your gelding,
Swith hame and feaſt upon a ſpelding,
For there 's nae room beneath this roof
To entertain a ſimple coof,
The like o' you, that nane can truſt,
Wha to your ain ha'e been unjuſt.

BARD.

This ſaid, he dadded to the yate,
And left poor Bawſy in a fret,
Wha loudly gowl'd, and made a din,
That was o'erheard by a' within.
Quoth Roſe to Jouk, Come, let 's away,
And ſee wha's yon mak's a' this fray.
Awa' they went, and ſaw the creature
Sair runkling ilka ſilly feature
O' his dull phiz, wi' girns and glooms,
Stamping and biting at his thumbs.
They tented him a little while,
Then came full on him wi' a ſmile,
Which ſoon gart him forget the torture
Was rais'd within him by the porter.
Sae will a ſucking weanie yell,
But ſhake a rattle, or a bell,
It hauds its tongue ; let that alane,
It to its yamering fa's again ;
Lilt up a ſang, and ſtraight it 's ſeen
To laugh wi' tears into its een.
Thus eithly anger'd, eithly pleas'd,
Weak Bawſy lang they tantaliz'd
Wi' promiſes right wide extended,
They ne'er perform'd, nor e'er intended :
But now and then, when they did need him,
A ſupper and a pint they gie'd him ;

That

That done, they ha'e nae mair to ſay,
And ſcarcely ken him the nieſt day.
Poor fallow! now this mony a year,
Wi' ſome faint hope, and rowth o' fear,
He has been wreſtling wi' his fate,
A drudge to Joukum and his mate.
While Briſtle ſaves his manly look,
Regardleſs baith o' Roſe and Jouk,
Maintains right quietly 'yond the kairns,
His honour, conſcience, wife, and bairns,
Jouk and his rumblegarie wife
Drive on a drunken gaming life,
'Cauſe, ſober, they can get nae reſt,
For Nick and Duniwhiſtle's ghaiſt,
Wha in the garrets aften tooly,
And ſhore them wi' a bloody gully.

Thus I ha'e ſung, in hamelt rhyme,
A ſang that ſcorns the teeth o' time;
Yet modeſtly I hide my name,
Admiring virtue mair than fame.
But tent ye wha deſpiſe inſtruction,
And gi'es my wark a wrang conſtruction,
Frae 'hind my curtain, mind I tell ye,
I 'll ſhoot a ſatire through your belly:
But wha wi' havins jees his bonnet,
And ſays, Thanks t' ye for your ſonnet,
He ſhanna want the praiſes due
To generoſity.—Adieu.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

The Prince of all the fethert kind,
That with ſpred wings outflees the wind,
And tours far out of human ſicht,
To view the ſchynand orb of licht:
This ryall bird, tho' braif and great,
And armit ſtrang for ſtern debait,
Nae tyrant is, but condeſcends
Aftymes to treit inferiour friends.

Ane day, at his command did flock
To his hie palace on a rock,
The courtiers of ilk various ſyze
That ſwiftly ſwim in chriſtal ſkyis.
Thither the valiant Terſals doup,
And heir rapacious Corbies croup,
With greidy Gleds, and ſlie Gormahs,
And dinſome Pyis, and clatterin Daws;
Proud Pecocks, and a hundred mae,
Bruſcht up thair pens that ſolemn day,
Bowd firſt ſubmiſſive to my lord,
Then tuke thair places at his borde.

Mein tyme, quhyle feiſting on a fawn,
And drinking blude frae lamies drawn,
A tunefull Robin trig and zung
Hard by upon a bour-tree ſung.
He ſang the Eagle's ryall lyne,
His perſing ee and richt divyne
To ſway out owre the fetherit thrang,
Quha dreid his martial bill and fang:
His flicht ſublime, and eild renewit,
His mynd with clemencie endewit;
In ſafter notes he ſang his luve;
Mair hie, his beiring bolts for Jove.

The monarch bird with blythneſs hard
The chaunting litil ſilvan bard,
Calit up a buzart, quha was than
His favourite and chamberlane.
" Swith to my treaſury," quod he,
" And to zon canty Robin gie
" As meikle of our currant geir
" As may mentain him throw the zeir;
" We can weil ſpair 't, and it 's his due."
He bad, and furth the Judas flew
Straight to the bench quhair Robin ſung,
And with a wickit lieand tung
Said, " Ah! ze ſing ſae dull and ruch,
" Ze haif deivt our lugs mair than enuch;

" His

" His majeſtie hes a nyſe eir,
" And nae mair of zour ſtuff can beir ;
" Poke up your pypes, be nae mair ſene
" At court ; I warn ze as a frein."

He ſpak, quhyle Robinis ſwelling breiſt,
And drouping wings, his greif expreſt ;
The teirs ran happing doun his cheik,
Grit grew his hairt, he coud nocht ſpeik,
No for the tinſell of rewaird,
But that his notis met nae regaird.
Straicht to the ſchaw he ſpred his wing,
Reſolvit again nae mair to ſing,
Quhair princelie bountie is ſuppreſt
By ſic with quhome they ar oppreſt,
Quha cannot beir, becauſe they want it,
That ocht ſuld be to merit grantit.

THE CONCLUSION.

THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS BOOK IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

DEAR, vent'rous book, e'en take thy will,
And ſcowp around the warld thy fill:
Wow! ye 're newfangle to be ſeen,
In gilded Turkey clad, and clean.
Daft, giddy thing! to dare thy fate,
And ſpang o'er dykes that ſcar the blate:
But mind, when anes ye 're to the bent,
Altho' in vain, ye may repent.
Alake! I 'm fleed thou aften meet
A gang that will thee ſourly treat,
And ca' thee dull for a' thy pains,
When damps diſtreſs their drowzie brains.
I dinna doubt, whilſt thou art new,
Thou 'lt favour find frae not a few;
But when thou 'rt ruffled and forfairn,
Sair thumb'd by ilka coof or bairn,
Then, then by age ye may grow wiſe,
And ken things common gi'e na price.

I 'd

I 'd fret, wae 's me! to ſee thee lye
Beneath the bottom of a pye;
Or cow'd out page by page, to wrap
Up ſnuff, or ſweeties, in a ſhap.

Awa, ſic fears! gae ſpread my fame,
And fix me an immortal name;
Ages to come ſhall thee revive,
And gar thee with new honours live.
The future critics, I foreſee,
Shall have their notes on notes on thee;
The wits unborn ſhall beauties find
That never enter'd in my mind.

Now when thou tells how I was bred
But hough enough * to a mean trade,
To balance that, pray let them ken
My ſaul to higher pitch cou'd ſten:
And when ye ſhaw I 'm ſcarce of gear,
Gar a' my virtues ſhine mair clear:
Tell, I the beſt and faireſt pleaſe;
A little man that lo'es my eaſe,
And never thole theſe paſſions lang
That rudely mint to do me wrang:

Gin

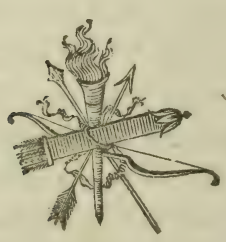
* Very indifferently.

Gin ony want to ken my age,
See anno Dom. * on title page;
This year, when ſprings, by care and ſkill,
The ſpacious leaden conduits † fill,
And firſt flow'd up the Caſtle-hill;
When South-Sea projects ceaſe to thrive,
And only North-Sea ſeems alive,
Tell them your author 's thirty-five.

---

* The firſt edition of his poems was publiſhed in 1721.

† The new lead pipes for conveying water to Edinburgh, of four inches and a half diameter within, and ſix tenths of an inch in thickneſs; all caſt in a mould invented by the ingenious Mr. Harding of London.



A

GLOSSARY;

OR,

AN EXPLANATION

OF THE

SCOTISH WORDS,

Which are uſed in the POEMS of ALLAN RAMSAY;

And which are rarely found in modern Engliſh Writings:

CORRECTED AND AMENDED.

A

GLOSSARY,

&c. &c. &c.

Some General Rules, ſhewing wherein many Southern, and Northern, words are originally the ſame; having only one letter changed for another; or ſometimes one letter taken away, or one added.

I. *In many words ending with an* l *after an* a *or* u, *the* l *is rarely ſounded.*

SCOTISH.	ENGLISH.	SCOTISH.	ENGLISH.
A'	All	*Sma*	Small
Ba	Ball	*Sta*	Stall
Ca	Call	*Wa*	Wall
Fa	Fall	*Fou*, or *fu*	Full
Ga	Gall	*Pou*, or *pu*	Pull
Ha	Hall	*Woo*, or *oo*	Wool

II. *The* l *changes to* a, w, *or* u, *after* o *or* a; *and is frequently ſunk before another conſonant; as,*

Bawm	Balm	*Bow*	Boll
Bauk	Baulk	*Bowt*	Bolt
Bouk	Bulk	*Caff*	Calf
Cow	Coll, *or* Clip	*Howms*	Holms
Faut	Fault	*Maut*	Malt
Fauſe	Falſe	*Pow*	Poll
Fowk	Folk	*Row*	Roll

Fawn

SCOTISH.	ENGLISH.	SCOTISH.	ENGLISH.
Fawn	Fallen	*Scawd*	Scald
Gowd	Gold	*Stown*	Stolen
Haff	Half	*Wawk*	Walk
How	Hole, *or* Hollow		

III. *An* o *before* ld, *changes to* a, *or* au; *as*,

Auld	Old	*Hald*, or *had*	Hold
Bauld	Bold	*Sald*	Sold
Cauld	Cold	*Tald*	Told
Fauld	Fold	*Wad*	Would

IV. *The* o, oe, *or* ow, *is changed to* a, ae, aw, *or* ai; *as*,

Ae, or *ane*	One	*Bain*	Bone
Aeten	Oaten	*Bair*	Boar
Aff	Off	*Baith*	Both
Aften	Often	*Blaw*	Blow
Aik	Oak	*Braid*	Broad
Aith	Oath	*Claith*	Cloth
Ain, or *awn*	Own	*Craw*	Crow
Alane	Alone	*Drap*	Drop
Amaiſt	Almoſt	*Fae*	Foe
Amang	Among	*Frae*	Fro, *or* from
Airs	Oars	*Gae*	Go
Aits	Oats	*Gaits*	Goats
Apen	Open	*Grane*	Groan
Awner	Owner	*Haly*	Holy
Hale	Whole	*Saft*	Soft
Haleſome	Wholeſome	*Saip*	Soap
Hame	Home	*Sair*	Sore
Hait, or *het*	Hot	*Sang*	Song
Laith	Loath	*Slaw*	Slow
Laid	Load	*Snaw*	Snow
Lain, or *len*	Loan	*Strake*	Stroak
Lang	Long	*Staw*	Stole
Mae	More	*Stane*	Stone
Maiſt	Moſt	*Saul*	Soul
Mair	More	*Tae*	Toe
Mane	Moan	*Taiken*	Token
Na	No	*Tangs*	Tongs

Nane

SCOTISH.	ENGLISH.	SCOTISH.	ENGLISH.
Nane	None	*Tap*	Top
Naithing	Nothing	*Thrang*	Throng
Pape	Pope	*Wae*	Woe
Rae	Roe	*Wame*	Womb
Raip	Rope	*Wan*	Won
Raw	Row	*War*	Worſe
		Wark	Work
		Warld	World
		Wha	Who

V. *The* o *or* u *is frequently changed into* i; *as,*

Anither	Another	*Ither*	Other
Bill	Bull	*Mither*	Mother
Birn	Burn	*Nits*	Nuts
Brither	Brother	*Niſe*	Noſe
Fit	Foot	*Pit*	Put
Fither	Fother	*Rin*	Run
Hinny	Honey	*Sin*	Sun

A

ABEET, albeit, although
Ablins, perhaps
Aboon, above
Aeten, oaten
Aik, oak
Aikerbread, the breadth of an acre
Air, long ſince. *It*, early. *Air up*, ſoon up in the morning
Ambrie, cupboard
Anew, enow
Annual-rent, yearly intereſt of money
Apen, open
Arles, earneſt of a bargain
Aſe, aſhes
Aſe-midding, dunghill of aſhes
Aſteer, ſtirring
Atains, or *Atanes*, at once, at the ſame time
Attour, out-over
Auld-farren, knowing, ſhrewd
Auld Reeky, a cant name for Edinburgh; old and ſmoky
Aurglebargin, or *Eagglebargin*, to contend and wrangle
Awſome, frightful, terrible
Aynd, the breath

B

Ba', ball
Back-ſey, a ſirloin
Badrans, a cat
Baid, ſtaid, abode

BEI

Bairns, children
Balen, whalebone
To ban, to curſe
Bang, is ſometimes an action of haſte, We ſay, "he, or it, came "with a bang." A *bang* alſo means a great number: "of cuſ- "tomers ſhe had a bang"
Bangſter, a bluſtering roaring perſon
Bannocks, a ſort of unleavened bread, thicker than cakes, and round
Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like bark
Barlikhood, a fit of drunken angry paſſion
Barrow-trams, the ſtaves of a hand-barrow
Batts, colick
Bauch, ſorry, indifferent
Baul, or *bauld*, bold
Bawbee, halfpenny
Bawk, a rafter, joiſt: likewiſe, the ſpace between corn fields
Bawſy, bawſand-fac'd, is a cow, or horſe, with a white face
Bedeen, immediately, in haſte
Beſt, beaten
Begoud, began
Begrutten, all in tears
Beik, to baſk
Beild, or *beil*, a ſhelter
Bein, or *been*, wealthy, comfortable. A *been* houſe, a warm well-furniſhed one

Beit,

BLA

Beit, or *beet*, to help, repair
Bells, bubbles
Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood-day
Belzie, Belzebub
Bended, drunk hard
Benn, the inner room of a houſe
Benniſon, bleſſing
Benſell, or *benſail*, force
Bent, the open field
Benty, overgrown with coarſe graſs
Beuk, baked
Bicker, a wooden diſh
Bickering, fighting, running quickly. School-boys battling with ſtones
Bigg, build. *Bigget*, built. *Biggings*, buildings
Biggonet, a linen cap or coif
Billy, brother
Bink, a bench to ſit on, either by the door, or near the fire
Byre, or *byar*, a cow-houſe
Birks, birch-trees
Birle, to carouſe. When common people join their halfpennies for purchaſing liquor, they call it "*birling* a bawbee"
Birn, a burnt mark
Birns, the ſtalks of burnt heath
Birr, force, flying ſwiftly with a noiſe
Biſy, buſy
Bittle, or *beetle*, a wooden mall for beating hemp, or a fuller's club
Black-a-vic'd, of a black complexion
Blae, black and blue, the colour of the ſkin when bruiſed
Blaſtum, beguile
Blate, baſhful
Blatter, a rattling noiſe
Blawart, a blue flower that grows among corn

BRA

Bleech, to blanch or whiten
Bleer, to make the eye water
Bleeze, blaze
Blether, fooliſh diſcourſe. *Bletherer*, A babbler. Stammering is called *blethering*.
Blin, ceaſe. "Never *blin*," never have done
Blinkan, the flame riſing and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhauſted
Boak, or *boke*, retch
Boal, a little preſs or cupboard in the wall
To Boaſt, to threaten or ſcold at
Bodin, or *bodden*, provided or furniſhed
Bodle, one-ſixth of a penny Engliſh
Bodword, an ominous meſſage. *Bodwords* are now uſed to expreſs ill-natured meſſages
Boglebo, hobgoblin or ſpectre
Bonny, beautiful
Bonnywalys, toys, gew-gaws
Boſs, empty
Bouk, bulk
Bourd, jeſt or dally
Bouſer, a rafter
Bouze, to drink
Bowt, bolt
Brochen, water-gruel of oat-meal
Brae, the ſide of a hill, a ſteep bank
Braid, broad
Braird, the firſt ſprouting of corns
Brander, a gridiron
Brands, calves of the legs
Brang, brought
Brankan, prancing, a capering
Branks, wherewith the ruſtics bridle their horſes
Branny, brandy

Brattle,

BYW

Brattle, noiſe, as of horſe feet
Brats, rags, aprons of coarſe linen
Braw, brave; fine in apparel
Brecken, fearn
Brent-brow, ſmooth high forehead
Brigs, bridges
Briſs, to preſs
Brock, a badger
Broe, broth
Browden, fond
Browſter, brewer. *Browſt*, a brewing
Bruliment, or *Brulziement*, a broil
Bucky, the large ſea-ſnail: a term of reproach, when we expreſs a croſs-natured fellow by "thrawn "bucky"
Buff, nonſenſe: as, "he blather'd "*buff*"
Bught, the little fold where the ewes are incloſed at milking-time
Buller, to bubble: the motion of water at a ſpring-head, or noiſe of a riſing tide
Bumbazed, confuſed; made to ſtare and look like an ideot
Bumbee, an humble bee
Bumler, a bungler
To Bummil, to bungle
Bung, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung
Bunkers, a bench, or ſort of long low cheſts that ſerve for ſeats
Burd-alane, ſolitary bird
Burn, a brook
Buſk, to deck, dreſs
Buſtine, fuſtian, cloth
But, often uſed for *without*; as, "*but* feed or favour"
Bykes, or *bikes*, neſts or hives of bees
Bygane, bypaſt
Byword, a proverb

C

Cadge, carry. *Cadger* is a country carrier, &c.
Caff, a calf; chaff
Callan, boy
Camſchough, or *Campſho*, ſtern, grim, of a diſtorted countenance
Cangle, to wrangle
Canker'd, angry, paſſionately ſnarling
Canna, cannot
Cant, to tell merry old tales
Cantraips, incantations
Canty, cheerful and merry
Capernoited, whimſical, ill-natured
Car, ſledge
Carena, care not
Carle, a word for an old man
Carline, an old woman. *Gire-carline*, a giant's wife
Carts, Cards
Cathel, cawdle, an hot-pot made of ale, ſugar, and eggs
Cauldrife, ſpiritleſs; wanting cheerfulneſs in addreſs
Cauler, cool or freſh
Cawk, chalk
Cawſy, cauſeway, ſtreet
Chafts, chops
Chaping, an ale meaſure or ſloup, ſomewhat leſs than an Engliſh quart
A-Char, or *a-jar*, aſide. When any thing is beat a little out of its poſition, or a door or window a little opened, we ſay, "they are *a-char*, "or *a-jar*"
Charlewain, Charleſwain; the conſtellation called the plow, or urſa major
Chancy, fortunate, good-natured
Chanler, a candleſtick
Chanler-chafts, lantern-jaw'd

Chat,

COG

Chat, a cant name for the gallows
Chiel, or *chield*, a general term like fellow; uſed ſometimes with reſpect, as, "he's a very good *chiel*;" and contemptuouſly, "that *chiel*"
Chirm, chirp and ſing like a bird
Chitter, chatter
Chorking, the noiſe made by the feet when the ſhoes are full of water
Chucky, a hen
Clan, tribe, family
Clank, a ſharp blow or ſtroke that makes a noiſe
Claſhes, chat
Clatter, to chatter
Claught, took hold
Claver, to ſpeak nonſenſe
Claw, ſcratch
Cleek, to catch as with a hook
Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks
Clink, coin, money
Clinty, hard, ſtony
Clock, a beetle
Cloited, the fall of any ſoft, moiſt thing
Cloſs, a court or ſquare; and frequently a lane or alley
Clour, the little lump that riſes on the head, occaſioned by a blow or fall
Clute, or *cloot*, hoof of cows or ſheep
Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair, when it is wrapt or ſnooded up with a band or ſnood
Cockſtool, a pillory
Cod, a pillow
Coft, bought
Cog, a pretty large wooden diſh the country people put their pottage in

CUR

Cogle, when a thing moves backwards and forwards inclining to fall
Coly, a ſhepherd's dog
Coodie, a ſmall wooden veſſel uſed by ſome for a chamber-pot
Coof, a ſtupid fellow
Coor, to cover, and recover
Cooſer, a ſtoned horſe
Cooſt, did caſt. *Cooſten*, thrown
Corby, a raven
Coſie, warm and comfortable
Cotter, a cottager
Couthy, affable
Cowp, to turn over; alſo, a fall
Cowp, to change or barter
Cowp, a company of people; as, "merry, ſenſeleſs, corky *cowp*"
Crack, to chat
Craig, a rock; the neck
Craw, crow
Creel, baſket
Creepy, a low ſtool
Criſh, greaſe
Croil, a crooked dwarf
Croon, or *crune*, to murmur, or hum over a ſong; the lowing of bulls
Crouſe, bold, pert, overbearing
Crove, a cottage
Crummy, a cow's name
Cryn, to ſhrink or become leſs by drying
Cudeigh, a bribe, preſent
Culzie, to intice or flatter
Cun, to taſte, learn, know
Cunzie, or *coonie*, coin
Curn, a ſmall parcel
Curſche, a kerchief; a linen dreſs worn by our Highland women

Cutled.

DIG

Cutled, uſed kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendſhip
Cutty, ſhort

D

Dab, a proficient
Dad, to beat one thing againſt another: "he fell with a *dad*:"—"he *dadded* his head againſt the "wall," &c.
Daft, fooliſh; and ſometimes, wanton
Daffin, folly, waggery
Daintiths, delicacies, dainties
Dainty, is uſed as an epithet of a fine man or woman
Dander, to wander to or fro, or ſaunter
Dang, *did ding*, beat, thruſt, drive. *Ding*, *dang*, moving haſtily one on the back of another
Darn, to hide
Daſh, to put out of countenance
Dawty, a fondling, darling. *To dawt*, to cocker and careſs with tenderneſs
Deave, to ſtun the ears with noiſe
Deel, the devil
Deel-be-likit, the devil-a-bit
Dees, dairy-maids
Deray, merriment, jollity, ſolemnity, tumult, diſorder, noiſe
Dern, ſecret, hidden, lonely
Deval, to deſcend, fall, hurry
Dewgs, rags or ſhapings of cloth
Didle, to act or move like a dwarf
Dight, decked, made ready; alſo, to clean

DOW

To Ding, to drive down, to beat, to overcome
Dink, prim
Dinna, do not
Dirle, a ſmarting pain quickly over
Dit, to ſtop or cloſe up a hole
Divot, thin turf
Dock, the backſide
Docken, a dock, the herb
Doilt, confuſed and ſilly
Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age
Doll, a large piece; dole or ſhare
Donk, moiſt
Donſie, affectedly neat; ſometimes, dull and dreary; clean, when applied to any little perſon
Doofart, a dull, heavy-headed fellow
Dool, or *drule*, the goal which gameſters ſtrive to gain firſt, as at football
Dool, pain, grief
Dorts, a proud pet
Dorty, proud; not to be ſpoken to; conceited; appearing as diſobliged
Doſend, cold, impotent
Dought, could, availed
Doughty, ſtrong, valiant, able
Douks, dives under water
Dour, *dowr*, hard, ſevere, fierce
Douſe, ſolid, grave, prudent
Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive
Dow, dove
Dow'd, (liquor) that is dead, or has loſt the ſpirits; or withered (plant)
Dowff, mournful, wanting vivacity
Dowie, ſickly, melancholy, ſad, doleful
Downa, *dow not*, i. e. though one has the power, he wants the heart to do it

Dowp,

EIT

Dowp, the arſe, the ſmall remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-ſhell: "better half egg as toom "*dowp*"

Drant, to ſpeak ſlow, after a ſighing manner

Dree, to ſuffer, endure

Dreery, wearifome, frightful

Dreigh, ſlow, keeping at diſtance: hence, an ill payer of his debts we call *dreigh*: tedious

Dribs, drops

Dring, the noiſe of a kettle before it boils

Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, ſcarce appearing to run

Droning, ſitting lazily, or moving heavily; ſpeaking with groans

Drouked, drenched, all wet

Dubs, mire

Duds, rags. *Duddy*, ragged

Dung, driven down, overcome

Dunt, ſtroke or blow

Dunty, a doxy

Durk, a poniard or dagger

Duſht, driven down

Dwine, to pine away

Dynles, trembles, ſhakes

Dyvour, a bankrupt

E

To Eag, to egg, to incite, ſtir up

Eard, earth, the ground

Edge of a hill, is the ſide or top

Een, eyes

Eild, age

Eildeens, of the ſame age

Eith, eaſy. *Either*, eaſier

FAN

Elbuck, elbow

Elf-ſhot, bewitched, ſhot by fairies

Ell-wand, the ell meaſure

Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited except by imaginary ghoſts

Elſon, a ſhoemaker's awl

Endlang, along

Ergh, ſcrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a ſteady reſolution

Eſthler, *Aſhler*, hewn ſtone

Ether, an adder

Ethercap, or *Ettercap*, a venomous ſpiteful creature

Etle, to aim, deſign

Even'd, compared

Evite, to ſhun

Eydent, diligent, laborious

F

Fa, a trap, ſuch as is uſed for catching rats or mice

Facing-tools, drinking-pots

Fadge, a ſpungy ſort of bread in ſhape of a roll

Fae, foe

Fail, thick turf, ſuch as are uſed for building dykes for folds, incloſures, &c.

Fairfaw, when we wiſh well to one, that a good or fair fate may befall him

Fait, neat, in good order

Fand, found

Fang, the talons of a fowl. *To Fang*, to grip, or hold faſt

FLE

Faſh, to vex or trouble. *Faſheous*, troubleſome
Faugh, a colour between white and red. *Faugh* riggs, fallow ground
Faught, a broil
Fauſe, falſe
Fawn, fallen
Feck, a part, quantity; as, maiſt *feck*, the greateſt number; nae *feck*, very few
Feckfow, able, active
Feckleſs, feeble, little and weak
Feed, or *fead*, feud, hatred, quarrel
Feil, many, ſeveral
Fen, ſhift. *Fending*, living by induſtry. Make a *fen*, fall upon methods
Ferlie, wonder
Fernzier, the laſt or forerun year
File, to defile or dirty
Fireflaught, a flaſh of lightning
Fiſtle, to ſtir, a ſtir
Fit, the foot
Fitſted, the print of the foot
Fizzing, whizzing
Flaffing, moving up and down; raiſing wind by motion, as birds with their wings
Flags, flaſhes, as of wind and fire
Flane, an arrow
Flang, flung
Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground
Flaw, lie or fib
Fleetch, to coax or flatter
Fleg, fright
Flet, the preterite of *flyte*, did chide
Flegeeries, gewgaws
Flewet, a ſmart blow
Fley, or *flie*, to affright. *Fleyt*, afraid or terrified

FUR

Flinders, ſplinters
Flit, to remove
Flite, or *flyte*, to ſcold or chide. *Flet*, did ſcold
Fluſhes, floods
Fog, moſs
Fon, fond
Foordays, the morning far advanced, fair day-light
Forby, beſides
Forebears, forefathers, anceſtors
Forfairn, abuſed, beſpattered
Forfoughten, weary, faint and out of breath with fighting
Forgainſt, oppoſite to
Forgether, to meet, encounter
Forleet, to forſake or forget
Foreſtam, the forehead
Fou, drunk
Fouth, abundance, plenty
Fow-weel, full well
Fozy, ſpungy, ſoft
Fraiſe, to make a noiſe. We uſe to ſay, "one makes a *fraiſe*," when they boaſt, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear
Fray, buſtle, fighting
Freik, a fool, light impertinent fellow
Fremit, ſtrange, not a-kin
Friſted, truſted
Fruſh, brittle, like bread baken with butter
Fuff, to blow. *Fuffin*, blowing
Furder, proſper
Furthy, forward
Fuiſh, brought
Fyk, to be reſtleſs, uneaſy
Furlet, four pecks

Gab,

G GOV

Gab, the mouth. *To Gab*, to prate

Gabbing, prating pertly. *To gab* again, when ſervants give ſaucy returns when reprimanded

Gabby, one of a ready and eaſy expreſſion; the ſame with *auld gabbet*

Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a ſtupid gravity

To Gae, to go

Gafaw, hearty loud laughter. *To gawf*, to laugh

Gaiſt, or *ghaiſt*, a ghoſt

Gait, a goat

Gams, gums

Gantrees, a ſtand for ale-barrels

Gar, to cauſe, make, or force

Gare, greedy, rapacious, earneſt to have a thing

Gaſh, ſolid, ſagacious. One with a long out chin, we call *gaſh-gabbet*, or *gaſh-beard*

Gate, way

Gaunt, yawn

Gaw, to take the pet, to be galled

Gawd, or *gad*, a bar of iron, a ploughman's rod

Gawky, an idle, ſtaring, idiotical perſon

Gawn, going

Gaws, galls

Gawſy, jolly, buxom

To geck, to mock, to toſs the head with diſdain

Geed, or *gade*, went

Genty, handſome, genteel

Get, a brat, a child, by way of contempt or deriſion

Gielainger, an ill debtor

Gif, if

Gift, a wicked imp, a term of reproach

Gillygacus, or *gillygapus*, a ſtaring gaping fool, a gormandizer

Gilpy, a roguiſh boy

Gimmer, a young ſheep-ewe

Gin, if

Gird, to ſtrike, pierce

Girn, to grin, ſnarl; alſo a ſnare or trap, ſuch as boys make of horſe-hair to catch birds

Girth, a hoop

Glaiks, the reflection of the ſun thrown from a mirror; an idle good-for-nothing fellow. *Glaiked*, fooliſh, wanton, light. To give the *glaiks*, to beguile one by giving him his labour for his pains

Glaiſter, to bawl or bark

Glamour, a faſcinating ſpell in order to deceive the eyes

Glar, mire, ouzy mud

Glee, to ſquint. *Gleed*, or *gleid*, ſquint-eyed

Gleg, ſharp, quick, active

Glen, a narrow valley between mountains

Gloom, to ſcowl or frown

Glowming, or *gloming*, the twilight or evening gloom

Glowr, to ſtare

Glunch, to hang the brow and grumble

Goan, a wooden diſh for meat

Goolie, a large knife

Gorlings, or *gorblings*, young unfledged birds

Goſſie, goſſip

Gowans, daizies

Gove, to look with a roving eye

GYT

Gowf, or *golf*, beſides the known game, a racket or ſound blow on the chops, we call " a *gowf* on " the haffet"

Gowk, the cuckow. In deriſion, we call a thoughtleſs fellow, and one who harps too long on one ſubject, a *gowk*

Gowl, a howling; to bellow and cry

Gouſly, ghaſtly, large, waſte, deſolate, and frightful

Graith, furniture, harneſs, armour

To Grane, to groan

Grany, grandmother, any old woman

Grape, a trident fork; alſo, to grope

Gree, prize, victory

To Gree, to agree

Green, or *grien*, to long for

Greet, to weep. *Grat*, wept

Grieve, an overſeer

Groff, groſs, coarſe

Grotts, milled oats

Grouf, to lie flat on the belly

Grounche, or *Glunſh*, to murmur, grudge

Grutten, wept

Gryſe, a pig

Gully, a large knife. A kail-*gully*, a knife for cutting cabbages

Gumption, good ſenſe

Gurly, rough, bitter, cold (weather)

Guſty, ſavoury

Gutcher, goodſire, grandfather

Gyſened, when the wood of any veſſel is ſhrunk with dryneſs

Gytlings, young children

H

Had, hold

Haffet, the cheek, ſide of the head

Hagabag, coarſe table-linen

Haggiſe, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a ſheep, and boiled in the big bag

Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in moſſy ground; portions of copſe-wood regularly cut

Hain, to ſave, manage narrowly

Hait, or *het*, hot

Hale, whole

Haleſome, wholeſome

Hallen, a fence of turf, twigs, or ſtone, built at the ſide of a cottage door, to ſcreen from the wind

Hame, home

Hameld, domeſtic

Hamely, friendly, frank, open, kind

To Hanker, to doubt or waver

Hanty, convenient, handſome

Harle, drag

Harns, brains. *Harn*-pan, the ſcull

Harſhip, hairſhip, miſchance

Haſh, a ſloven

Haveren, or *havrel*, an inſignificant chatterer, a half-witted fellow

Haughs, valleys, or low grounds on the ſides of rivers

Havins, good breeding

Haviour, behaviour

To hauſe, to hug

Hauſlock, the wool that grows on the ſheep's neck

Hawky, a cow; a white-faced cow

Haws, or *hauſs*, the throat or gullet

Heal, or *heel*, health, or whole

Heartſome, blyth and happy

Hecht, to promiſe, promiſed

Heepy,

HOW

Heepy, a perſon hypochondriac
Hereyeſtreen, the night before yeſternight
Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A *heezy* is a good lift
Heftit, accuſtomed to live in a place
Hegbt, promiſed; alſo, named
Hempy, a tricky wag, ſuch for whom the hemp grows
Hereit, or *herried*, ruined in eſtate: when a bird's neſt is robbed, it is ſaid to be *herried*
Heſp, a haſp, a claſp or hook, bar or bolt: alſo, in yarn, a certain number of cuts
Hether-bells, the heath-bloſſom
Heugh, a rock or ſteep hill; alſo, a coal-pit
Hiddils, or *Hidlings*, lurking, hiding-places. To do a thing in *hidlings*, i. e. privately
To Hing, to hang
Hips, the buttocks
Hirple, to move ſlowly and lamely
Hirſle, to move as with a ruſtling noiſe
Hirſle, or *birdſale*, a flock of cattle
Ho, a ſingle ſtocking
Hobbleſhew, confuſed racket, noiſe
Hodden-grey, coarſe grey cloth
Hog, a ſheep of two years old
Hool, huſk. *Hooled*, incloſed
Hooly, ſlow
Hoſt, or *whoſt*, to cough
Hou, or *hu*, a cap or roof-tree
How, low ground, a hollow
How! ho!
Howdered, hidden
Howdy, a midwife
Howff, a haunt, or accuſtomed rendezvous

JYB

Howk, to dig
Howms, *holms*, plains on river-ſides
Howt! fy!
Howtowdy, a young hen
Hurdies, the buttocks
Hurkle, to crouch or bow together like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare
Hyt, mad

I & J

Jack, a jacket
Jag, to prick as with a pin
Jaw, a wave or guſh of water
Jawp, the daſhing of water
Iceſhogles, icicles
Jee, to incline on one ſide. To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a balk up and down, to this and the other ſide
Jelly, pretty
Jig, to crack, to make a noiſe like a cart-wheel
Jimp, ſlender
Jip, gypſie
Ilk, each. *Ilka*, every
Ingan, onion
Ingine, genius
Ingle, fire
Jo, ſweetheart
Jocktaleg, a claſp-knife
Jouk, a low bow
Irie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of ſome ghoſt or apparition: alſo, melancholy
I'ſe, I ſhall; as, *I'll*, for I will
Iſles, embers
Junt, a large joint or piece of meat
Jute, ſour or dead liquor
Jybe, to mock. *Gibe*, a taunt

K

Kaber, a rafter
Kale, or *kail*, colewort; and ſometimes, broth
Kacky, to dung
Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls
Kame, comb
Kanny, or *canny*, fortunate: alſo, wary, one who manages his affairs diſcreetly; cautious
Kebuck, a cheeſe
Keckle, to cackle like a hen, to laugh, to be noiſy
Kedgy, or *cadgie*, jovial
Keek, to peep
Keel, or *keil*, black or red chalk
Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool
Kemp, to ſtrive who ſhall perform moſt of the ſame work in the ſame time
Ken, to know; uſed in England as a noun: a thing within *ken*, i. e. within view
Kent, a long ſtaff, ſuch as ſhepherds uſe for leaping over ditches
Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one
Kieſt, did caſt. Vide *cooſt*
Kilted, tucked up
Kimmer, or *cummer*, a female goſſip
Kirn, a churn; to churn
Kirtle, an upper petticoat
Kitchen, ſauces or liquids eat with ſolid food: "hunger is good "*kitchen*"
Kittie, a frolicſome wench
Kittle, difficult, myſterious, knotty (writings)
Kittle, to tickle, tickliſh
Knacky, witty, facetious

LAR

Knoit, to beat or ſtrike ſharply
Knooſed, buffeted and bruiſed
Knooſt, or *knuiſt*, a large lump
Know, a hillock
Knublock, a knob
Kow, goblin, or any perſon one ſtands in awe to diſoblige, and fears
Ky, kine or cows
Kyth, to appear: "he 'll kyth in "his ain colours"
Kyte, the belly

L

Ladren, a rogue, raſcal, thief
Laggert, beſpattered, covered with clay
Laigh, low
Laith, loth
Laits, manners
Lak, or *lack*, undervalue, contemn; as, "he that lacks my mare, will "buy my mare"
Landart, the country, or belonging to it; ruſtic
Lane, alone
Lang, long
Langour, languiſhing, melancholy. To hold one out of *langour*, i. e. divert him
Lang-nebit, long-noſed
Lang-ſyne, long ago: ſometimes uſed as a ſubſtantive noun, auld *lang-ſyne*, old times by-paſt
Lankale, coleworts uncut
Lap, leaped
Lappered, cruddled or clotted
Lare, bog

Larc,

LIN

Lare, a place for laying, or that has been lain in
Latter-meet, victuals brought from the maſter's to the ſervants' table
Lave, the reſt or remainder
Lawin, a tavern reckoning
Lawland, low country
Lavrock, the lark
Lawty, or *lawtith*, juſtice, fidelity, honeſty
Leal, true, upright, honeſt, faithful to truſt, loyal: "a *leal* heart "never lied"
Leam, flame
Lear, learning; to learn
Lee, untilled ground; alſo an open graſſy plain
Leet, a choſen number, from which one or more is to be elected
Leglen, a milking-pail with one lug or handle
Leman, a kept miſs
Lends, buttocks, loins
Leugh, laughed
Lew-warm, lukewarm
Libbet, gelded
Lick, to whip or beat: a wag or cheat we call a great *lick*
Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie
Lift, the ſky or firmament
Liggs, lies
Lilts, the holes of a wind inſtrument of muſic; hence, "*lilt* up a "ſpring:"—"*lilt* it out," take off your drink merrily
Limmer, a whore
Limp, to halt
Lin, a cataract
Ling, quick career in a ſtraight line; to gallop
Lingle, cord, ſhoemakers' thread
Linkan, walking ſpeedily

MAI

Lintwhite, a linnet
Lire, breaſts: alſo, the moſt muſcular parts: ſometimes, the air or complexion of the face
Lirk, a wrinkle or fold
Liſk, the groin
Lith, a joint
Loan, or *Loaning*, a paſſage for the cattle to go to paſture, left untilled; a little common, where the maids often aſſembled to milk the ewes
Loch, a lake
Loe, to love
Loof, the hollow of the hand
Looms, tools, inſtruments in general, veſſels
Loot, did let
Low, flame. *Lowan*, flaming
Lown, calm: keep *lown*, be ſecret
Loun, rogue, whore, villain
Lounder, a ſound blow
Lout, to bow down, making courteſy; to ſtoop
Luck, to encloſe, ſhut up, faſten: hence, *lucken* handed, cloſe fiſted; *lucken* gowans, booths, &c.
Lucky, grandmother, or goody
Lug, ear, handle of a pot or veſſel
Luggie, a diſh of wood with a handle
Lum, the chimney.
Lurdane, a blockhead
Lure, rather
Lyart, hoary or grey-haired

M

Magil, to mangle
Maiden, an engine uſed for beheading
Maik, or *make*, to match, equal
Maikleſs, matchleſs
Mailen, a farm

MOO

Makly, ſeemly, well-proportioned
Makſna, 'tis no matter
Maliſon, a curſe, malediction
Mangit, galled or bruiſed by toil or ſtripes
Mank, a want
Mant, to ſtammer in ſpeech
March, or *merch*, a landmark, border of lands
Marh, the marrow
Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comrade
Maſk, to maſh (brewing). *Maſking*-loom, maſh-vat
Mavis, a thruſh
Maun, muſt. *Mauna*, muſt not, may not
Mawt, malt
Meikle, much, big, great, large
Meith, limit, mark, ſign
Mends, ſatisfaction, revenge, retaliation: to make a *mends*, to make a grateful return
Menſe, diſcretion, ſobriety, good breeding. *Mensfou*, mannerly
Menzie, a company of men, army, aſſembly, one's followers
Meſſen, a little dog, lap-dog
Midding, a dunghill
Midges, gnats, little flies
Mim, affectedly modeſt
Mint, aim, endeavour
Mirk, dark
Miſcaw, to give names
Miſken, to neglect or not take notice of one; alſo, let alone
Miſluſhious, malicious, rough
Miſlers, neceſſities, wants
Mither, mother
Mony, many
Mools, the earth of the grave

NUC

Mou, mouth
Moup, to eat, generally uſed of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move faſt, though they eat but ſlow
Mow, a pile or bing, as of fuel, hay, ſheaves of corn, &c.
Murgeon'd, made a mock of
Muckle, ſee *meikle*
Murgullied, miſmanaged, abuſed
Mutch, a coif
Mutchkin, an Engliſh pint

N

Nacky, or *knacky*, clever, active in ſmall affairs
Neeſe, noſe
Nevel, a ſound blow with the *nive*, or fiſt
Newfangle, fond of a new thing
Nick, to bite or cheat. *Nicked*, cheated. Alſo a cant word to drink heartily; as, "he *nicks* "fine"
Nieſt, next
Niffer, to exchange or barter
Niffnafan, trifling
Nignays, trifles
Nips, bits
Nither, to ſtraiten. *Nithered*, hungered or half-ſtarved in maintenance
Nive, the fiſt
Nock, notch or nick of an arrow or ſpindle
Noit, ſee *knoit*
Nowt, cows, kine
Nowther, neither
Nuckle, new calved (cows)

Oe,

O

Oe, a grandchild
O'er, or *owre*, too much; as, " a' *o'ers* " is vice"
O'ercome, ſurplus
Ony, any
Or, ſometimes uſed for ere, or before. *Or* day, i. e. before day-break
Ora, any thing over what is needful
Orp, to weep with a convulſive pant
Oughtlens, in the leaſt, any thing
Owk, week
Owrlay, a cravat
Owſen, oxen
Owther, either
Oxter, the armpit

P

Paddock, a frog. *Paddock-ride*, the ſpawn of frogs
Paiks, chaſtiſement. *To paik*, to beat or belabour one ſoundly
Pang, to ſqueeze, preſs, or pack one thing into another
Papery, popery
Paſement, livery-lace
Pat, did put
Paughty, proud, haughty
Pawky, witty or ſly in word or action, without any harm or bad deſigns
Peer, a quay or wharf
Peets, turf for fire
Pegh, to pant
Penſy, finical, foppiſh, conceited
Perquire, by heart
Pett, a favourite, a fondling. *To pettle*, to dandle, feed, cheriſh, flatter. Hence, to take the *pett*, is to be peeviſh or ſullen, as commonly *petts* are when in the leaſt diſobliged
Pibroughs, ſuch Highland tunes as are played on bag-pipes before the warriors when they go to battle
Pig, an earthen pitcher
Pike, to pick out or chuſe
Pimpin, pimping, mean, ſcurvy
Pine, pain or pining
Pingle, to contend, ſtrive, or work hard
Pirn, the ſpool or quill within the ſhuttle, which receives the yarn. *Pirny*, (cloth or a web) of unequal threads or colours, ſtriped
Pit, to put
Pith, ſtrength, might, force
Plack, two bodles, or the third of a penny Engliſh
Pleniſhing, houſhold furniture
Pople, or *paple*, the bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water
Poortith, poverty
Pou, pull
Pouſe, to puſh
Poutch, a pocket
Pow, the poll, the head
Powny, a little horſe or galloway; alſo a turkey
Pratick, practice, art, ſtratagem. Priving *pratick*, trying ridiculous experiments
Prets, tricks, rogueries. We ſay, " he played me a *pret*," i. e. cheated: " the callan's fou of *prets*," i. e. has abundance of waggiſh tricks
Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying

Prin,

PUT

Prin, a pin
Prive, to prove or taſte
Propine, gift or preſent
Prym, or *prime*, to fill or ſtuff
Puke, to pluck
Pullieſhees, pulleys
Putt a ſtane, throw a big ſtone

Q

Quaff, or *queff*, or *quegh*, a flat wooden drinking-cup formed of ſtaves
Quat, to quit
Quey, a young cow

R

Rackleſs, careleſs: one who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackleſs* handed
Rae, a roe
Raffan, merry, roving, hearty
Raird, a loud ſound
Rair, roar
Rak, or *rook*, a miſt or fog
Rampage, to ſpeak and act furiouſly
Rape, a rope
Raſhes, ruſhes
Rave, did rive or tear
Raught, reached
Rax, to ſtretch. *Raxed*, ſtretched
Rax, andirons
Ream, cream: whence *reaming*; as *reaming* liquor
Redd, to rid, unravel; to ſeparate folks that are fighting. It alſo ſignifies clearing of any paſſage. "I am *redd*," I am apprehenſive

RYP

Rede, counſel, advice; as, "I wad "na *rede* you to do that"
Reek, reach; alſo, ſmoke
Reeſe, or *ruſe*, to commend, extol
Reeſt, to ruſt, or dry in the ſmoke
Reft, bereft, robbed, forced, or carried away
Reif, rapine, robbery
Reik, or *rink*, a courſe or race
Rever, a robber or pirate
Rewth, pity
Rice, or *riſe*, bulruſhes, bramble branches, or twigs of trees
Rierd, a roar
Rife, or *ryfe*, plenty
Rift, to belch
Rigging, the back or rig-back, the top or ridge of a houſe
Rigs of corn, ridges
Ripples, a weakneſs in the back and reins
Rock, a diſtaff
Roove, to rivet
Rottan, a rat
Roundel, a witty, and often ſatiric kind of rhyme
Rowan, rolling
Rowt, to roar, eſpecially the lowing of bulls and cows
Rowth, plenty
Ruck, a rick or ſtack of hay or corns
Rude, the red taint of the complexion
Ruefu', doleful
Rug, to pull, take away by force
Rumple, the rump
Rungs, ſmall boughs of trees lopped off
Runkle, a wrinkle; to ruffle
Rype, to ſearch

Saebeins,

S

Saebiens, ſeeing it is, ſince
Saikleſs, guiltleſs, free
Sained, bleſſed
Sair, or *ſare*, ſore
Sairy, forlorn and pitiable
Sall, ſhall: like *ſoud* for ſhould
Sand-blind, purblind, ſhort-ſighted
Sape, or *ſaip*, ſoap
Sar, ſavour or ſmell
Sark, a ſhirt
Saugh, a willow or ſallow-tree
Saul, ſoul
Saw, an old ſaying, or proverbial expreſſion
Sawt, ſalt
Scad, ſcald
Scar, the bare places on the ſides of hills waſhed down with rains
Scart, to ſcratch
Scauld, ſcold
Scawp, a bare dry piece of ſtony ground
Scon, bread the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a bannock
Scowp, to leap or move haſtily from one place to another
Scowth, room, freedom
Scrimp, narrow, ſtraitened, little
Scroggs, ſhrubs, thorns, briars. *Scroggy*, thorny
Scuds, ale; a late name given it by the benders, or drinkers
Sculdudry, lewdneſs
Scunner, to loath
Sell, ſelf
Seuch, furrow, ditch
Sey, to try
Shan pitiful, ſilly, poor
Sharn, cow's dung
Shaw, a wood or foreſt

SKI

To Shaw, to ſhew
Shawl, ſhallow
Shawps, empty huſks
Sheen, ſhining
Shellycoat, a goblin
Shiel, a ſhepherd's cot
Shill, ſhrill, having a ſharp ſound
Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, *ſhire*; alſo a clever wag, a *ſhire* lick
Shog, to wake, ſhake, or jog backwards and forwards
Shool, ſhovel
Shoon, ſhoes
Shore, to threaten
Shotle, a drawer
Sib, a-kin
Sic, ſuch
Sicker, firm, ſecure
Sike, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in ſummer
Siller, ſilver
Sindle, or *ſinle*, ſeldom
Sinſyne, ſince that time: lang *ſinſyne*, long ago
Skail, to ſpill, to diſperſe: hence we ſay, "the kirk is *ſcailing*," for the congregation is ſeparating
Skair, ſhare
Skaith, hurt, damage, loſs
Skeigh, ſkittiſh
Skelf, ſhelf
Skelp, to run; uſed when one runs barefoot: alſo, a ſmall ſplinter of wood: likewiſe, to flog the buttocks
Skiff, to move ſmoothly away
Skink, a kind of ſtrong broth made of cows' hams or knuckles; alſo, to fill drink in a cup

Skirl,

SNO

Skirl, to ſhriek or cry with a ſhrill voice

Sklate, ſlate. *Skailie* is the fine blue ſlate

Skowrie, ragged, naſty, idle

Skreed, a rent, a hearty drinking bout

To Skreigh, to ſhriek

Skybald, a tatterdemalion

Skyt, to fly out haſtily

Slade, or *Slaid*, did ſlide, moved, or made a thing move eaſily

Slap, or *ſlak*, a gap, or narrow paſs between two hills; alſo, a breach in a wall

Slee, ſly

Slerg, to bedawb or plaiſter

Slid, ſmooth, cunning, ſlippery; as, "he's a *ſlid* loun." *Slidry*, ſlippery

Slippery, ſleepy

Slonk, a mire, ditch, or ſlough; to wade through a mire

Slote, a bar or bolt for a door

Slough, huſk or coat

Smaik, a ſilly, little, pitiful fellow; the ſame with *ſmatchet*

Smirky, ſmiling

Smittle, infectious or catching

Smoor, to ſmother

Snack, nimble, ready, clever

Sned, to cut

Sneg, to cut; as, "*ſneg'd* off at the web end"

Snell, ſharp, ſmarting, bitter, firm

Snib, to ſnub, check, or reprove, to correct

Snifter, to ſnuff or breathe through the noſe a little ſtopt

Sniſhing, or *ſneiſhing*, ſnuff

Snod, metaphorically uſed for neat, handſome, tight

SPE

Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair

Snool, to diſpirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; alſo, a pitiful grovelling ſlave

Snoove, to whirl round

Snotter, ſnot

Snurl, to ruffle or wrinkle

Sonſy, happy, fortunate, lucky; ſometimes uſed for large and luſty

Sore, ſorrel, reddiſh coloured

Sorn, to ſpunge, or hang on others for maintenance

Soſs, the noiſe that a thing makes when it falls to the ground

Soud, ſhould

Sough, the ſound of wind amongſt trees, or of one ſleeping

Souming, ſwimming

Soup, a ſup

Souter, a ſhoemaker

Sowens, flummery, or oatmeal ſoured amongſt water for ſome time, then boiled to a conſiſtency, and eaten with milk or butter

Sowf, to conn over a tune on an inſtrument

Spae, to foretel or divine. *Spaemen*, prophets, augurs

Spain, to wean from the breaſt

Spait, a torrent, flood, or inundation

Spang, a jump; to leap or jump

Spaul, ſhoulder, arm

Speel, to climb

Speer, to aſk, inquire

Spelder, to ſplit, ſtretch, ſpread out, draw aſunder

Spence, the place of the houſe where proviſions are kept

Spill,

STO

Spill, to ſpoil, abuſe
Spoolie, or *ſpulzie*, ſpoil, booty, plunder
Spraings, ſtripes of different colours
Spring, a tune on a muſical inſtrument
Spruſh, ſpruce
Spruttled, ſpeckled, ſpotted
Spung, the fob
Spunk, tinder
Stalwart, ſtrong and valiant
Stane, ſtone
Stang, did ſting, to ſting; alſo a ſting or pole
Stank, a pool of ſtanding water
Stark, ſtrong, robuſt
Starns, the ſtars. *Starn*, a ſmall moiety: we ſay, "ne'er a *ſtarn*"
Staw, ſtole
Stay, ſteep; as, "ſet a ſtout heart "to a *ſtay* brae"
Steek, to ſhut, cloſe
Stegh, to cram
Stend, or *ſten*, to move with a haſty long pace
Stent, to ſtretch or extend, to limit or ſtint
Sting, a pole, a cudgel
Stirk, a ſteer or bullock
Stock-and-horn, a ſhepherd's pipe, made by inſerting a reed pierced like a flute into a cow's horn; the mouth-piece is like that of a hautboy
Stoit, or *ſtot*, to rebound or reflect
Stoken, to ſlake the thirſt
Stoor, rough, hoarſe
Stou, to cut or crop. A *ſtou*, a large cut or piece
Stound, a ſmarting pain or ſtitch

SWI

Stoup, a pot of tin of a certain meaſure. Milk *ſtoup*, a wooden milk-pail
Stour, duſt agitated by winds, men, or horſe feet. To *ſtour*, to run quickly
Stowth, ſtealth
Straitis, probably a kind of narrow kerſey cloth, called *ſtraits*. See Bailey and Miege
Strand, a gutter
Strapan, clever, tall, handſome
Streek, to ſtretch
Striddle, to ſtride, applied commonly to one that is little
Strinkle, to ſprinkle or ſtrew
Stroot, or *ſtrute*, ſtuffed full, drunk
Strunt, a pet: "to take the *ſtrunt*," to be petted or out of humour
Studdy, an anvil, or ſmith's ſtithy
Sturdy, giddy headed; alſo ſtrong
Sture, or *ſtoor*, ſtiff, ſtrong, hoarſe
Sturt, trouble, diſturbance, vexation
Stym, a blink, or a little ſight of a thing
Suddle, to ſully or defile
Sumph, blockhead
Sunkan, ſplenetic
Sunkots, ſomething
Swak, to throw, caſt with force
Swankies, clever young fellows
Swarf, to ſwoon away
Swaſh, ſwollen with drink
Swatch, a pattern
Swats, ſmall ale
Swecht, burden, weight, force
Sweer, lazy, ſlow, loth
Sweeties, confections
Swelt, ſuffocated, choaked to death
Swith, begone quickly

Swither,

THA

Swither, to be doubtful whether to do this or that
Sybou, a ſmall onion
Syke, a rill which is ſometimes dry
Syne, afterwards, then

T

Tack, a leaſe
Tackel, an arrow
Taid, a toad
Taken, token
Tane, taken
Tane and tither, the one and t'other
Tangle, ſea-weed
Tangs, the tongs
Tap, a head. Such a quantity of lint as ſpinſters put upon the diſtaff is called a *lint-tap*
Tape, to uſe any thing ſparingly
Tappit-hen, the Scots quart-ſtoup
Tarrow, to refuſe what we love, from a croſs humour
Tartan, croſs-ſtriped ſtuff of various colours, checkered: the Highland plaids
Taſs, a little dram-cup
Tate, a ſmall lock of hair, or any little quantity of wool, cotton, &c.
Tawpy, a fooliſh wench
Taz, a whip or ſcourge
Ted, to ſcatter, ſpread
Tee, a little earth on which thoſe who play at the gowf ſet their balls before they ſtrike them off
Teen, or *tynd*, anger, rage, ſorrow
Teet, to peep out
Tenſome, the number of ten
Tent, attention. *Tenty*, cautious
Thack, thatch

TOS

Thae, thoſe
Tharmes, ſmall tripes, catgut
Theek, to thatch
Thieveleſs, ſleeveleſs, wanting propriety
Thig, to beg or borrow
Thir, theſe
Thole, to endure, ſuffer
Thow, thaw
Thowleſs, unactive, ſilly, lazy, heavy
Thrawart, froward, croſs, crabbed
Thrawin, ſtern and croſs-grained
Thrawn-gabbit, wry-mouthed
Threep, or *threap*, to aver, allege, urge and affirm boldly
Thrimal, or *thrummil*, to preſs or ſqueeze through with difficulty
Thud, a blaſt, blow, ſtorm, or the violent ſound of theſe, "cry'd "heh at ilka *thud*," i. e. gave a groan at every blow
Tid, tide or time, proper time; as, "he took the *tid*"
Tift, good order, health
Till, to. *Till't*, to it
Tine, to loſe. *Tint*, loſt
Tinſel, loſs
Tip, or *tippony*, ale ſold for twopence the Scots pint
Tippanizing, drinking twopenny ale
Tirle, or *tirr*, to uncover a houſe
Titty, ſiſter
Tocher, portion, dowry
Tod, a fox
Tooly, to fight; a fight or quarrel
Toom, empty, applied to a barrel, purſe, houſe, &c.: alſo, to empty
Toſh, tight, neat
Toſie, warm, pleaſant, half fuddled

To

UUN

To the fore, in being, alive, unconſumed
Touſe, or *Touſle*, to rumple, teaze
Tout, the ſound of a horn or trumpet
Tow, a rope
Towmond, a year or twelvemonth
Tree, a caſk of liquor, a nine-gallon *tree*
Trewes, hoſe and breeches all of a piece
Trig, neat, handſome
Troke, exchange
True, to trow, truſt, believe
Truf, ſteal
Truncher, trencher, platter
Tryſt, appointment
Turs, turfs, truſs
Twin, to part with, or ſeparate from
Twitch, touch
Twinters, ſheep of two years old
Tydie, plump, fat, lucky
Tynd. Vide *Teen*
Tyſt, to entice, ſtir up, allure

U & V

Ugg, to deteſt, hate, nauſeate
Ugſome, hateful, nauſeous
Virle, a ferrule
Viſſy, to view with care
Umwhile, or *umquhile*, the late or deceaſed; ſome time ago; of old
Uneith, not eaſy
Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharneſſed
Unko, or *unco*, uncouth, ſtrange
Unluſom, unlovely
Unſonſy, unlucky, ugly
Vougy, elevated, proud
Uundocht, or *wandought*, a ſilly weak perſon

WHO

Wad, or *wed*, pledge, wager, pawn; alſo, would
Wae, ſorrowful
Waefu', woeful
Waff, wandering by itſelf
Wak, moiſt, wet
Wale, to pick and chuſe
Walop, to move ſwiftly with much agitation
Wally, choſen, beautiful, large
Wame, womb, the belly
Wandought, want of dought, impotent
Wangrace, wickedneſs, want of grace
Wanter, a man who wants a wife
War, worſe
Warld, world
Warlock, wizard
Wat, or *wit*, to know
Waught, a large draught
Wean, or *wee ane*, a child
Wee, little
Ween, thought, imagined, ſuppoſed
Weer, to ſtop or oppoſe
Weir, war
Weird, fate or deſtiny
Weit, rain
Werſh, inſipid, wallowiſh, wanting ſalt
Whauk, whip, beat, flog
Whid, to fly quickly
Whilk, which
Whilly, to cheat. *Whillywha*, a cheat
Whindging, whining
Whins, furze
Whiſht, huſh, hold your peace
Whiſk, to pull out haſtily
Whittle, a knife
Whop, whip
Whomilt, turned upſide down

Wight,

WYL

Wight, ſtout, clever, active; alſo, a man or perſon
Willie-wands, willow-wands
Wiltu, wilt thou
Wimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river
Win, or *won*, to reſide, dwell
Winna, will not
Winnocks, windows
Winſom, gaining, deſirable, agreeable, complete, large
Wirrykow, a ſcarecrow or hobgoblin
Wiſent, parched, dried, withered
Wiſtle, or *whiſtle*, to exchange money
Witherſhins, motion againſt the ſun
Woo, or *w*, wool
Wood, mad
Woody, the gallows: for a withy was formerly uſed as a rope for hanging criminals
Wordy, worthy
Wow, wonderful, ſtrange
Wreaths of ſnow, when heaps of it are blown together by the wind
Wriſh, waſhed
Wyliecoat, a jacket

YUL

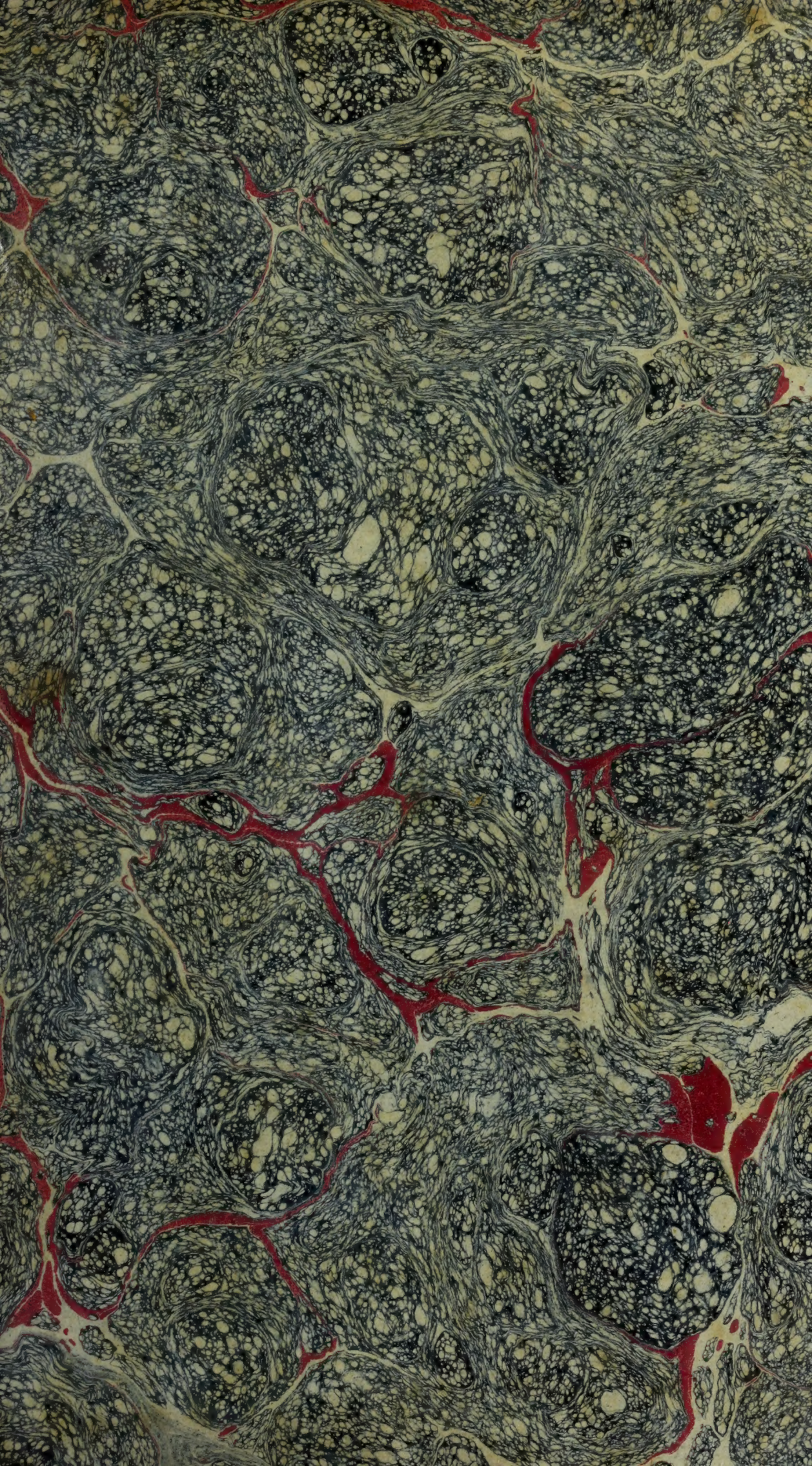
Wyſing, inclining. *To wyſe*, to guide, to lead. *Wyſing-a-jee*, guiding in a bending courſe
Wyſon, the gullet
Wyte, to blame, blame

Y

Yamph, to bark, or make a noiſe like little dogs
Yap, hungry, having a longing deſire for any thing ready
Yealtou, yea wilt thou
Yed, to contend, wrangle
Yeld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk
Yerk, to do any thing with celerity
Yeſk, the hickup
Yett, gate
Yeſtreen, yeſternight
Youdith, youthfulneſs
Youl, to yell
Yowden, wearied
Yowky, itchy
Youff, a ſwinging blow. *To youff*, to bark
Yuke, the itch
Yule, Chriſtmas

THE END.

Printed by A. Strahan, Printers-Street, London.



The poems of Allan Ramsay : to which are prefixed, A life of the a
Ramsay, Allan, 1686-1758;Chalmers, George, 1742-1825, editor;W
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Jun 03, 2014